

# SPARKY WATTS

PARDON  
MY HEEL,  
YOU  
HEEL!

No. 1 10c



Plus brand new adventures of  
**THE SKYMAN** and **THE FACE**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





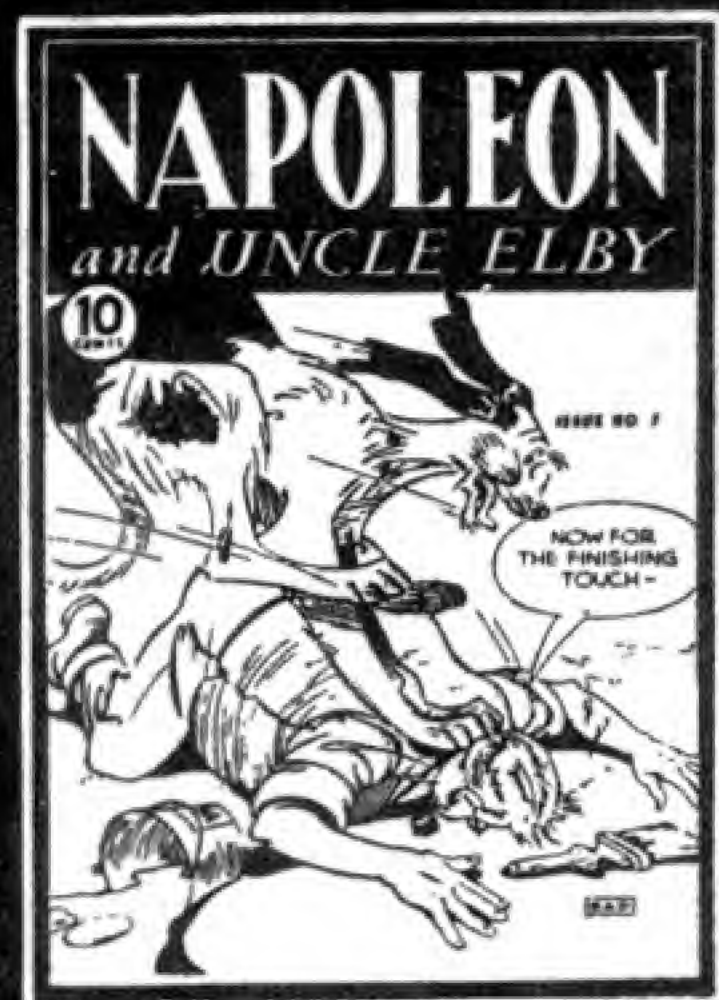
**YOU  
WILL  
WANT  
THESE**



**COMIC**



**BOOKS**

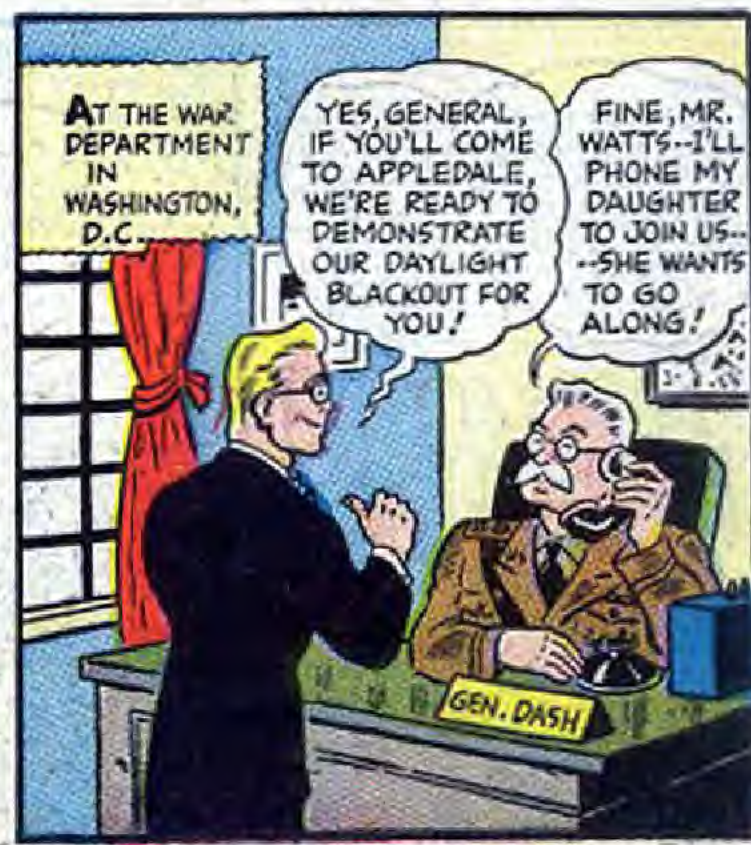
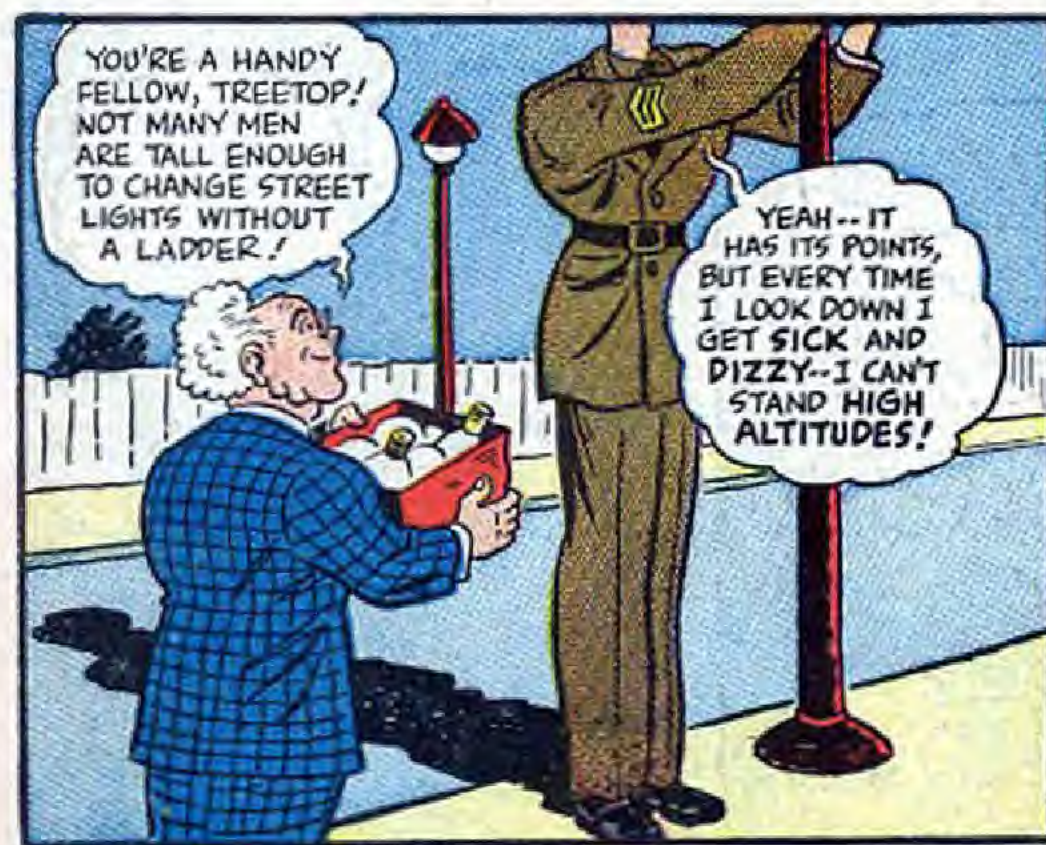


**THESE BOOKS COME TO YOU FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF  
FAMOUS FUNNIES AND HEROIC COMICS**

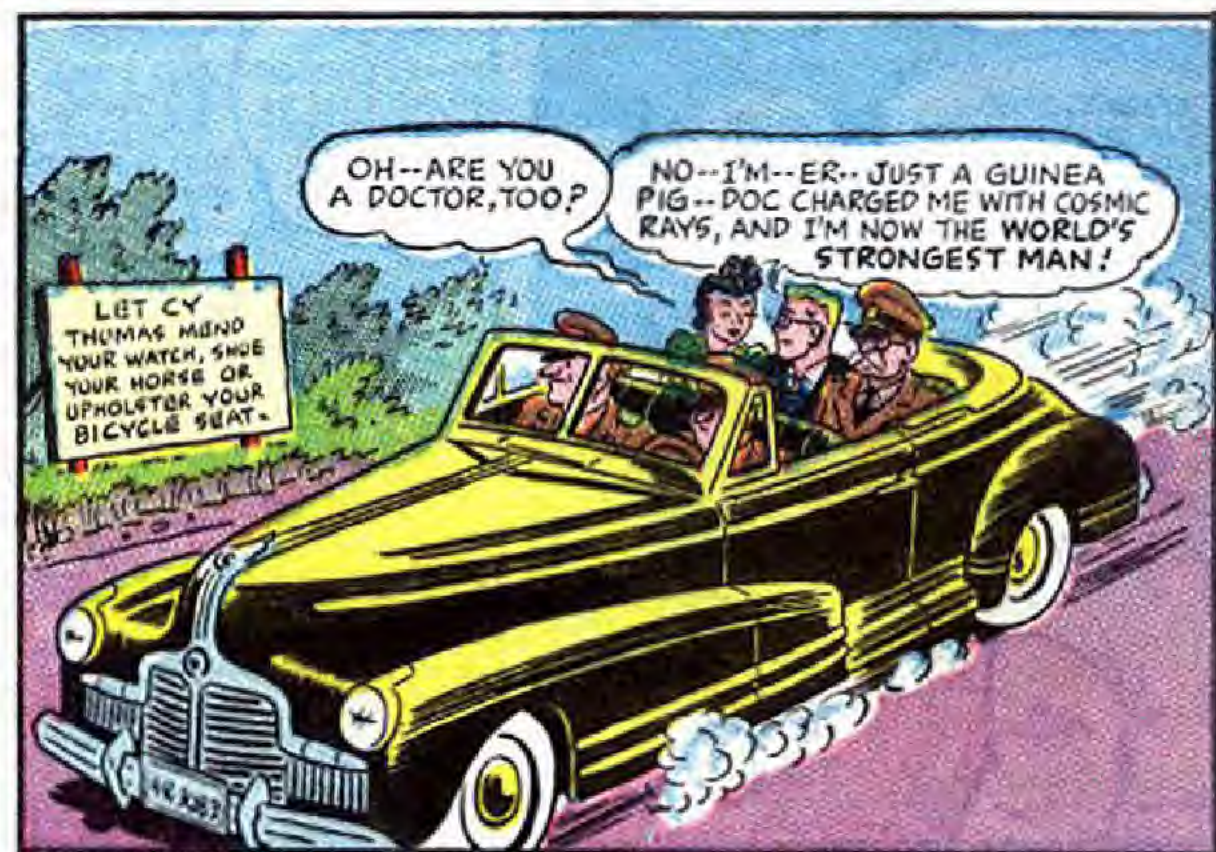


# SPARKY WATTS

by  
BOODY  
ROGERS



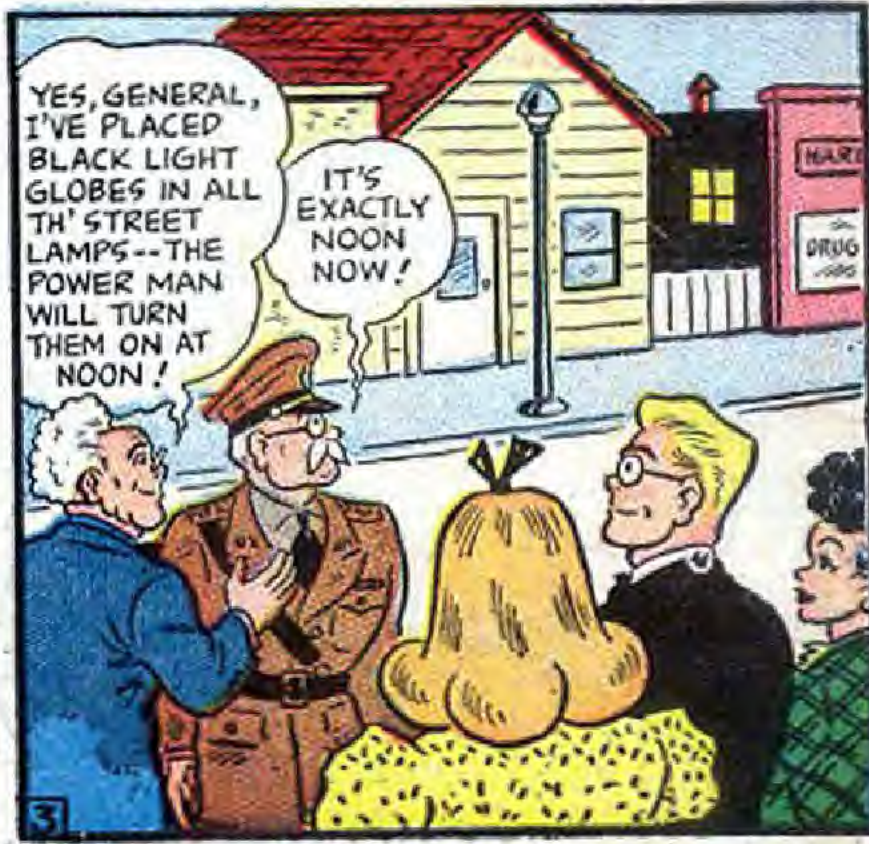




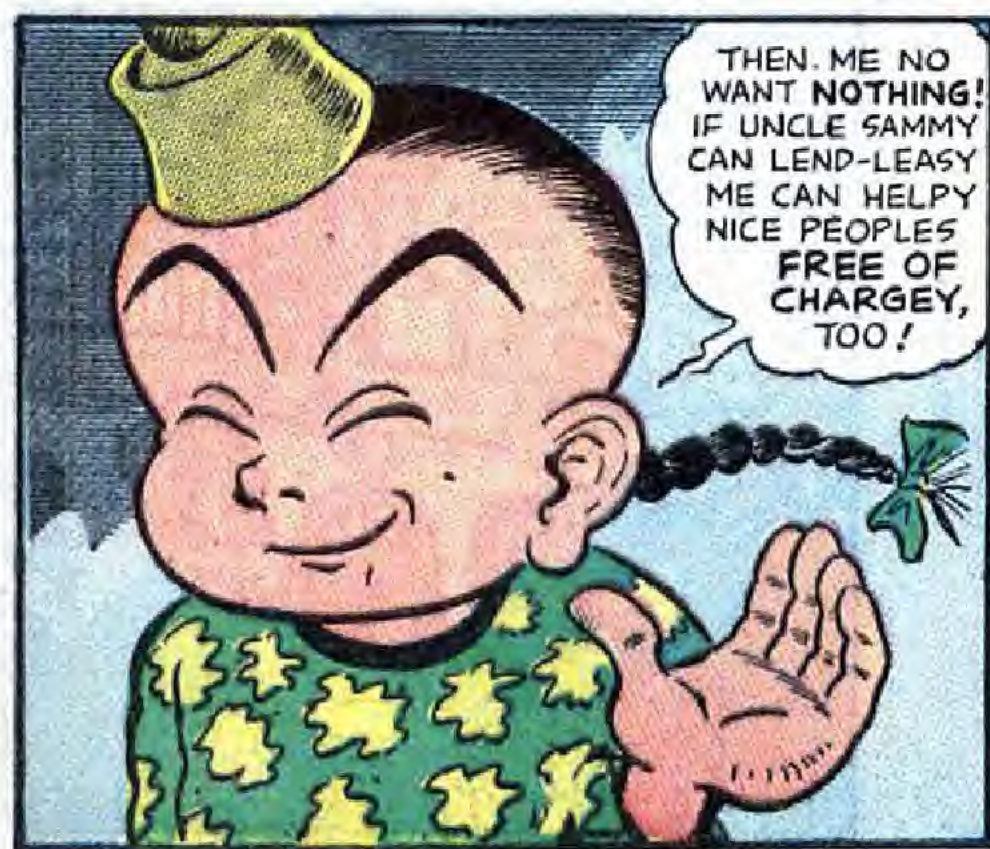
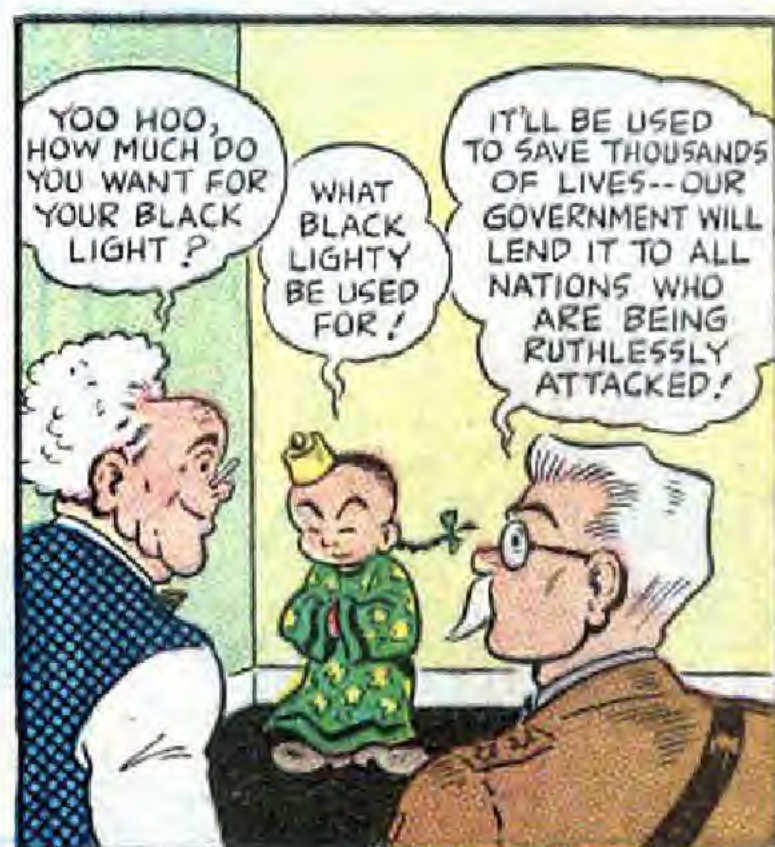
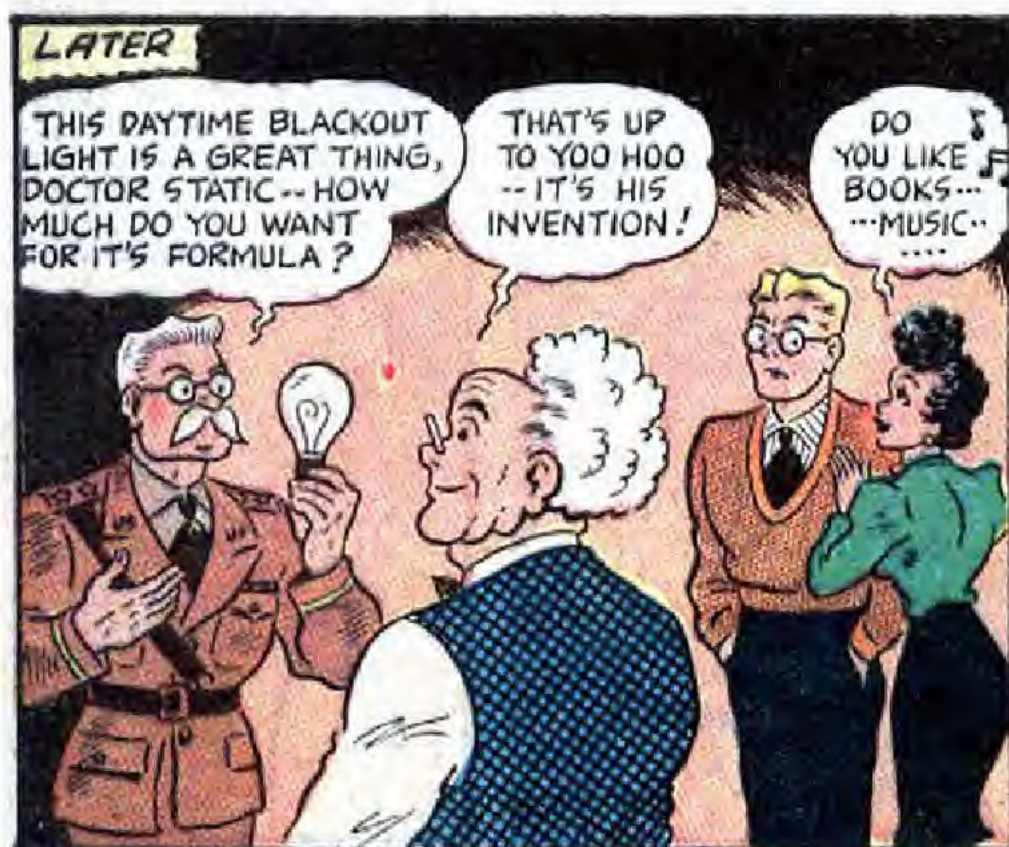




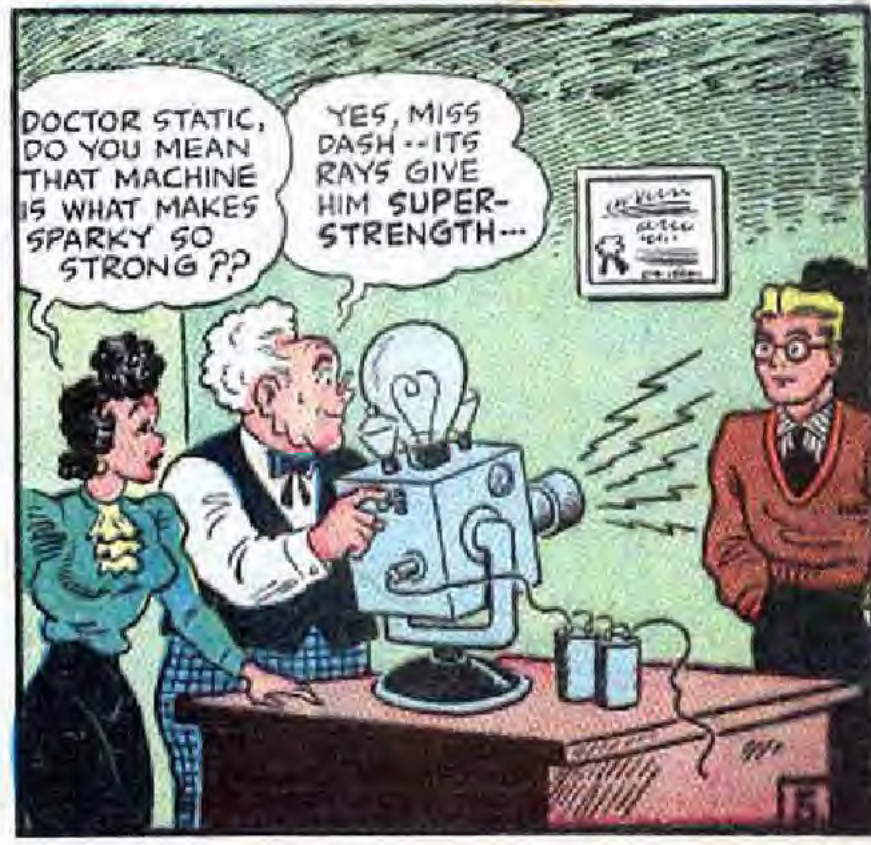
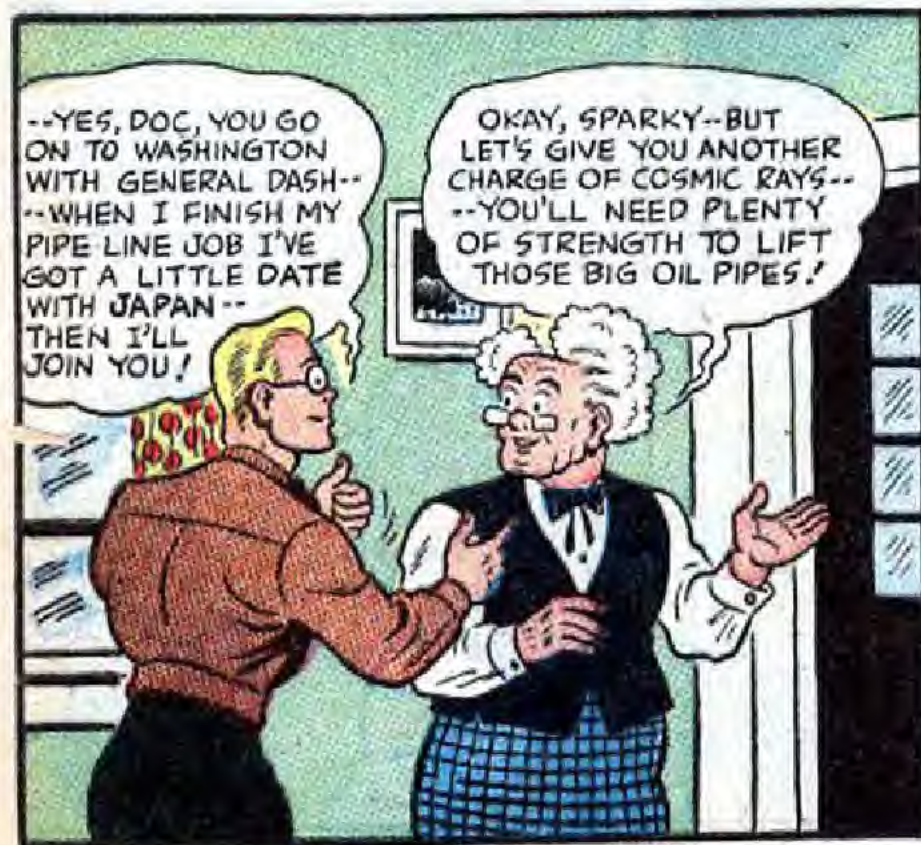
LATER



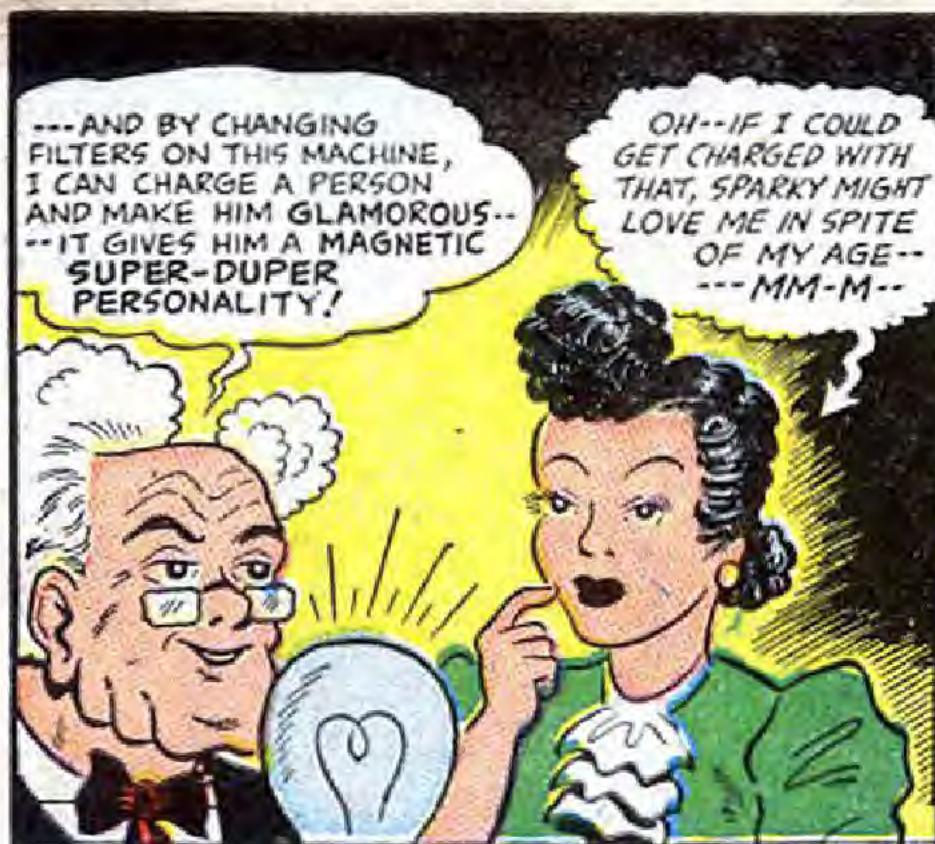
















I DON'T KNOW ABOUT SPARKY, BABY-- BUT YOU'RE OKAY FOR ME--  
--- UMM-MMM!



HEY, DOC--WHAT IS THIS! MISS DASH IS ONLY SEVENTEEN---  
--YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER--- GULP--  
--- GUP--



W-WHAT'S HAPPENED, MISS DASH-- YOU SEEM SO DIFFERENT--  
--I--I--

SHE TURNED MY GLAMOUR RAY MACHINE ON AND CHARGED HERSELF--  
--ISN'T SHE A LI'L HONEY PIE !!



I'LL SAY SHE IS--STAND BACK, DOC--GEE, DOTTY, I NEVER REALIZED YOU WERE SO WONDERFUL!



DAD-RAT-TH'-LUCK!! I INVENTED THIS GLAMOUR RAY-- I DO ALL TH' WORK, AND SPARKY HAS ALL TH' FUN---  
--THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE !!

DOTTY, DARLIN--

SPARKY, SUGAR--



SICKENING, AIN'T IT!

GO IN AND BREAK IT UP! IF WE CAN ONCE GET SPARKY OUT OF HER SIGHT, THE CHARM WILL BE BROKEN!



I'M AFRAID TO LOOK FOR FEAR SHE'LL CHARM ME, TOO--IS SLAP HAPPY DOIN' ANY GOOD, YOO HOO?

ME NO KNOW WHETHER HIM DOIN' ANY GOOD, MISSER DOC----



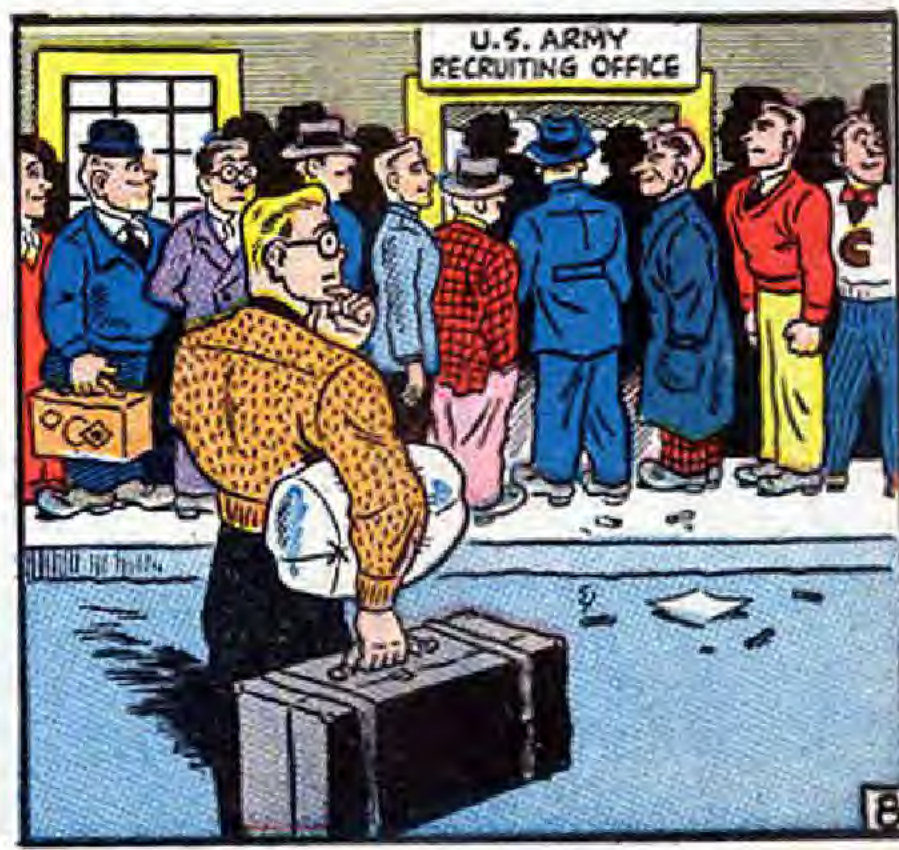
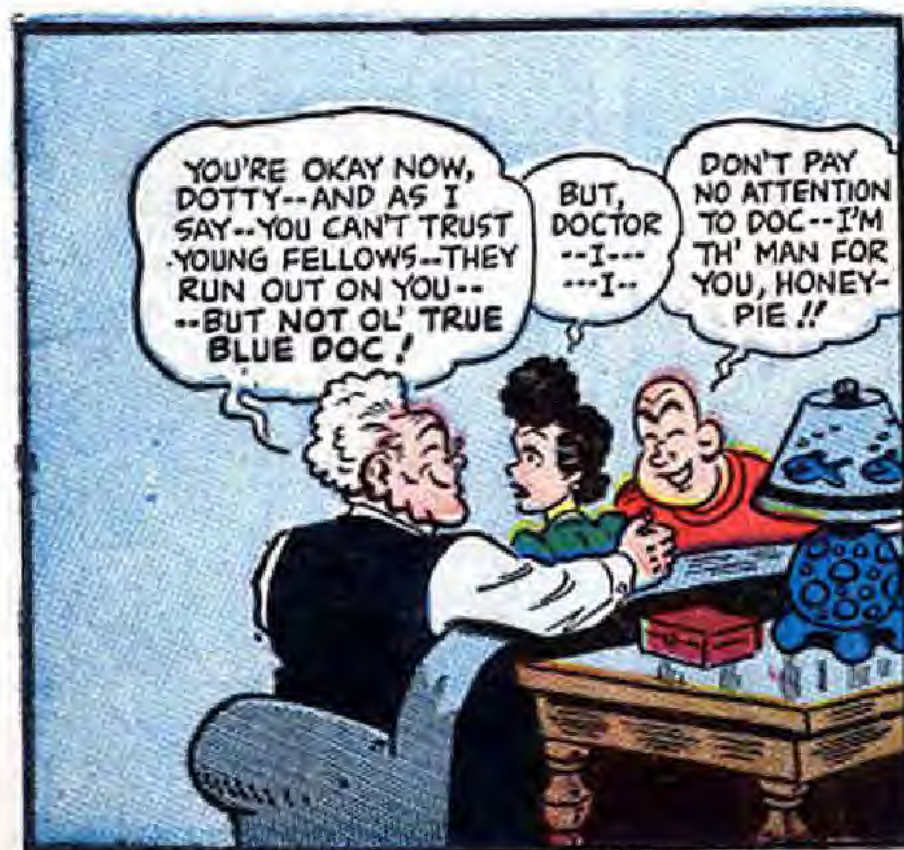
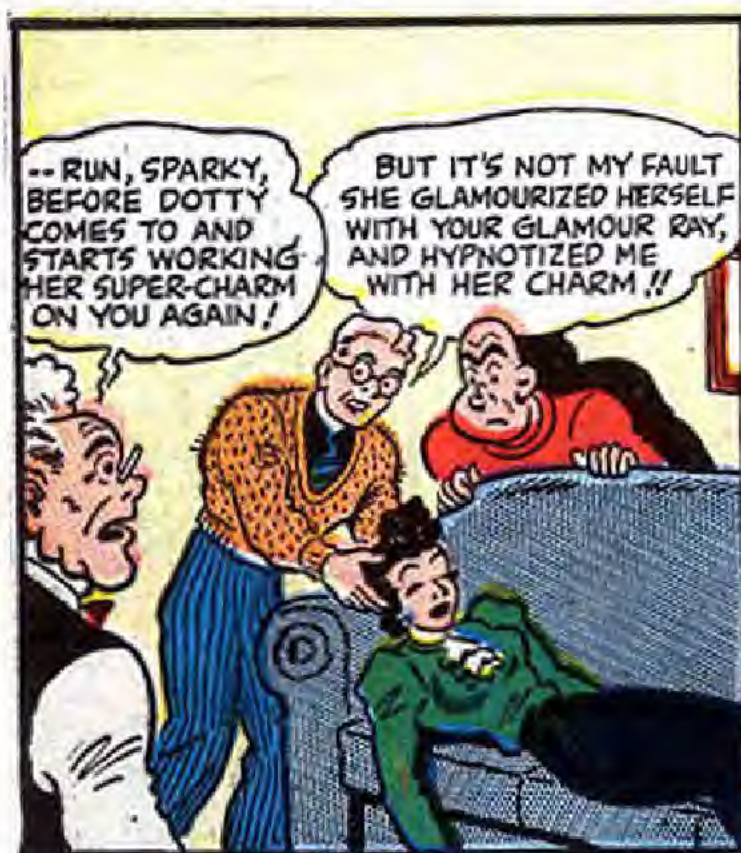
-- BUT HIM SURE AIN'T DOIN' BAD !!



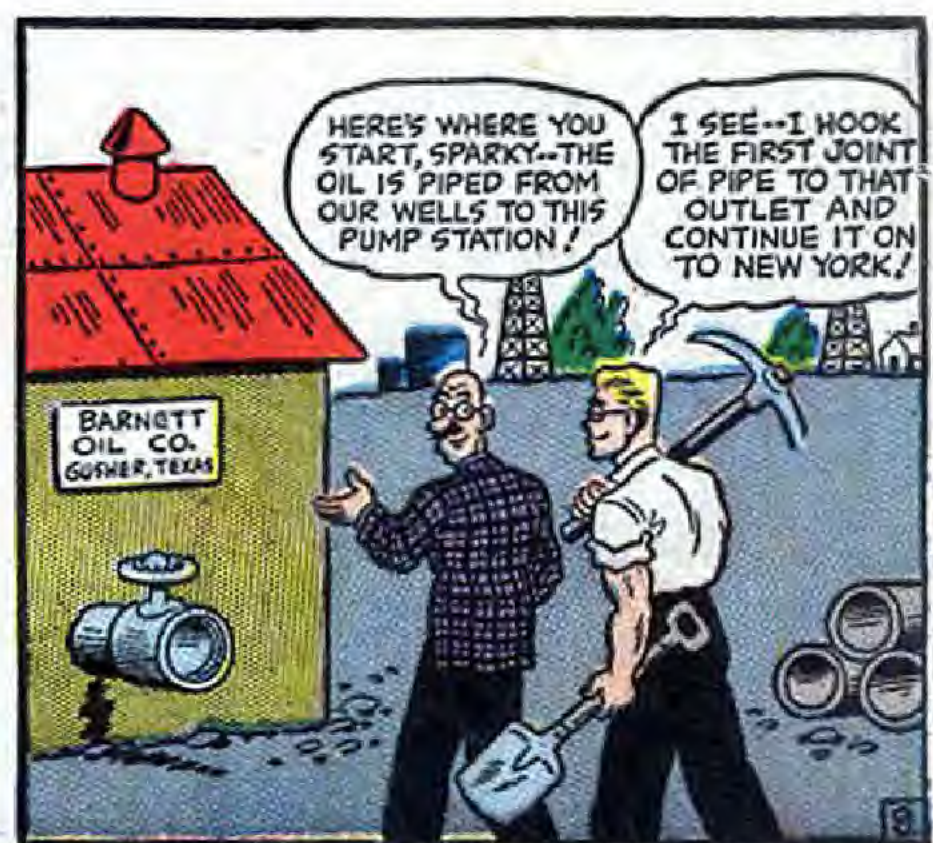
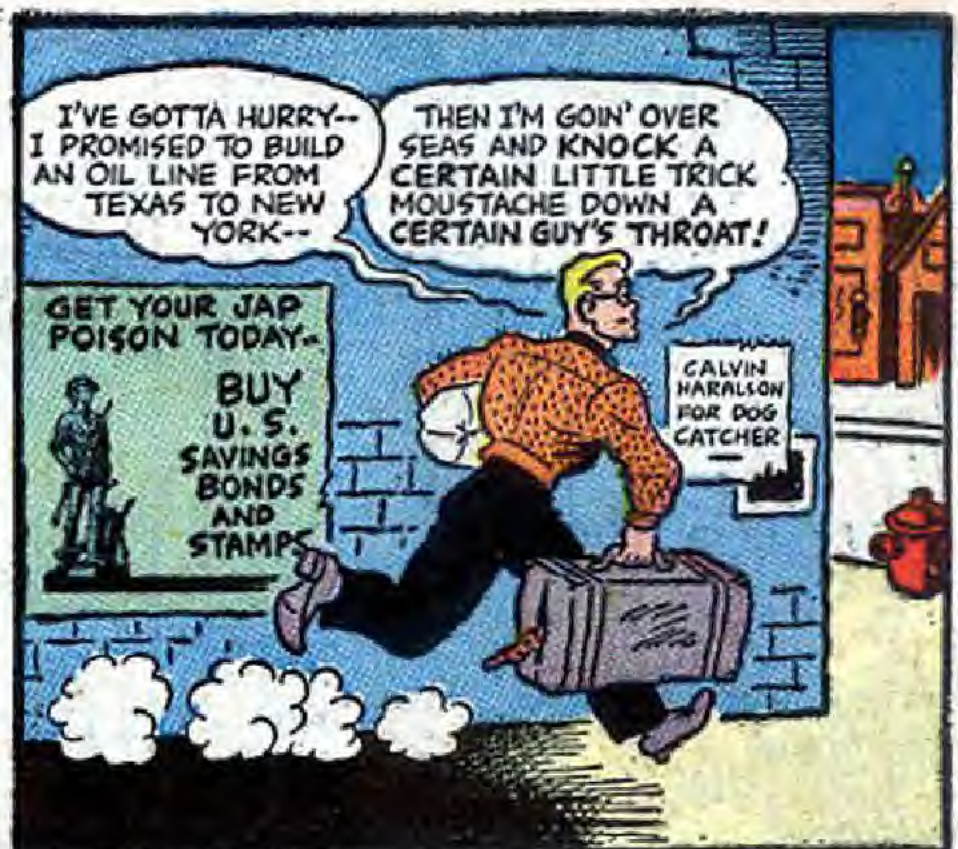
WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK, TREETOP-- NOW SPARKY AND SLAP HAPPY ARE BOTH MAKING LOVE TO MISS DASH!

YEAH--IF GENERAL DASH SEES THEM COURTIN' HIS DAUGHTER, HE'LL BE Madder THAN A WET HEN!

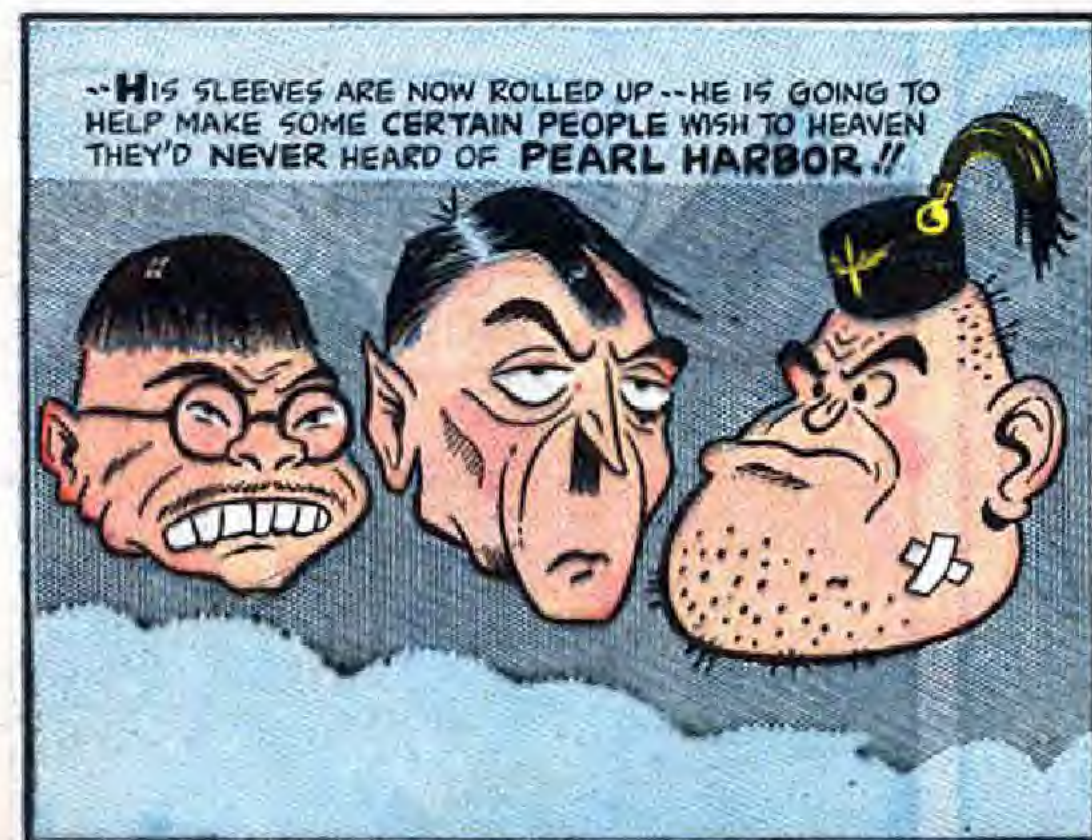
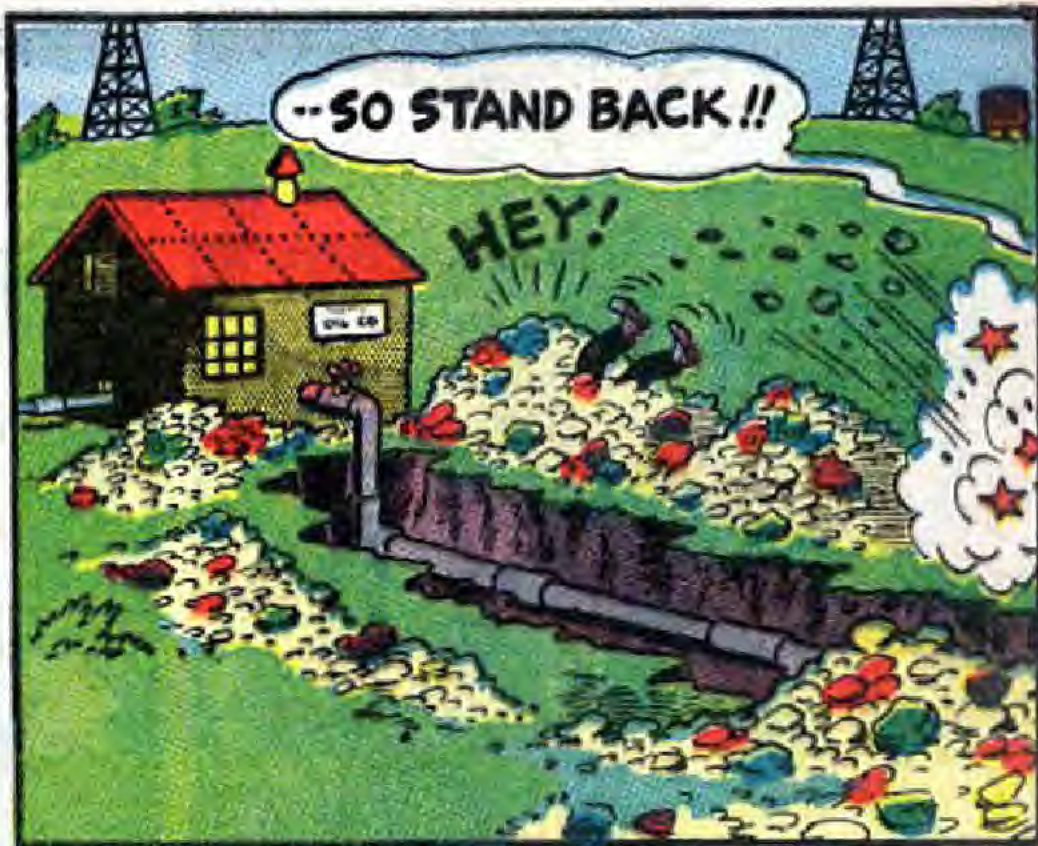




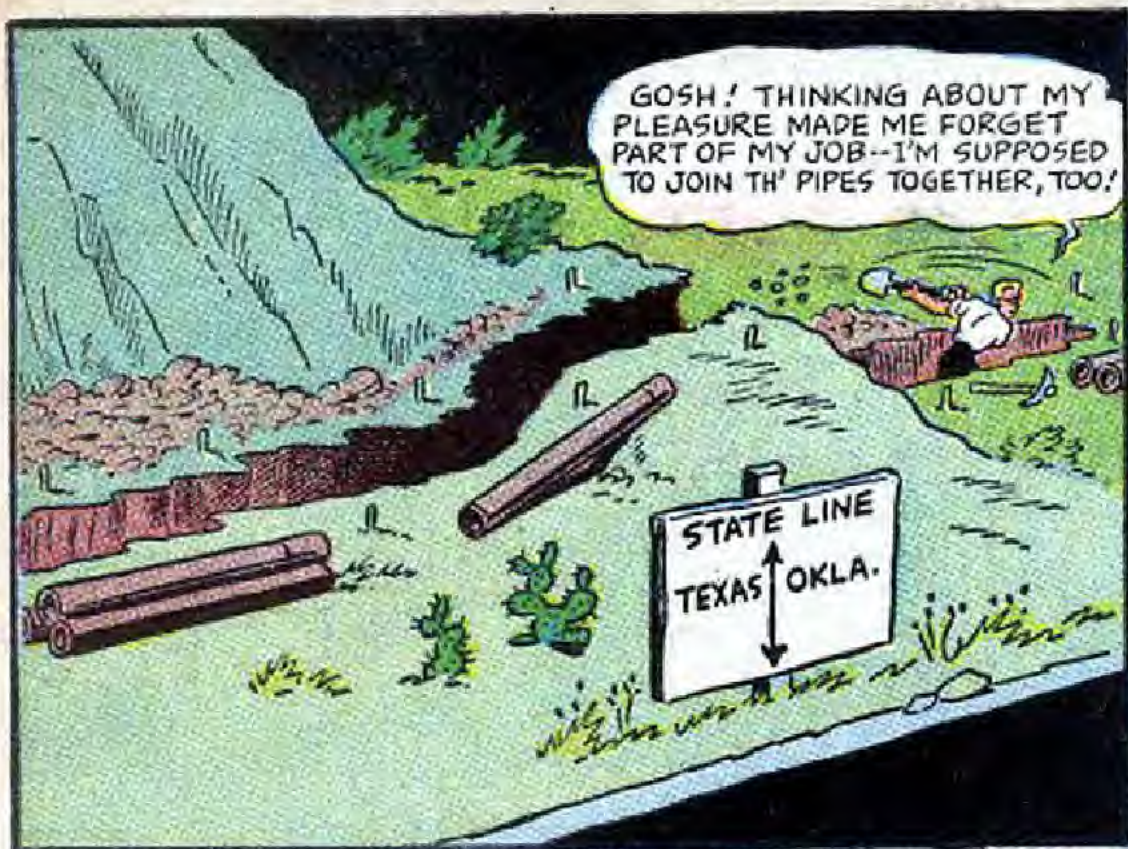










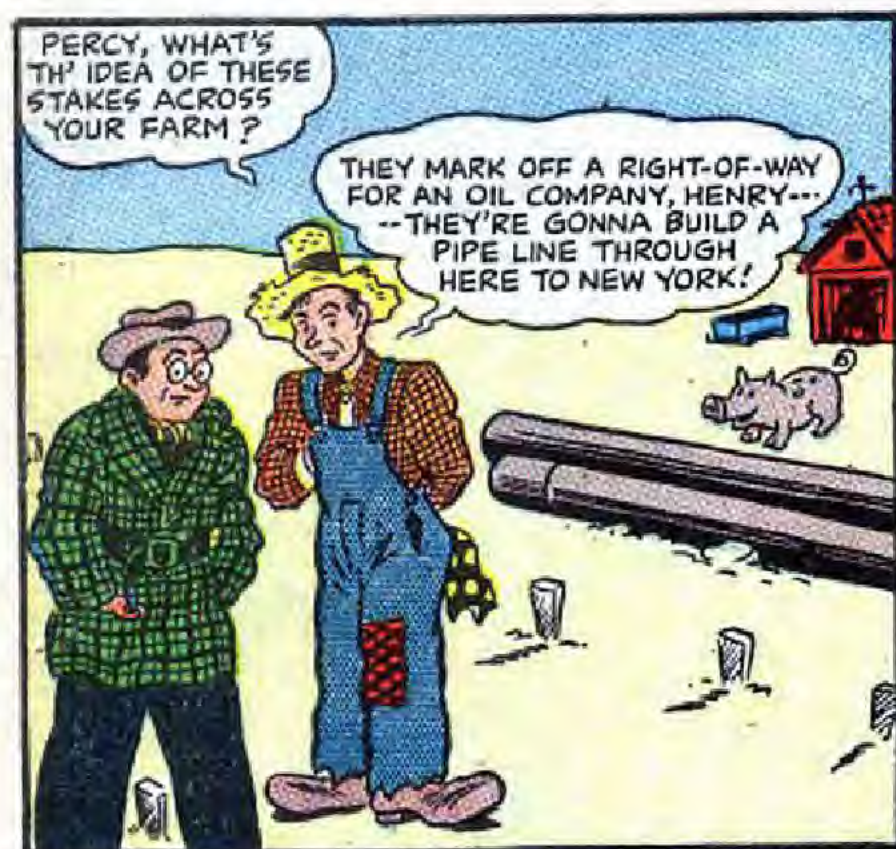


GOSH! THINKING ABOUT MY PLEASURE MADE ME FORGET PART OF MY JOB--I'M SUPPOSED TO JOIN TH' PIPES TOGETHER, TOO!



I TOLD MR. BARNETT TO TURN ON TH' OIL FIVE MINUTES AFTER I STARTED---YEP--THERE SHE COMES--I'VE GOTTA HURRY TO KEEP AHEAD OF IT!

G-G--  
GURGLE  
GUG--



PERCY, WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF THESE STAKES ACROSS YOUR FARM?

THEY MARK OFF A RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR AN OIL COMPANY, HENRY---  
--THEY'RE GONNA BUILD A PIPE LINE THROUGH HERE TO NEW YORK!



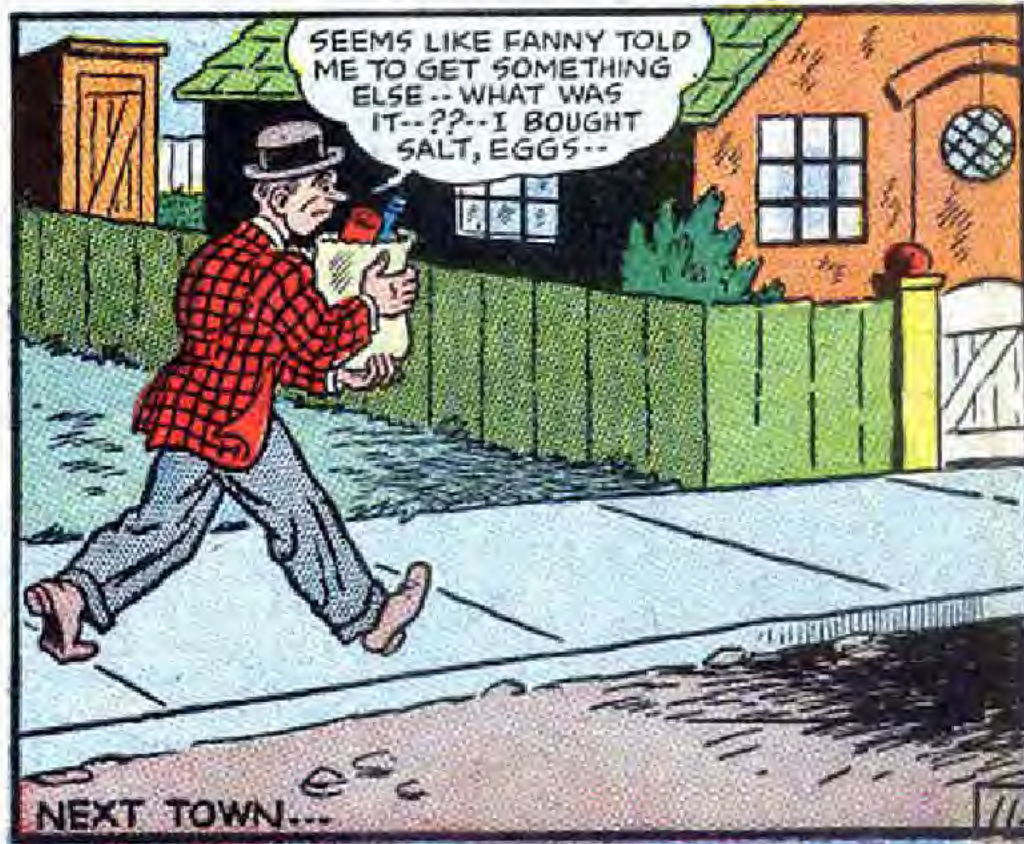
OH, SO THEY CAN HAVE MORE OIL FOR OUR SHIPS AN' PLANES ON TH' EAST COAST, EH?

YEAH-- BUT IT'LL BE MONTHS BEFORE THEY EVEN GET THIS FAR--  
THEY'RE STARTING IT IN TEXAS!



SAY--I JUS' FELT A BREEZE GO BY--  
--MAYBE WE'RE GONNA HAVE A RAIN!

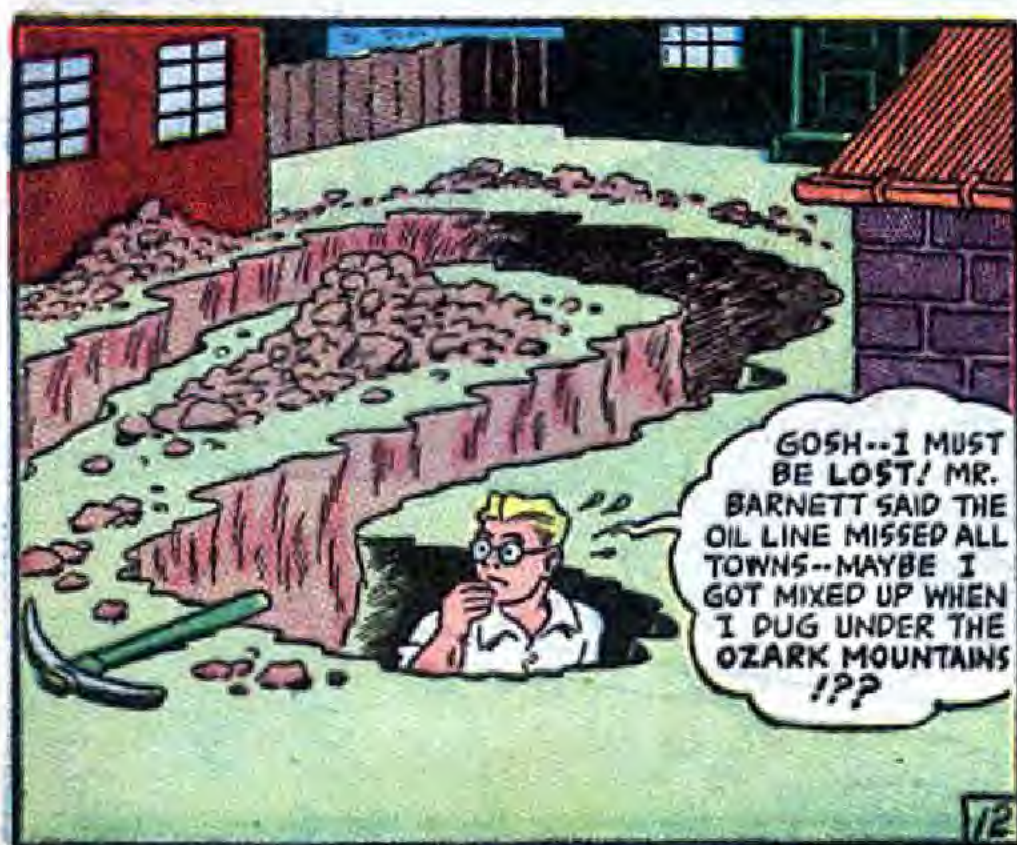
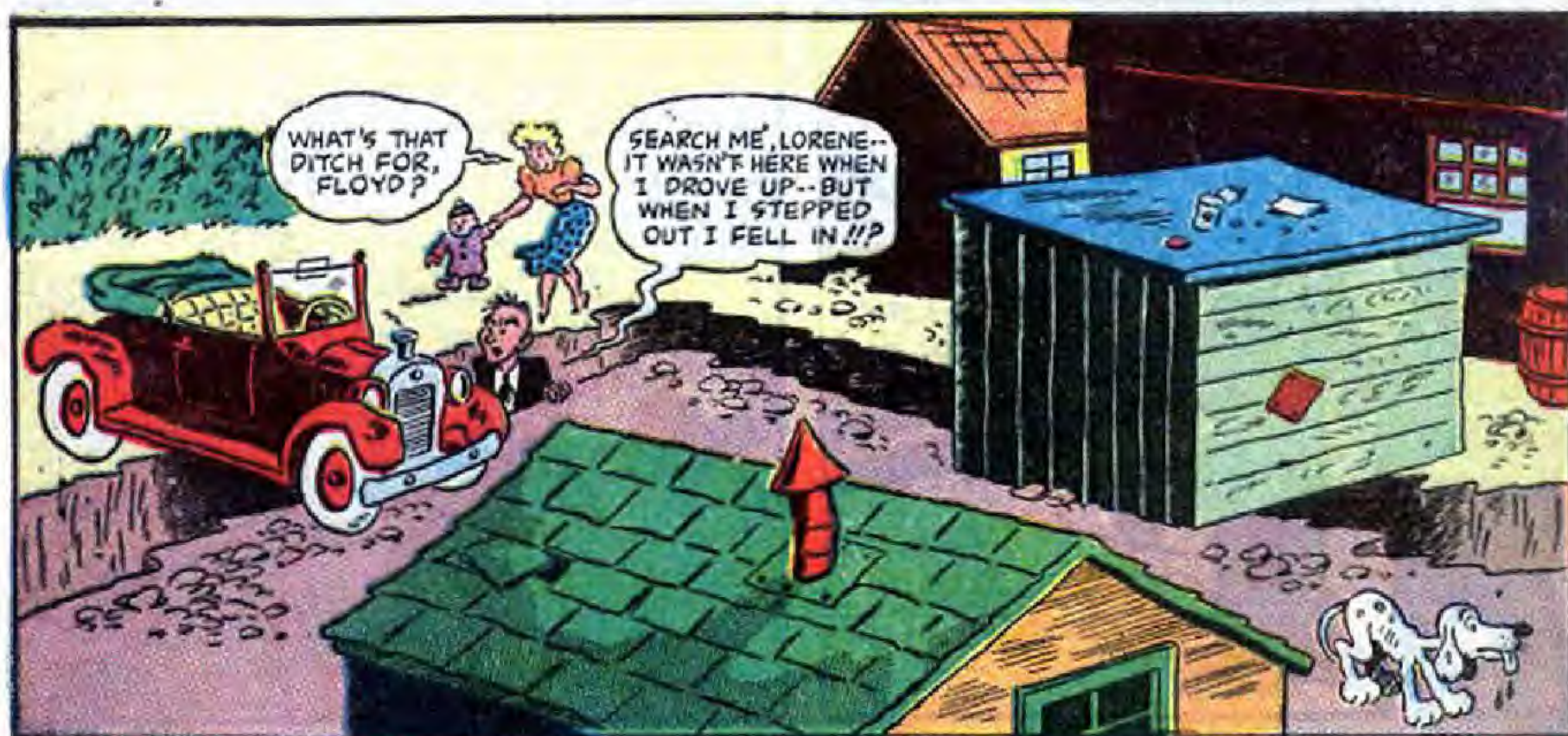
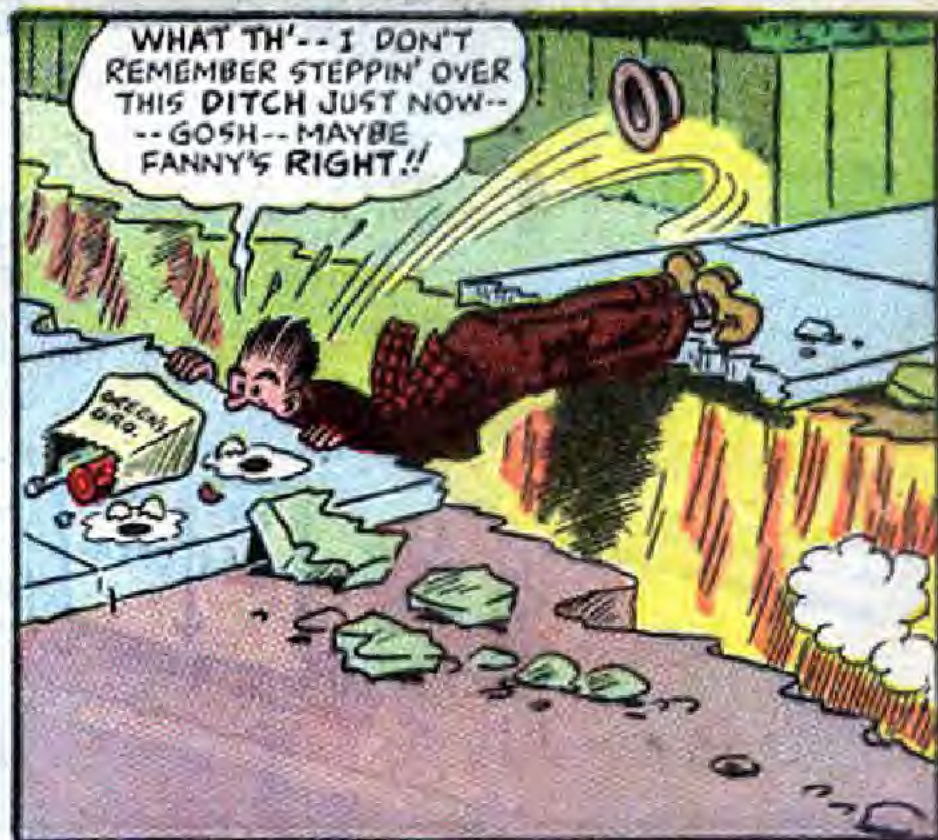
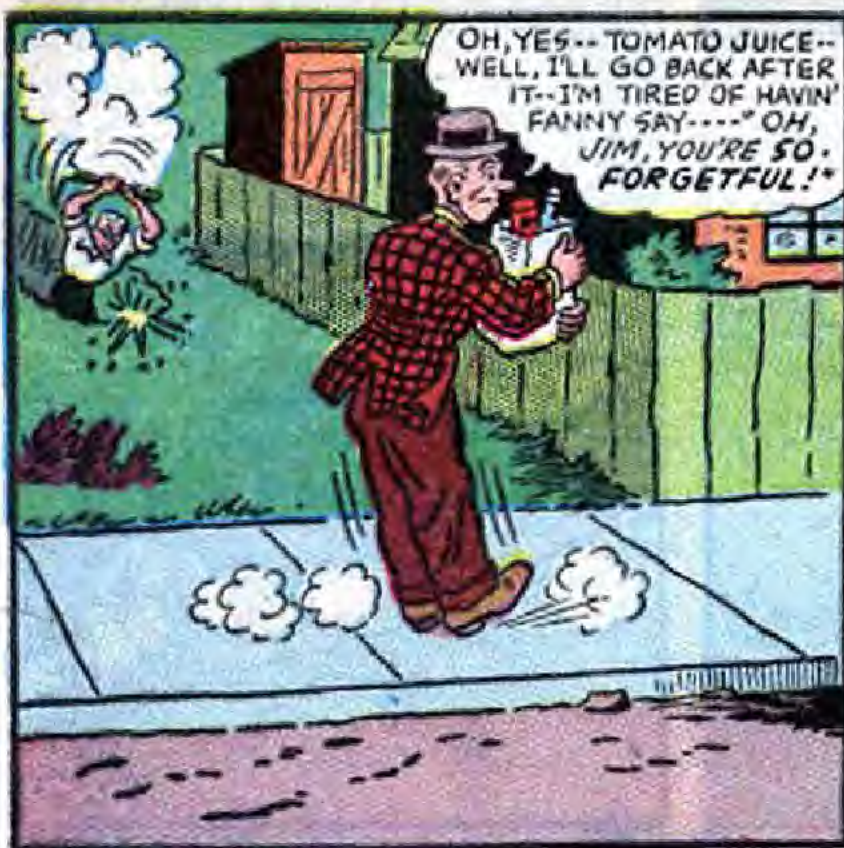
NOPE! NOT A CLOUD IN TH' SKY!



SEEMS LIKE FANNY TOLD ME TO GET SOMETHING ELSE--WHAT WAS IT--??--I BOUGHT SALT, EGGS--

NEXT TOWN...









OW! TH' OIL'S CAUGHT UP WITH ME -- AND I CAN'T LAY MORE PIPE UNTIL I DIG MORE DITCH----

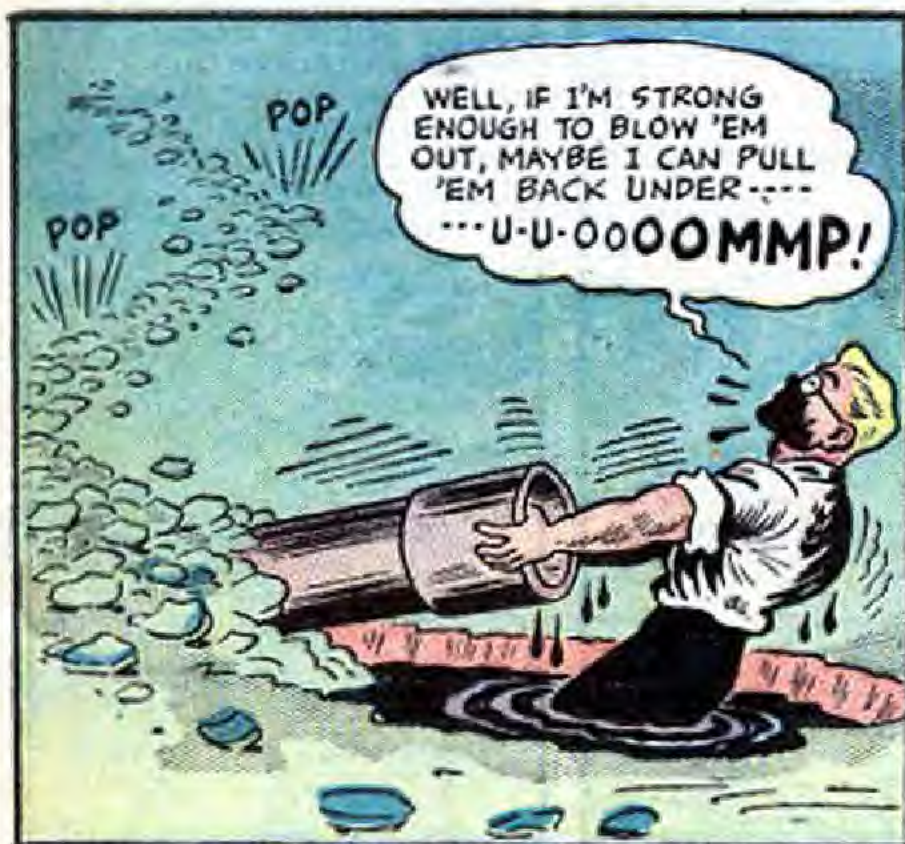


--MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO BLOW TH' OIL BACK TOWARDS TEXAS UNTIL I CAN GET AHEAD OF IT AGAIN-----

--AH-H-H-H-H-  
**WHOOSH!!**



**YIPE!** NOW I AM IN A PICKLE!! I'VE BLOWN TH' PIPES THAT I BURIED OUT OF TH' GROUND--I--I--  
--I GUESS THIS IS JUST TOO BIG A JOB FOR ONE MAN!!



POP  
POP  
WELL, IF I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO BLOW 'EM OUT, MAYBE I CAN PULL 'EM BACK UNDER----  
---U-U-OOOOMP!



I HATE TO RUIN THIS JOINT OF STEEL PIPE, BUT I'VE GOTTA STOP TH' OIL UNTIL I CAN LAY MORE LINE---  
--THAT KNOT SHOULD HOLD!



AT TH' RATE I'M GOIN' NOW I SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE IN OHIO, OR MAYBE PENNSYLVANIA!



OH-OH-- SNOW!  
IF THE RIGHT-OF-WAY STAKES GET COVERED I WON'T KNOW WHERE TO DIG----



WOW! WHAT A BLIZZARD!  
ONE MORE HOUR AND I'D HAVE REACHED NEW YORK--WELL, I'LL TIE ANOTHER KNOT IN THE PIPE TO STOP TH' OIL!



I'D SEEK SHELTER-- BUT  
IT'D TAKE TIME TO FIND THIS  
SPOT AGAIN AFTER TH' SNOW  
MELTS--AND TH' SOONER I  
FINISH TH' QUICKER I CAN  
GO AFTER HITLER---  
--HO-HUM--HOME WAS  
NEVER LIKE THIS!!



Z-Z-  
Z-Z-Z-



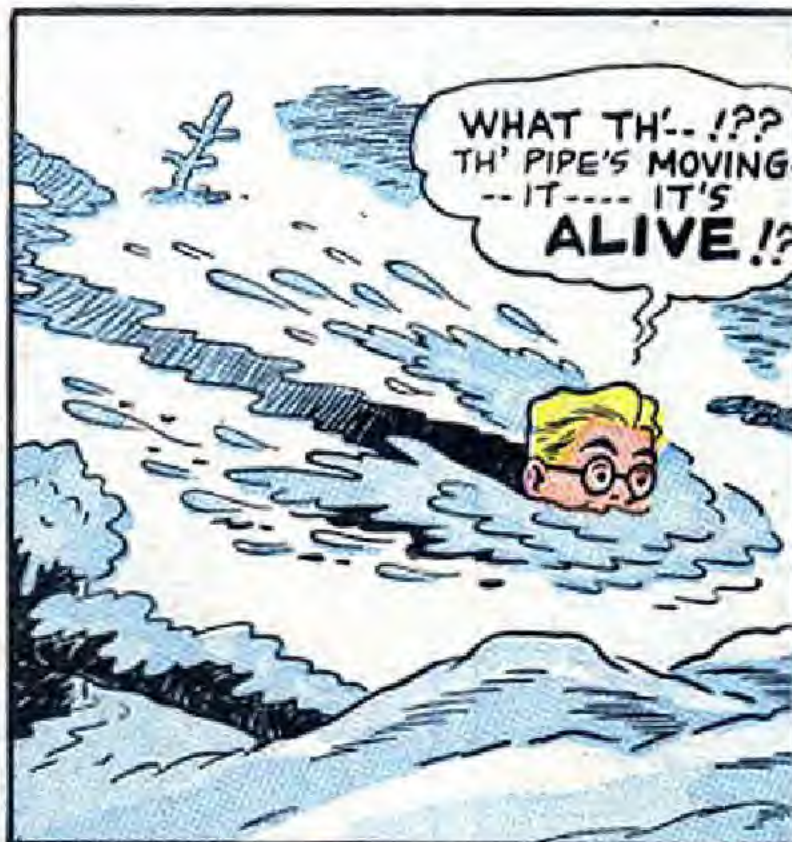
WELL--IT'S STOPPED  
SNOWING-- AND DOES  
THAT SUN FEEL GOOD!!  
TH' NEXT TIME I DIG  
A PIPE LINE THROUGH  
THIS SECTION I'LL  
WEAR SOME LONG  
UNDIES!



WHERE'S TH' END OF THAT  
PIPE--I DON'T WANT TO  
LOSE IT-- AH! THERE IT  
IS--I'LL SIT ON IT UNTIL  
TH' SNOW MELTS AND---



WHAT TH'..!??  
TH' PIPE'S MOVING--  
--IT---- IT'S  
ALIVE!?



HOLY SOCKS! MAYBE  
SLEEPING UNDER THE  
SNOW LAST NIGHT MADE  
ME NUMB--MAYBE I'M  
RUNNING AND CAN'T  
FEEL MY FEET  
WORKING---



NOPE--IT AIN'T THAT!  
THERE THEY ARE--AND  
I'M STILL GOING!?!?



NOW I'M  
HEADIN' TOWARDS  
A BARN--I  
HOPE I HIT  
THAT DOOR!



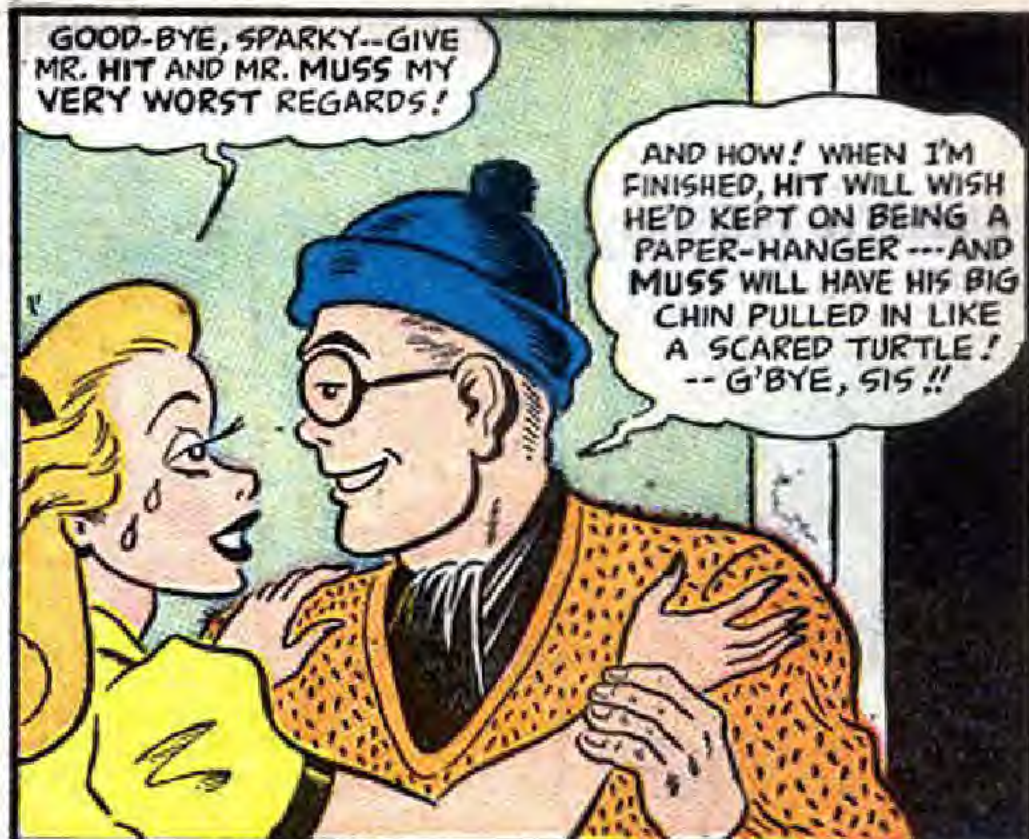
WELL, I'LL BE--NO  
WONDER I SLEPT  
WARM LAST NIGHT--  
--I HAD A ROOM-  
MATE!!







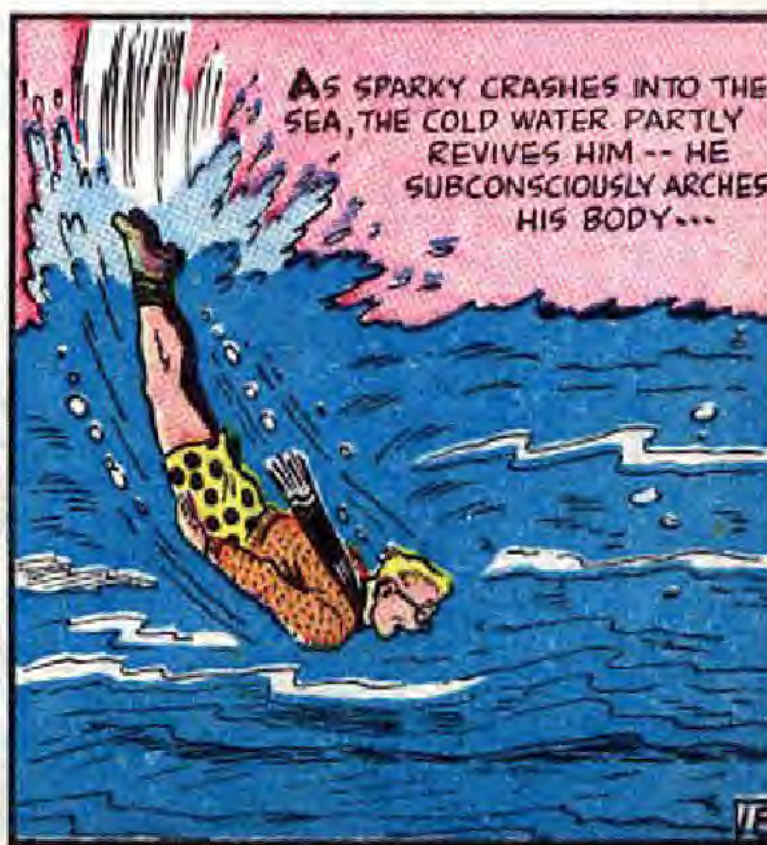
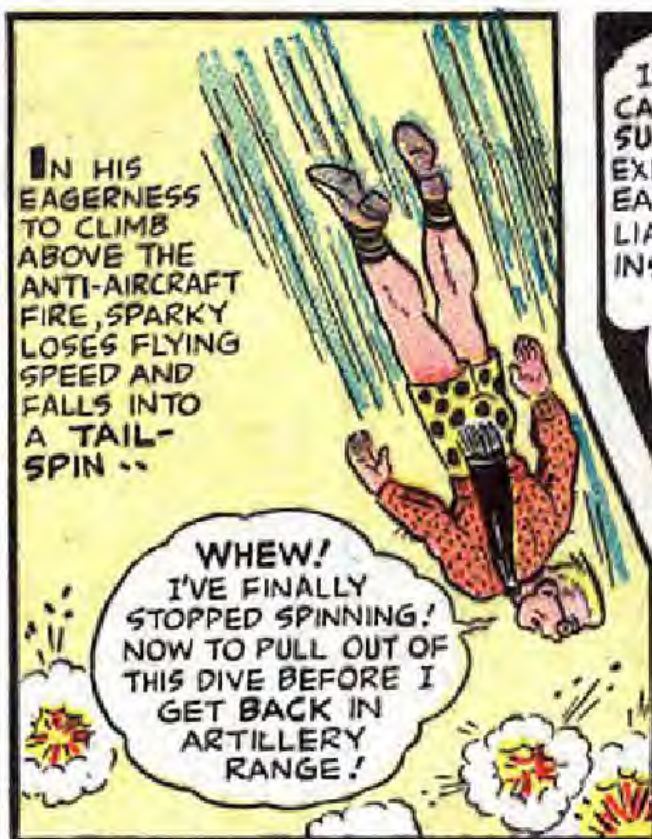
















--HE SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE--BUT STILL DAZED, HE DOESN'T REALIZE HIS PREDICAMENT--

GLUG--  
--SO--TIRED--  
---NICE  
BED--GOTTA  
SLEEP---  
GUG--

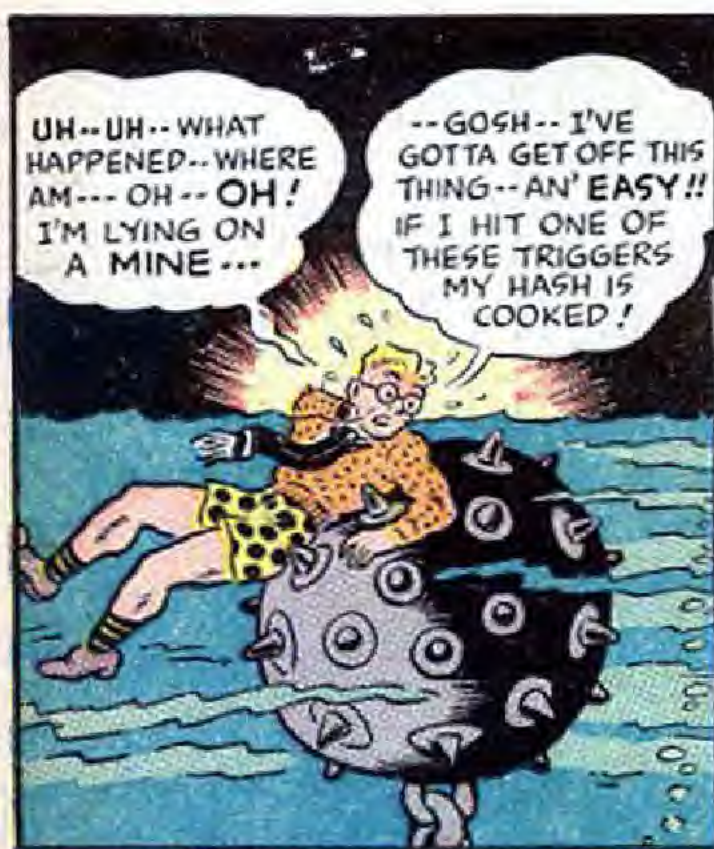


GENTLY HE STRETCHES OUT--BUT WHAT'S THIS--  
--HE DOESN'T SINK!?



HOLY JUMPIN' TADPOLES!  
SPARKY'S COUCH IS A BED  
OF IRON--AND TWO TONS  
OF NITROGLYCERIN...

IF HE TOUCHES  
ONE OF THOSE  
TRIGGERS NOBODY  
WILL EVER KNOW WHETHER  
SPARKY IS DEAD OR ALIVE--  
--THEY'LL NEVER FIND ENOUGH  
OF HIM TO TELL--



UH--UH--WHAT  
HAPPENED--WHERE  
AM--- OH-- OH!  
I'M LYING ON  
A MINE...

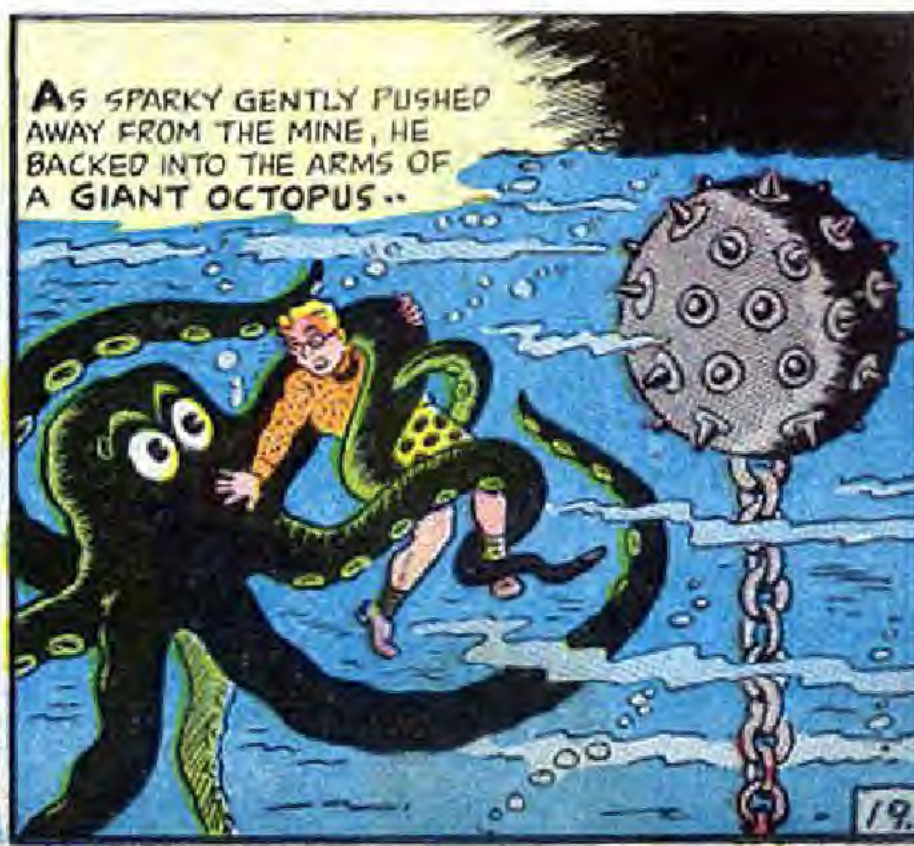
--GOSH-- I'VE  
GOTTA GET OFF THIS  
THING--AN' EASY!!  
IF I HIT ONE OF  
THESE TRIGGERS  
MY HASH IS  
COOKED!



THERE-- BOY! WAS THAT  
A NARROW SQUEEK-- I'LL  
NEVER BE CLOSER TO  
SUDDEN DEATH THAN  
THAT--- WHEW!



I GUESS I'M ABOUT  
TH' LUCKIEST GUY  
WHO EVER L-----  
---HUH!?



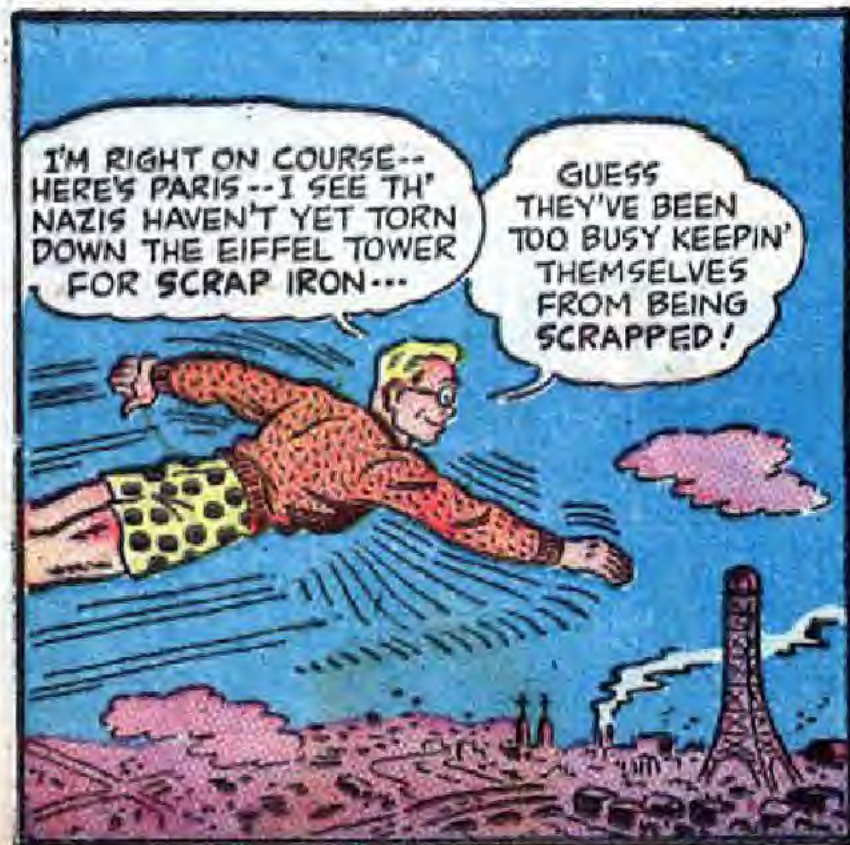
AS SPARKY GENTLY PUSHED  
AWAY FROM THE MINE, HE  
BACKED INTO THE ARMS OF  
A GIANT OCTOPUS--



SPARKY KICKS AT THE THING'S EYES --- BLINDED, THE OCTOPUS REACHES OUT FOR SUPPORT--AND TOUCHES A TRIGGER ON THE MINE ---



--INSTANTLY, TWO TONS OF NITROGLYCERIN EXPLODE WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING --











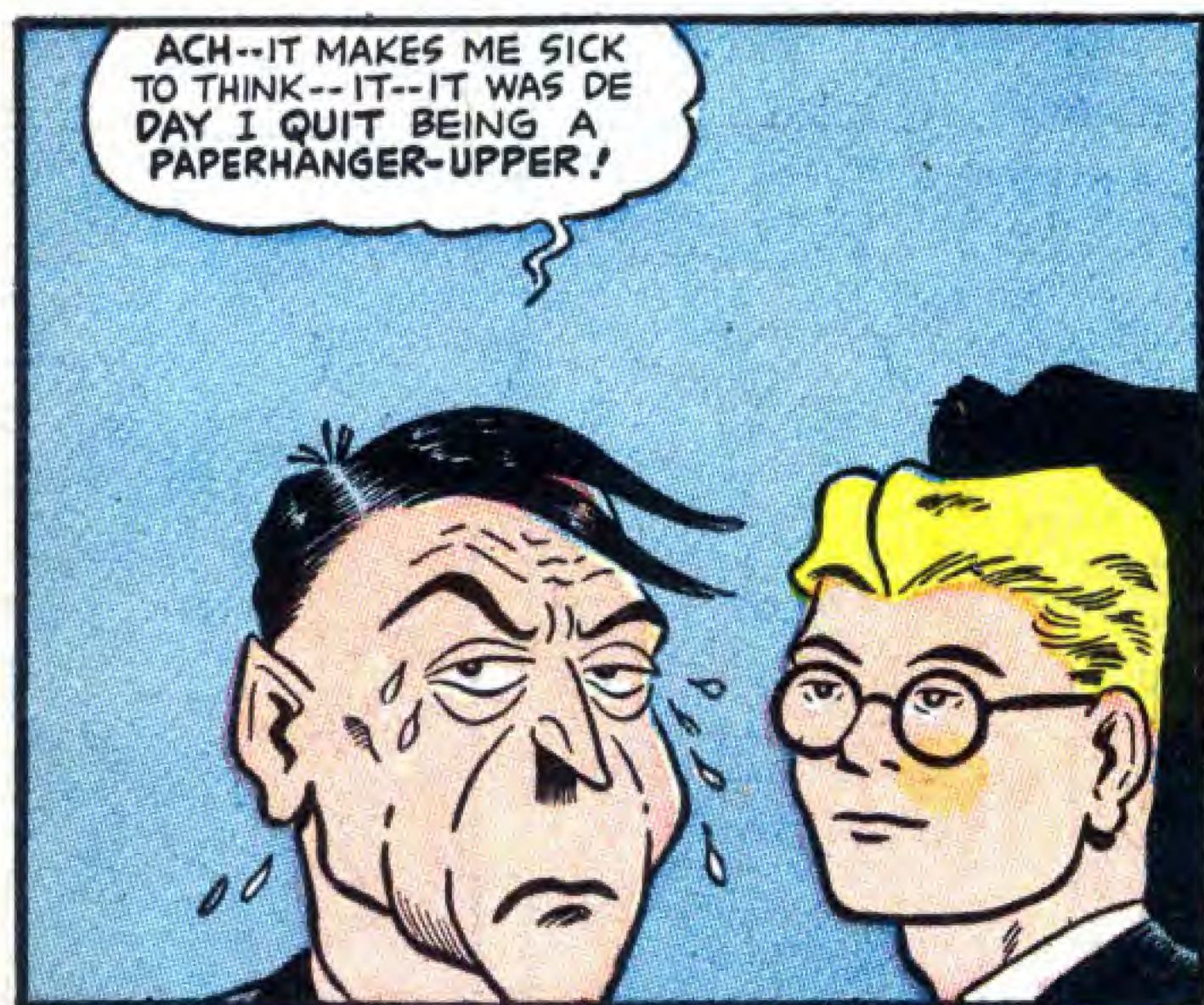




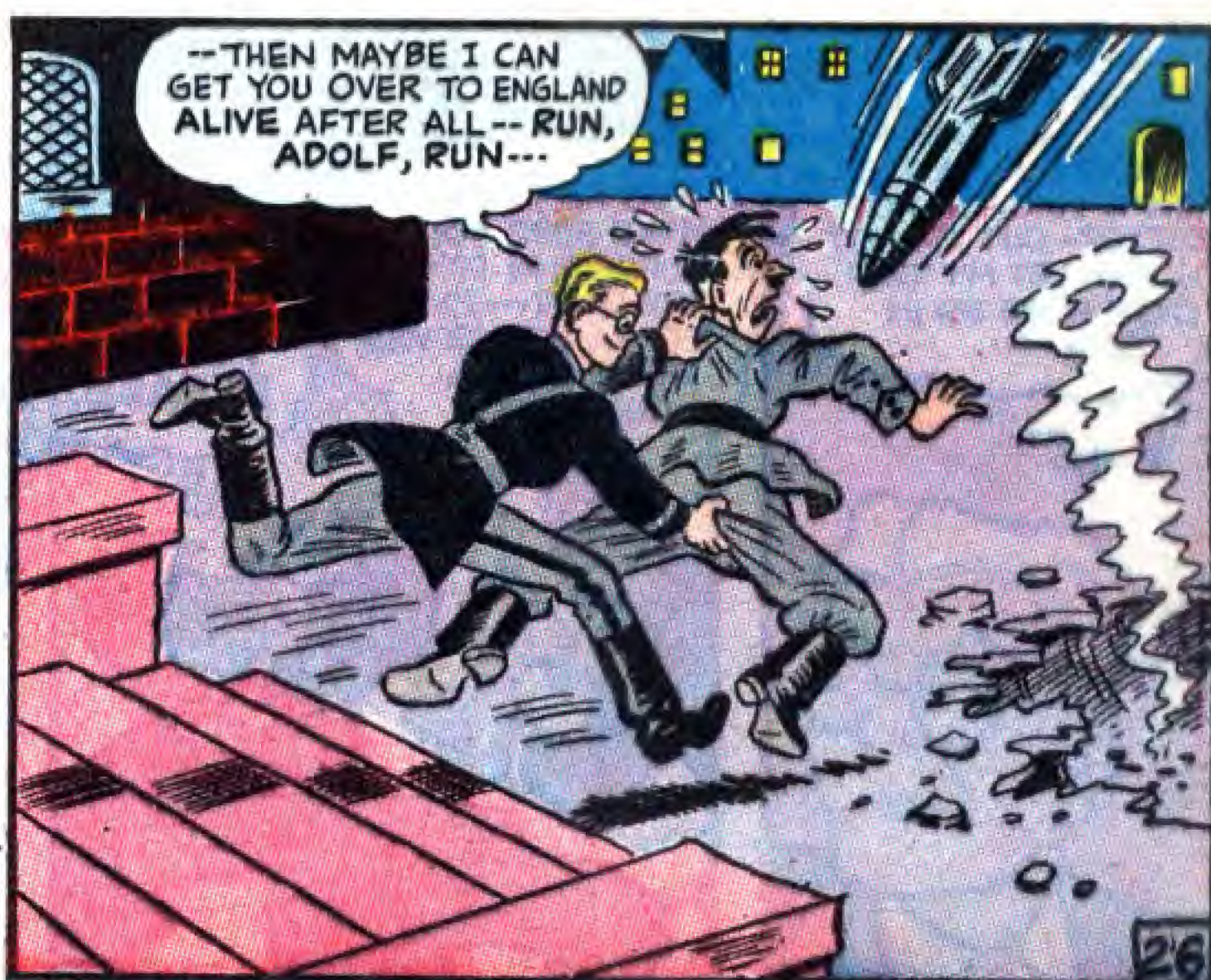




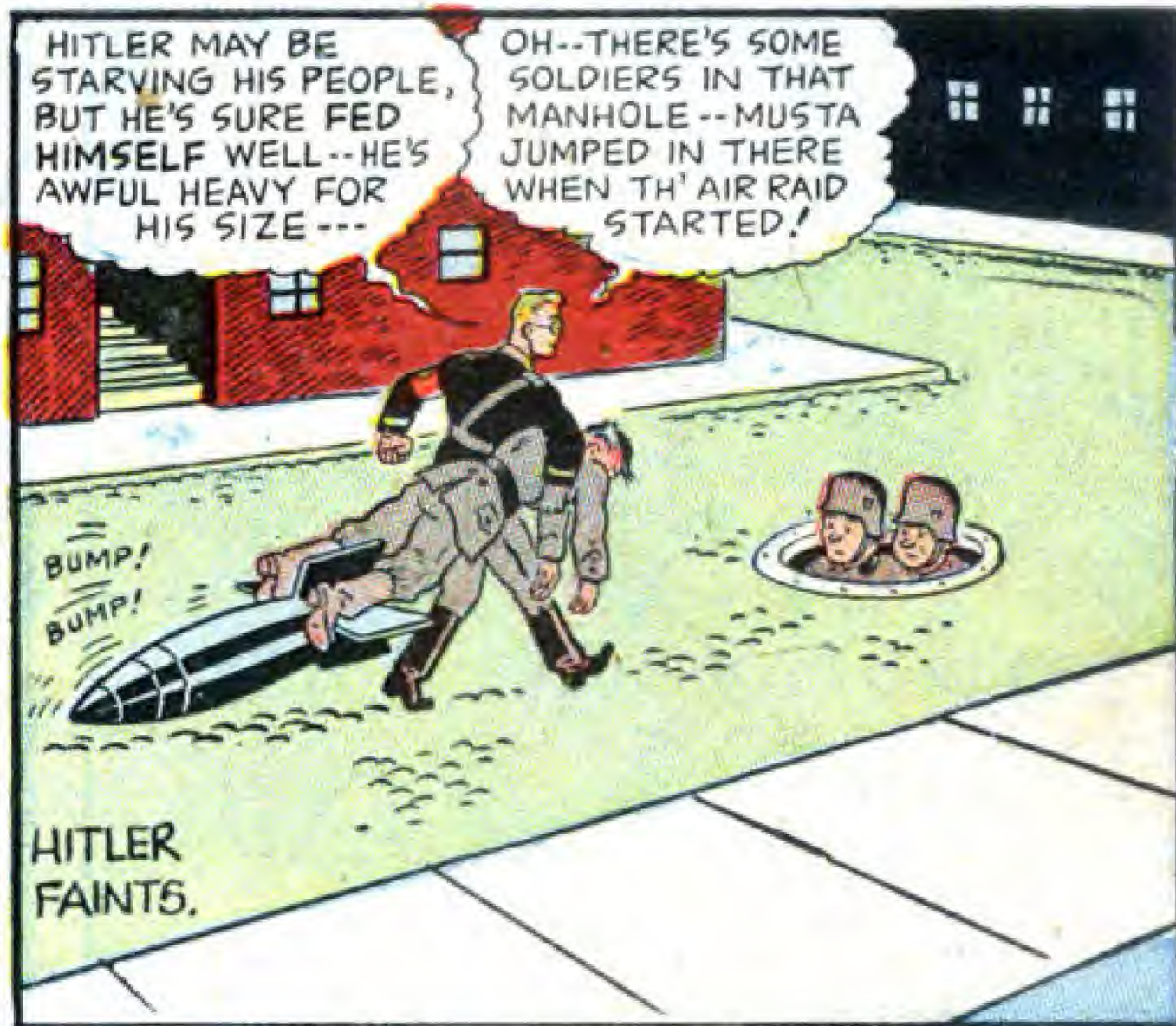
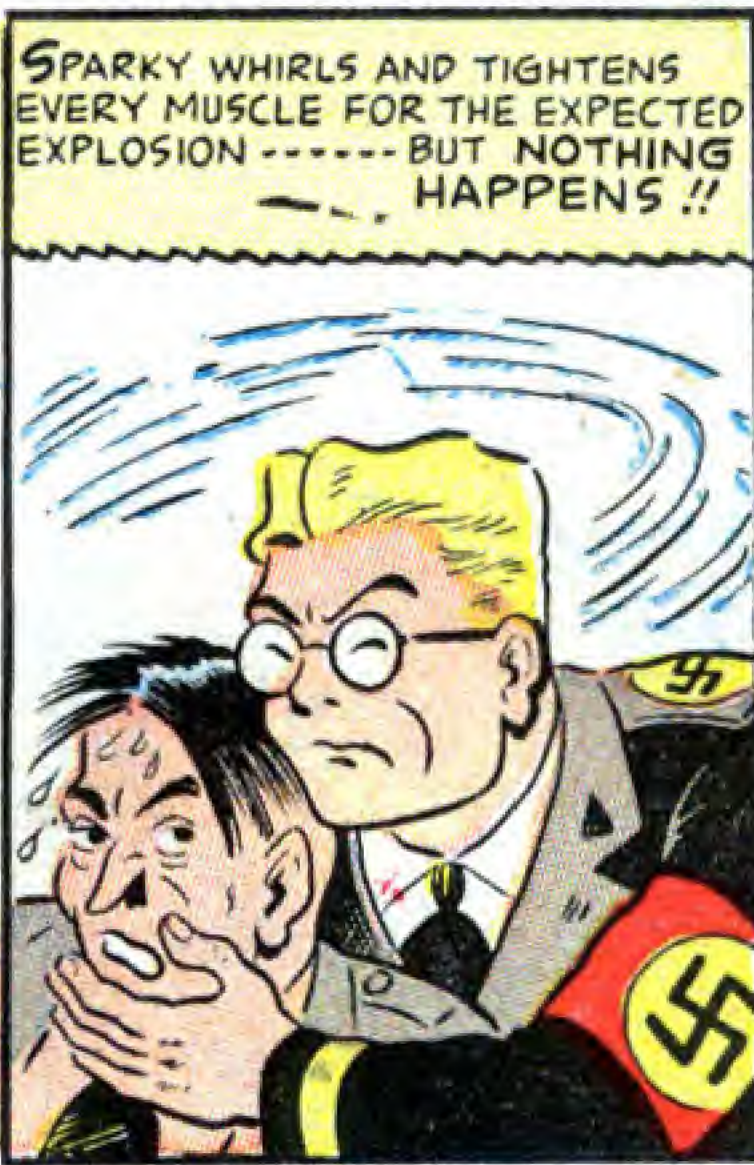




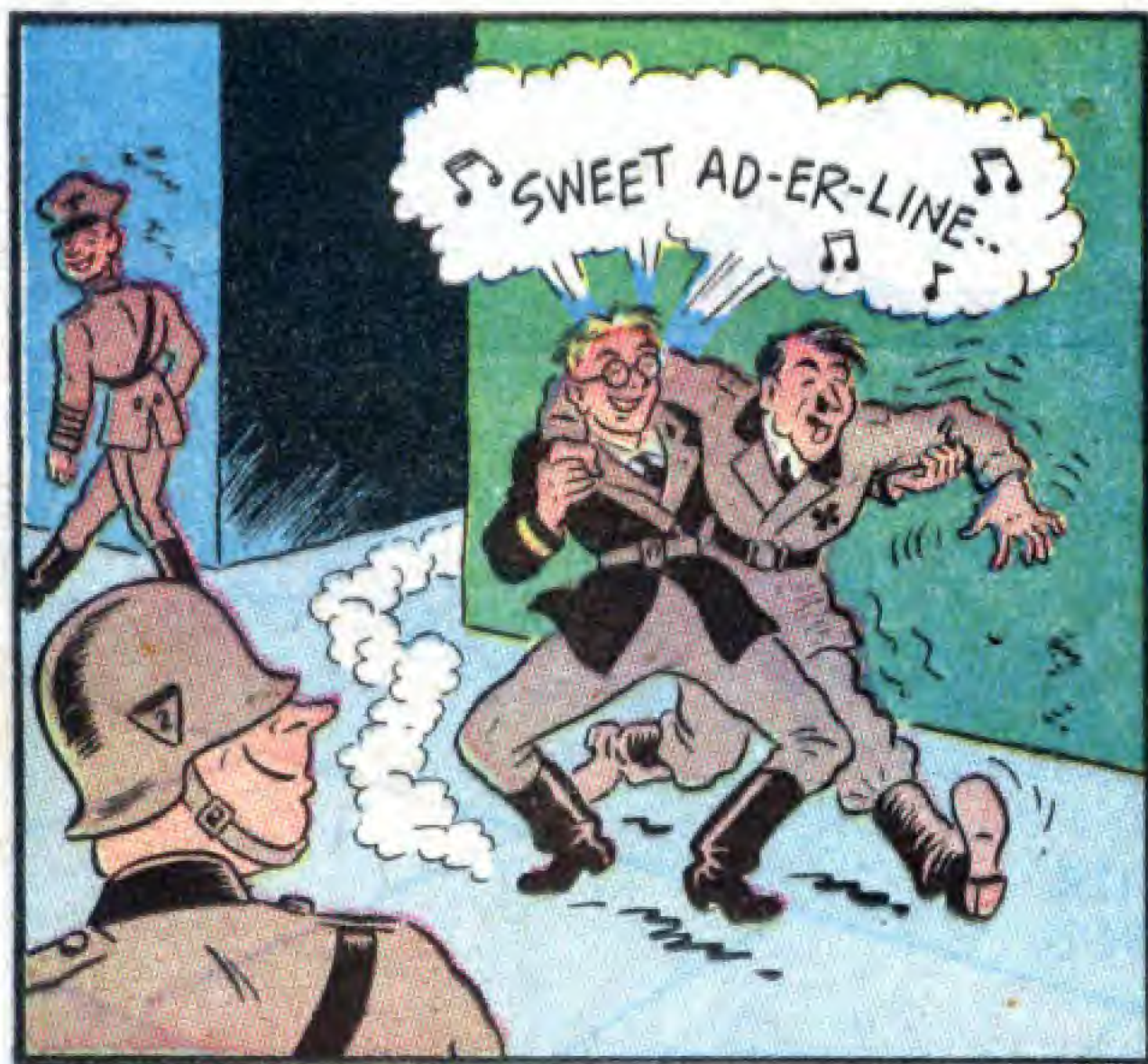




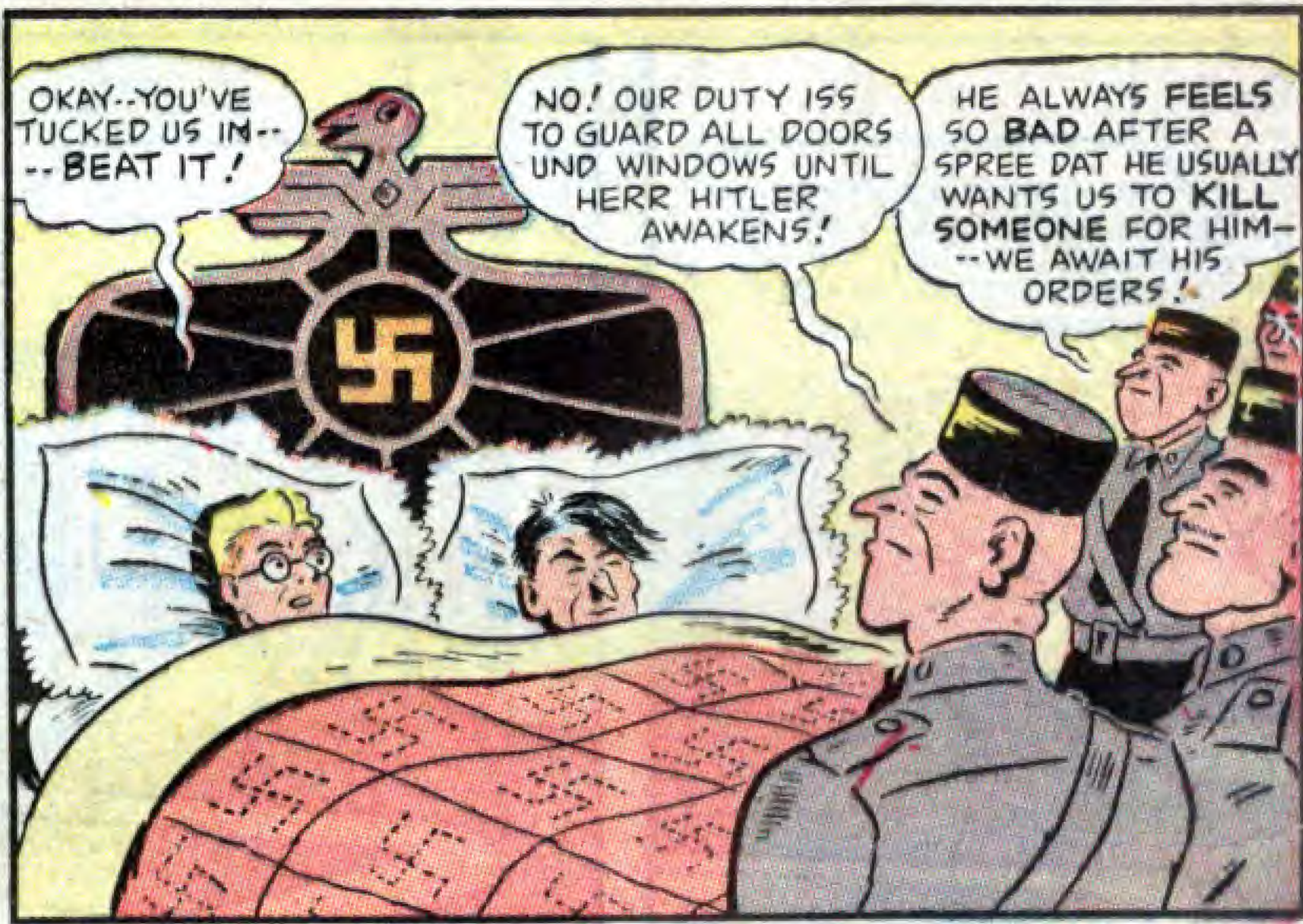
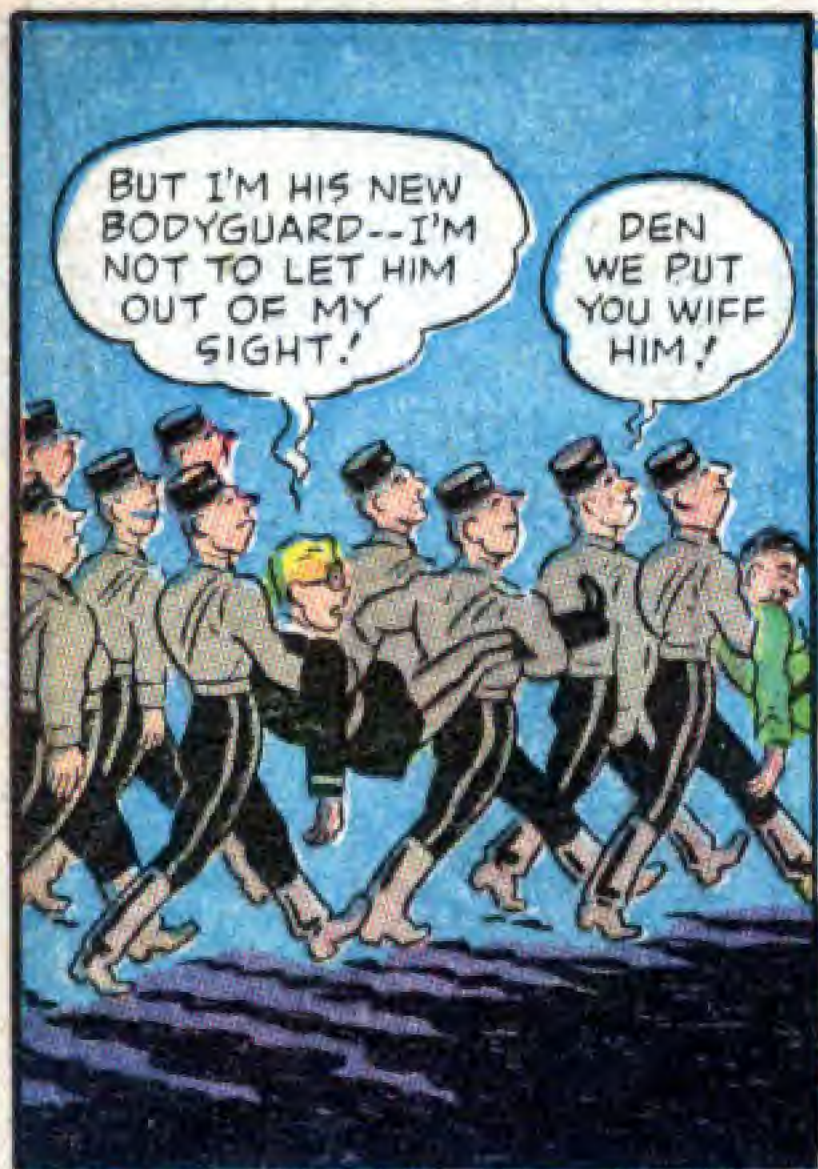




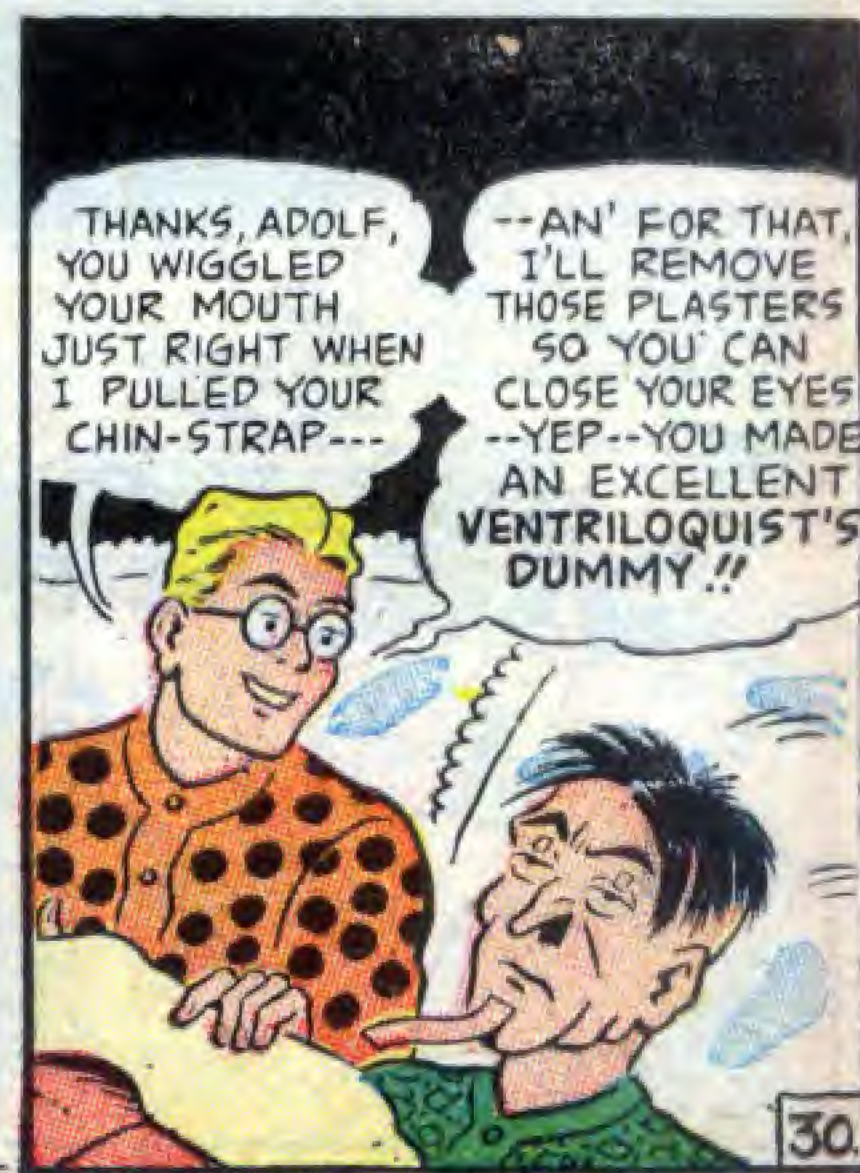








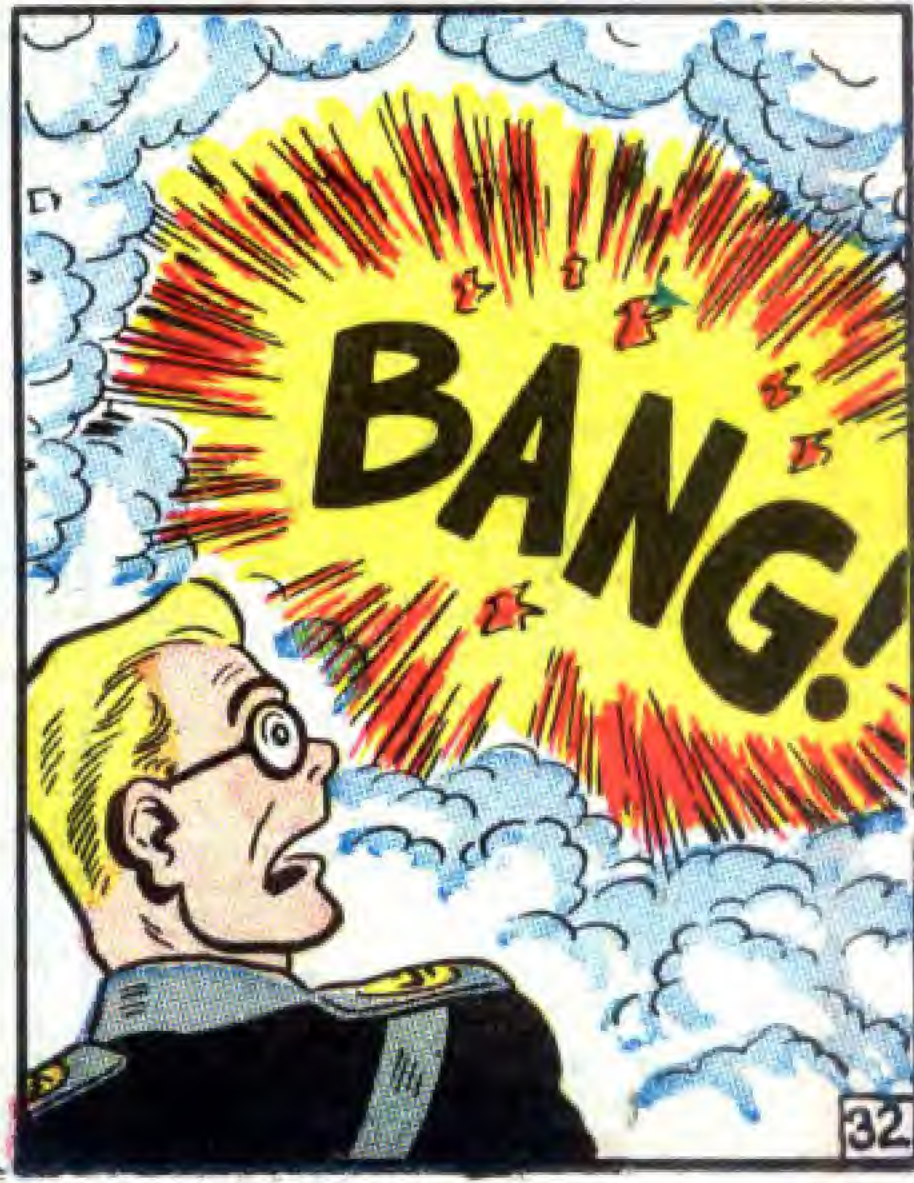
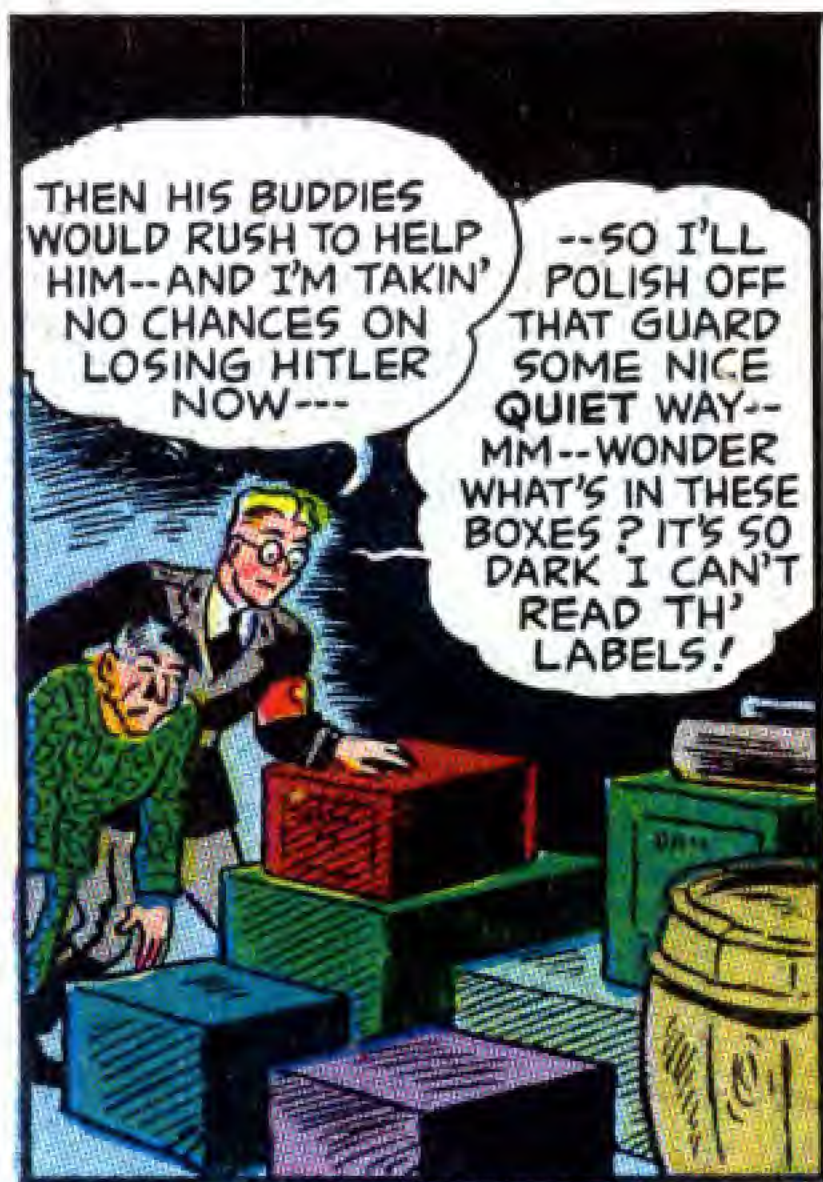
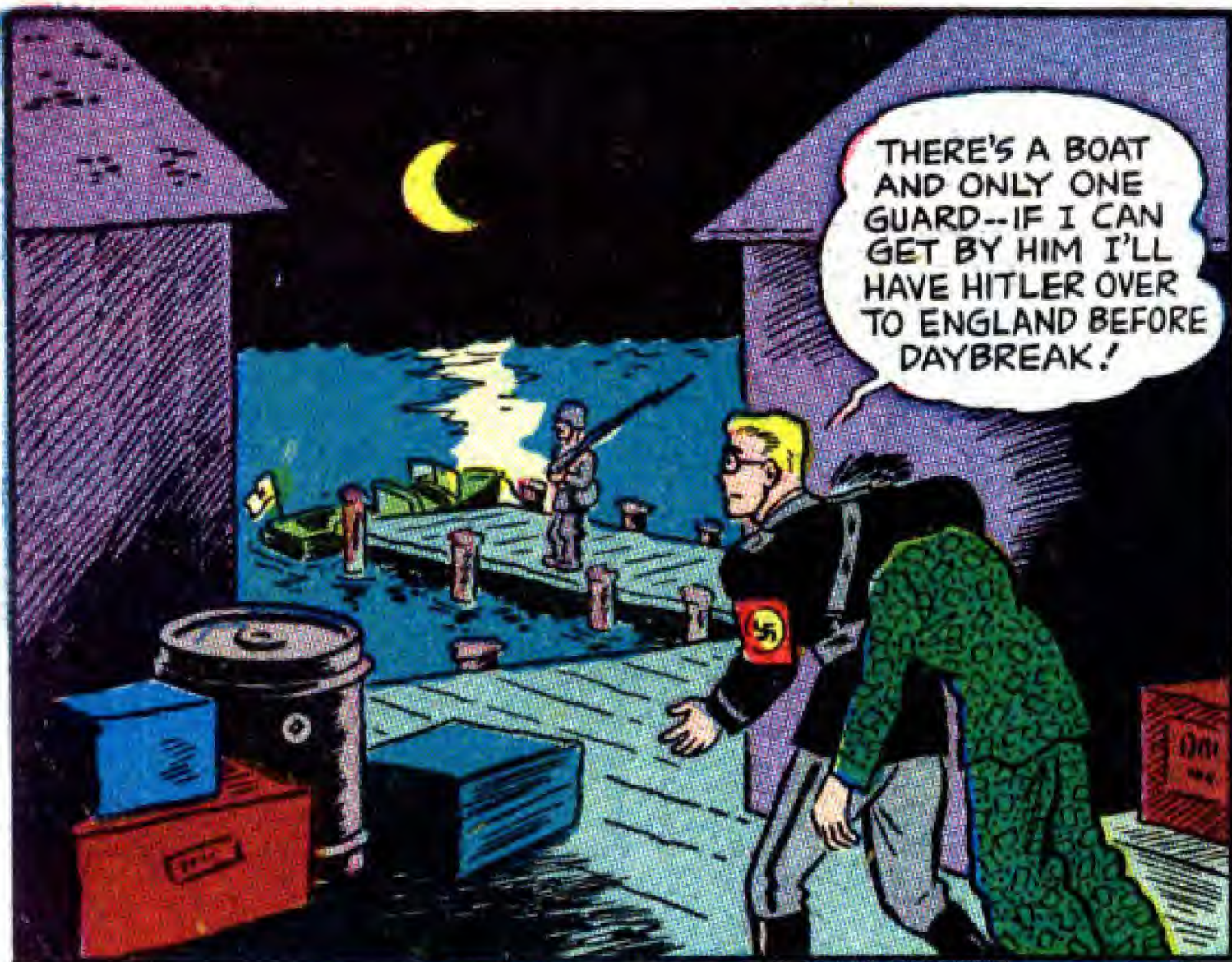








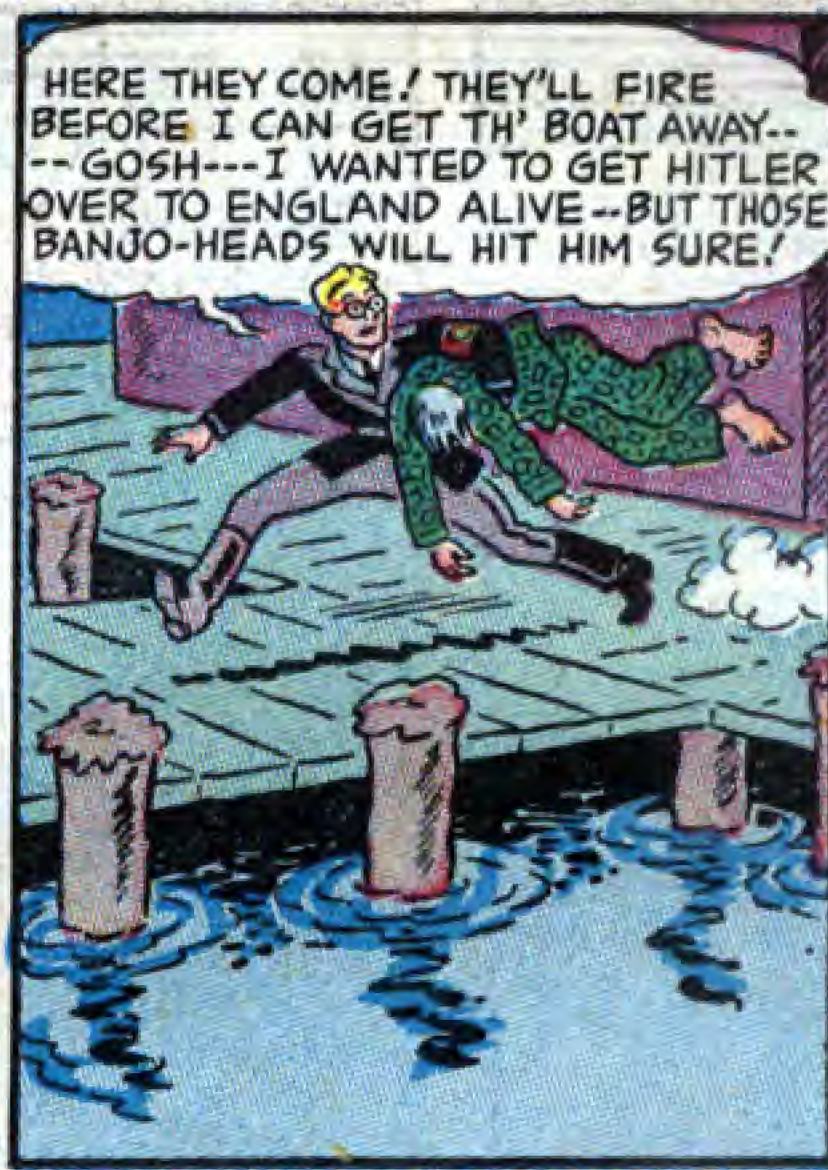








GOOD GRIEF! THAT WASN'T A BEER BOTTLE I THREW--IT WAS A HAND-GRENADE! NOW EVERY NAZI IN TWO MILES WILL CONVERGE ON THIS SPOT!

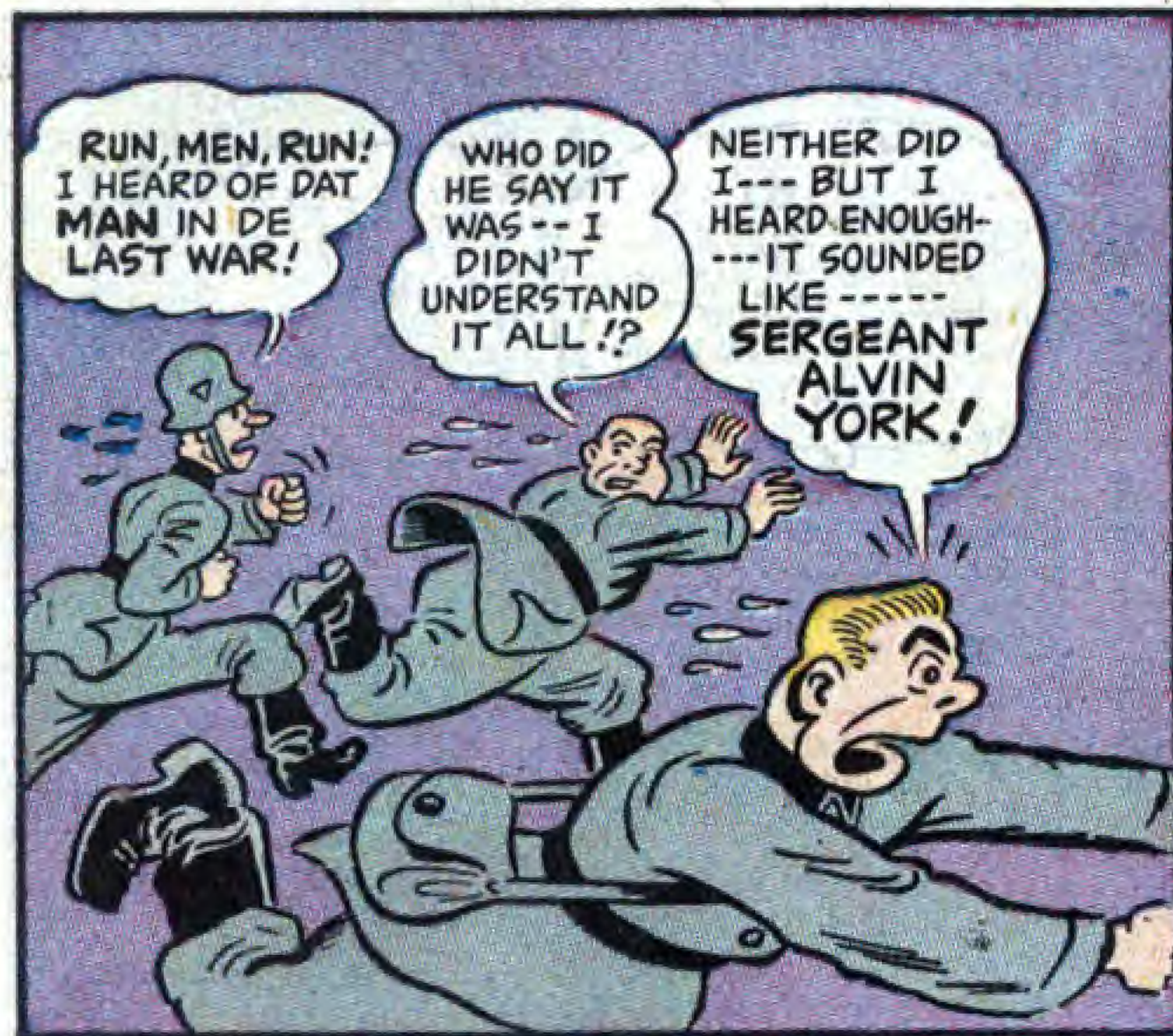


HERE THEY COME! THEY'LL FIRE BEFORE I CAN GET TH' BOAT AWAY-- GOSH---I WANTED TO GET HITLER OVER TO ENGLAND ALIVE--BUT THOSE BANJO-HEADS WILL HIT HIM SURE!



WHO'S DOT? ANSWER QUICK OR VE SHOOT!

SPARKY WATTS FROM APPLEDALE, NEW YORK!



RUN, MEN, RUN! I HEARD OF DAT MAN IN DE LAST WAR!

WHO DID HE SAY IT WAS-- I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL!?

NEITHER DID I--- BUT I HEARD ENOUGH---IT SOUNDED LIKE----- SERGEANT ALVIN YORK!



BOY! THOSE SAUSAGE-EATERS RAN LIKE THEY'D HEARD OF ME BEFORE--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT? --OH, WELL--ENGLAND, HERE WE COME!



HEY! VOT ISS-- --VERE AM I??

WELL, SLEEPIN' BEAUTY HAS FINALLY WAKED UP-- COMB YOUR HAIR, ADOLF, YOU'RE ABOUT TO INVADE ANOTHER COUNTRY!



Y--YOU MEAN DOSE ARE DE VITE CLIFFS OF DOVER!?

YOU SAID IT, FUZZ-LIP!



GLORY BE! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE ABLE TO GET ME OUDT OF GERMANY-- I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH!!





WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING THAT YOU CAN NEVER THANK ME ENOUGH FOR KIDNAPING YOU OUT OF GERMANY?

I-I'M--  
--I'M---

HEY, YOU BLOODY KRAUTS--PUT YOUR LUNCH HOOKS ABOVE YOUR HEADS AND COME ASHORE---  
--SCRAMBLE!!



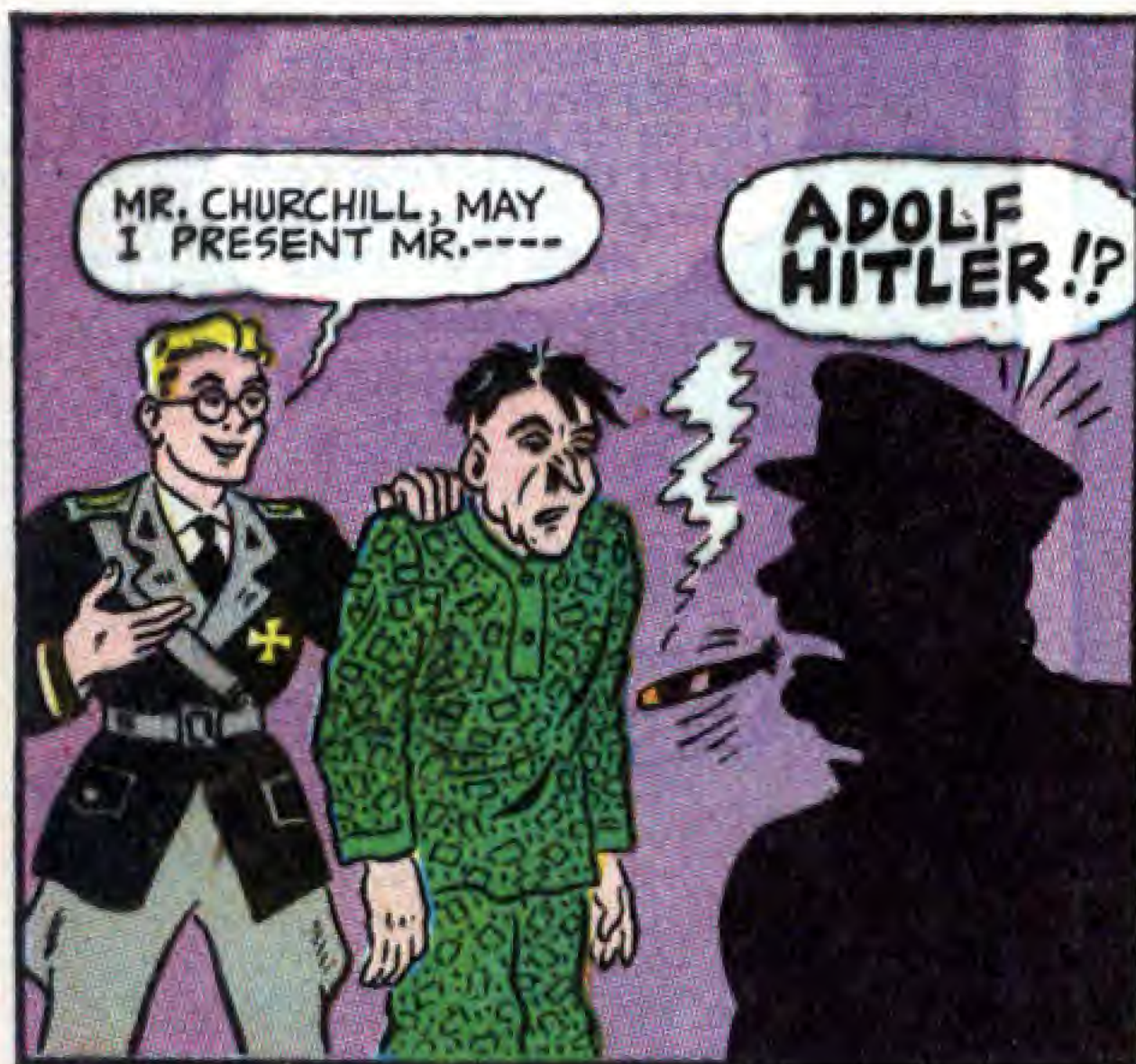
DON'T SHOOT, SOLDIER--I'M A YANK--THIS IS MY PRISONER!

BLIMEY! HE'S TH' BLOOMIN' NAZI BIG CHEESE 'IMSELF!



YEP--TAKE US TO MR. CHURCHILL!

WE SAW YOU COMING AND NOTIFIED HIM! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE TWO MORE NAZI OFFICERS DESERTING---  
--HERE COMES MR. CHURCHILL NOW!



MR. CHURCHILL, MAY I PRESENT MR.----

**ADOLF HITLER!?**



-- SO YOU SEE, MR. CHURCHILL, I KIDNAPED HITLER AND HERE WE ARE--SO DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH HIM--  
--HE'S ALL YOURS!

YA! BUT VOT EVER YOU DO, DON'T SEND ME BACK TO GERMANY---  
--PLEASE!!



YOU ACTUALLY SEEM GLAD TO BE A PRISONER?

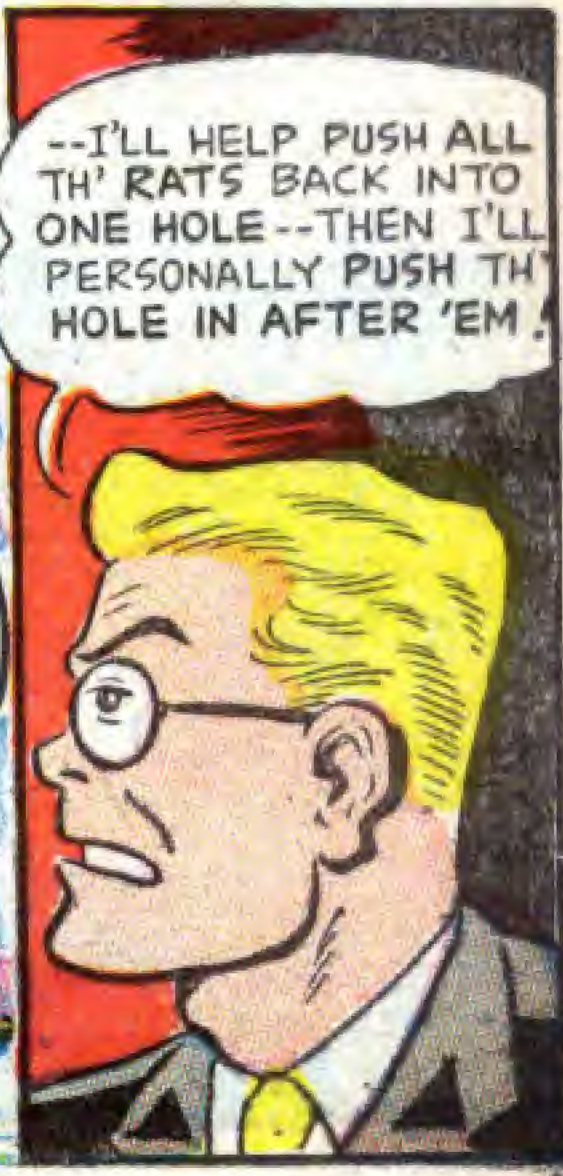
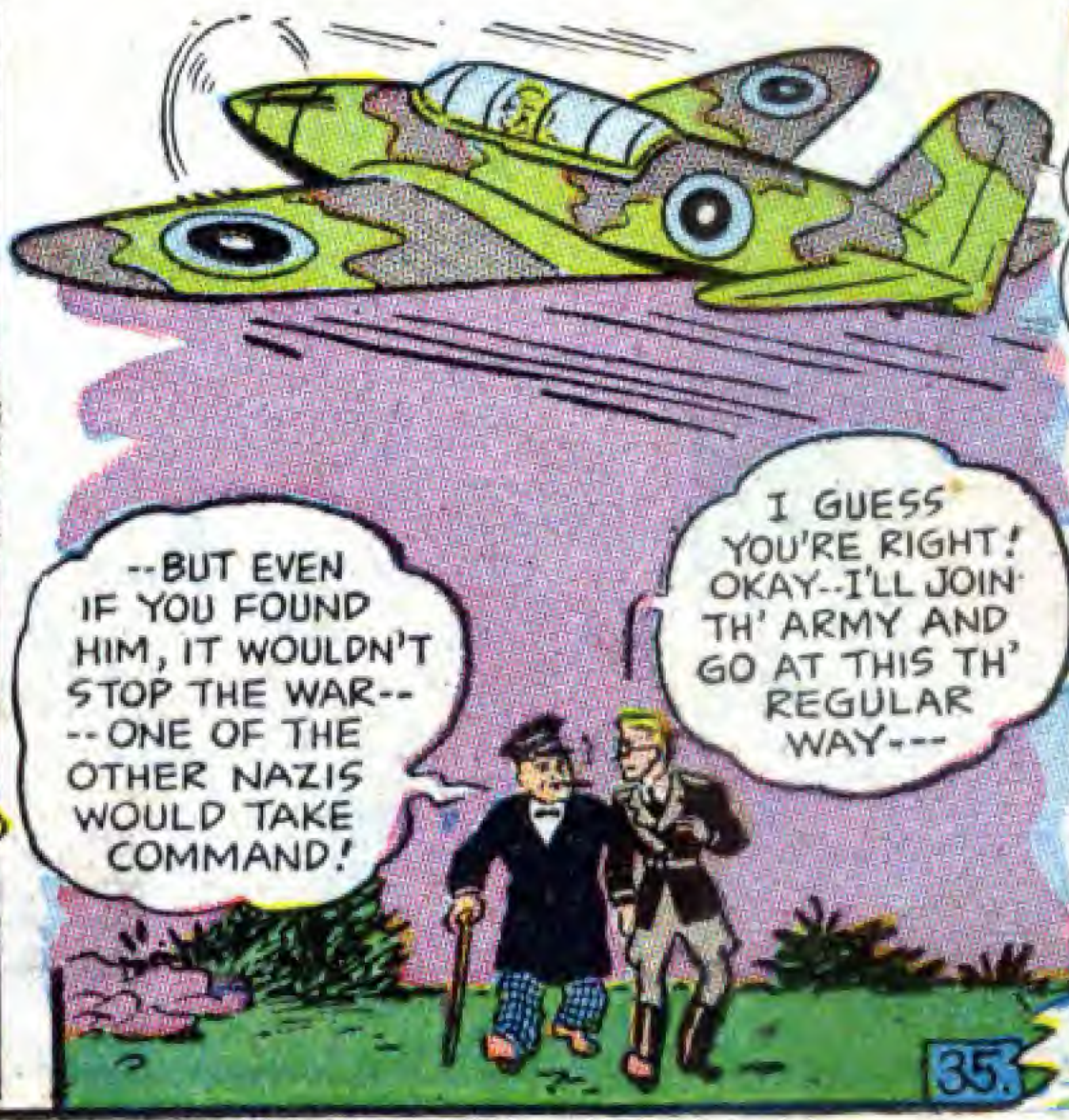
OF COURSE I'M GLAD! I VAS LEARNING TOO MUCH--SOME DAY I VOULD HAFF WAKED UP DEAD!



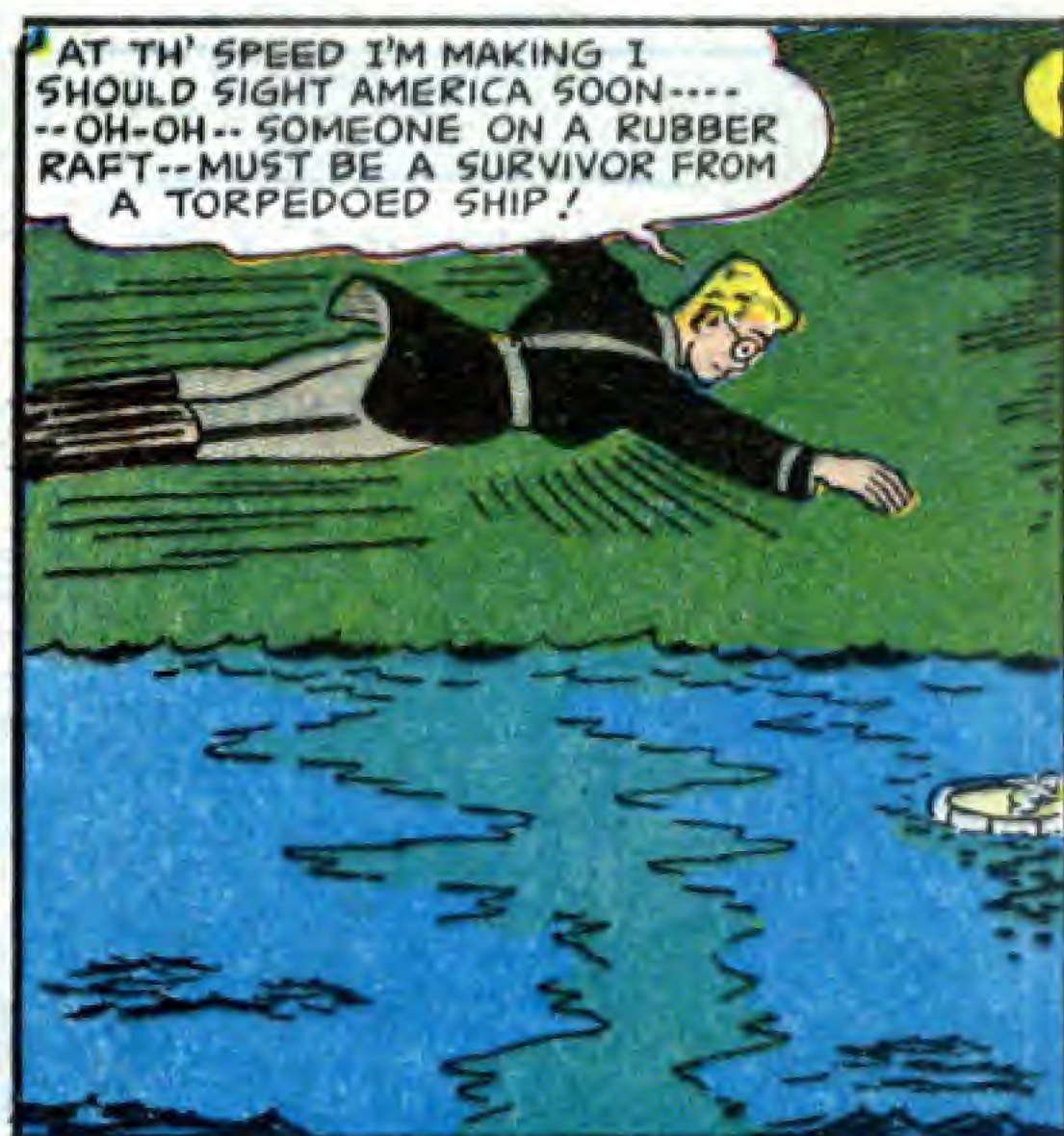
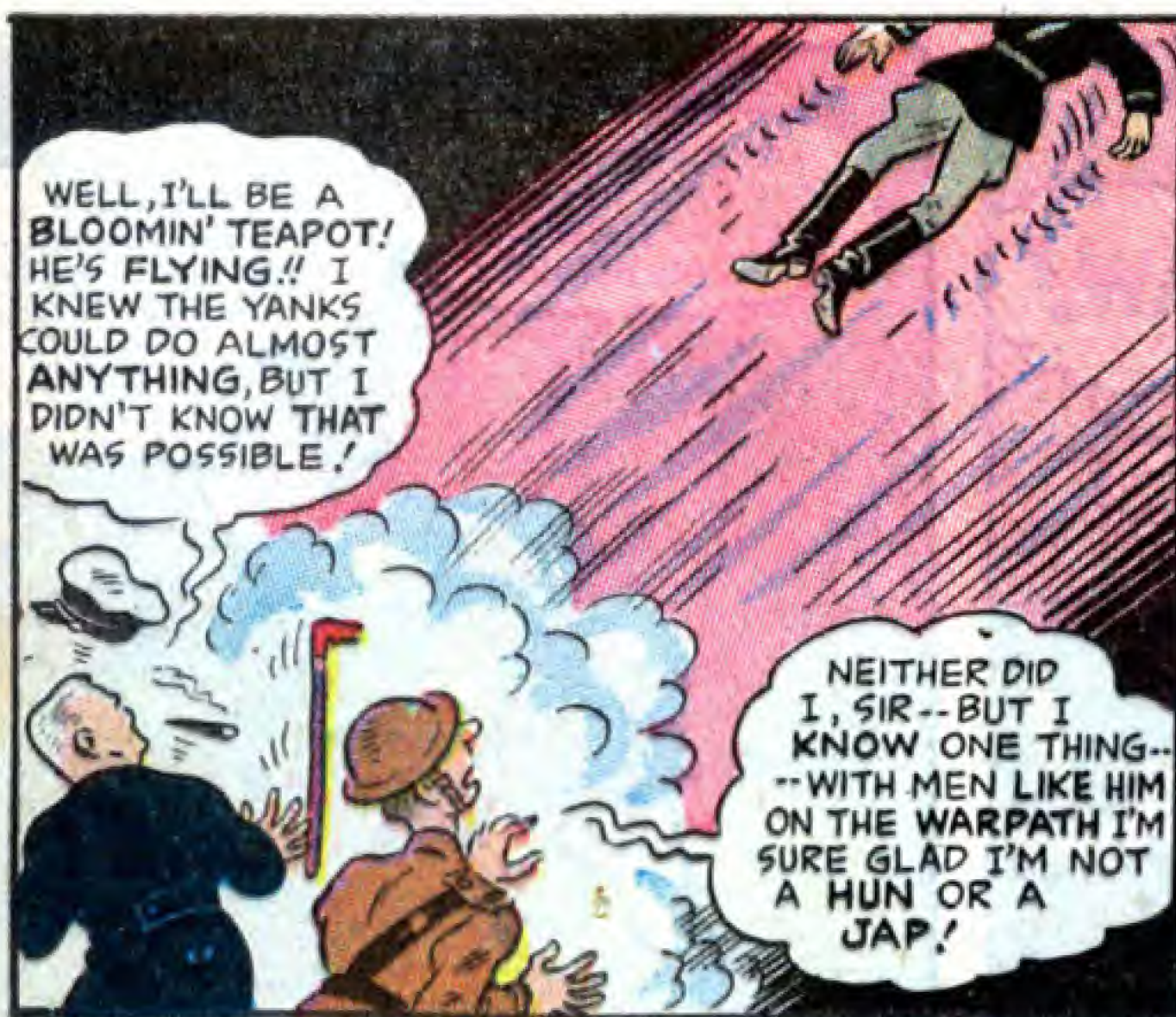
YOU--YOU MEAN YOU'VE ONLY BEEN A STOOGIE--YOU'RE NOT TH' REAL LEADER OF GERMANY!?

DOT'S VOT I HAFF BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU---I'M **NOT ADOLF HITLER!!**

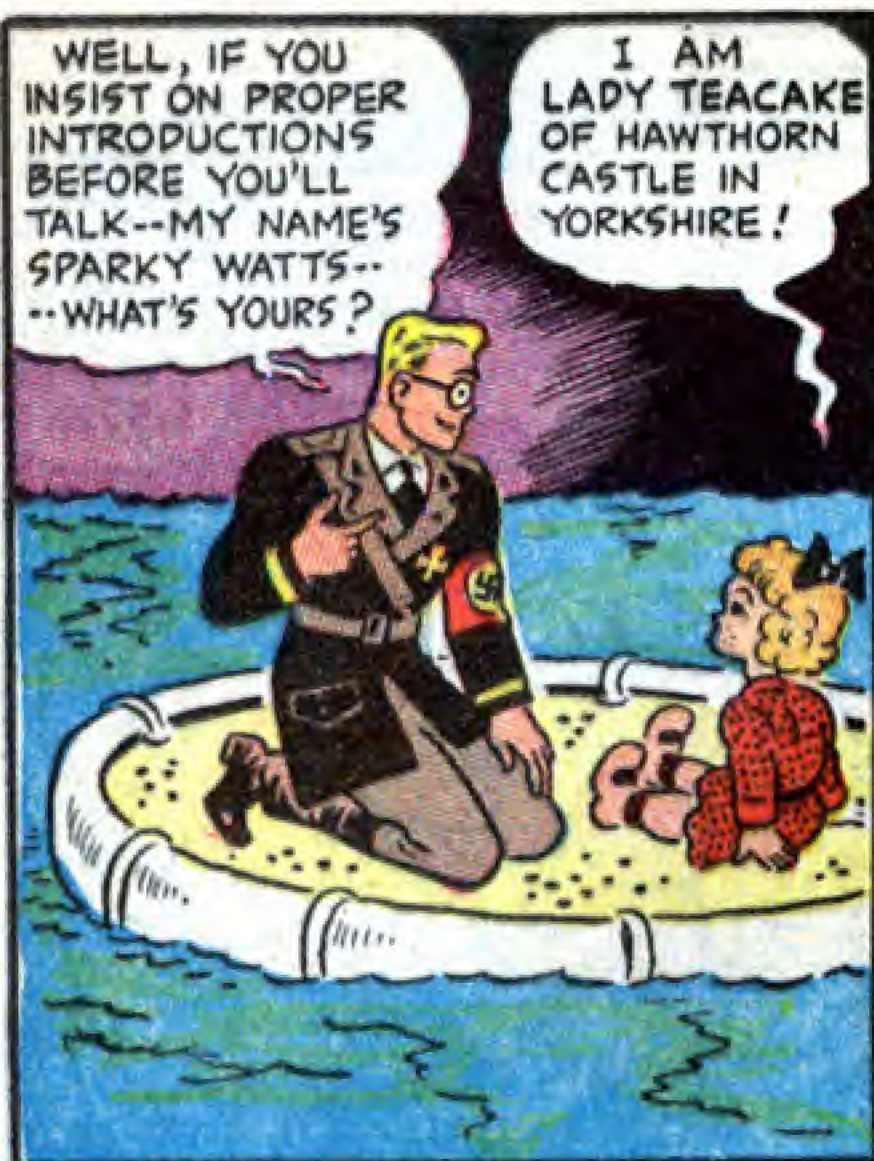












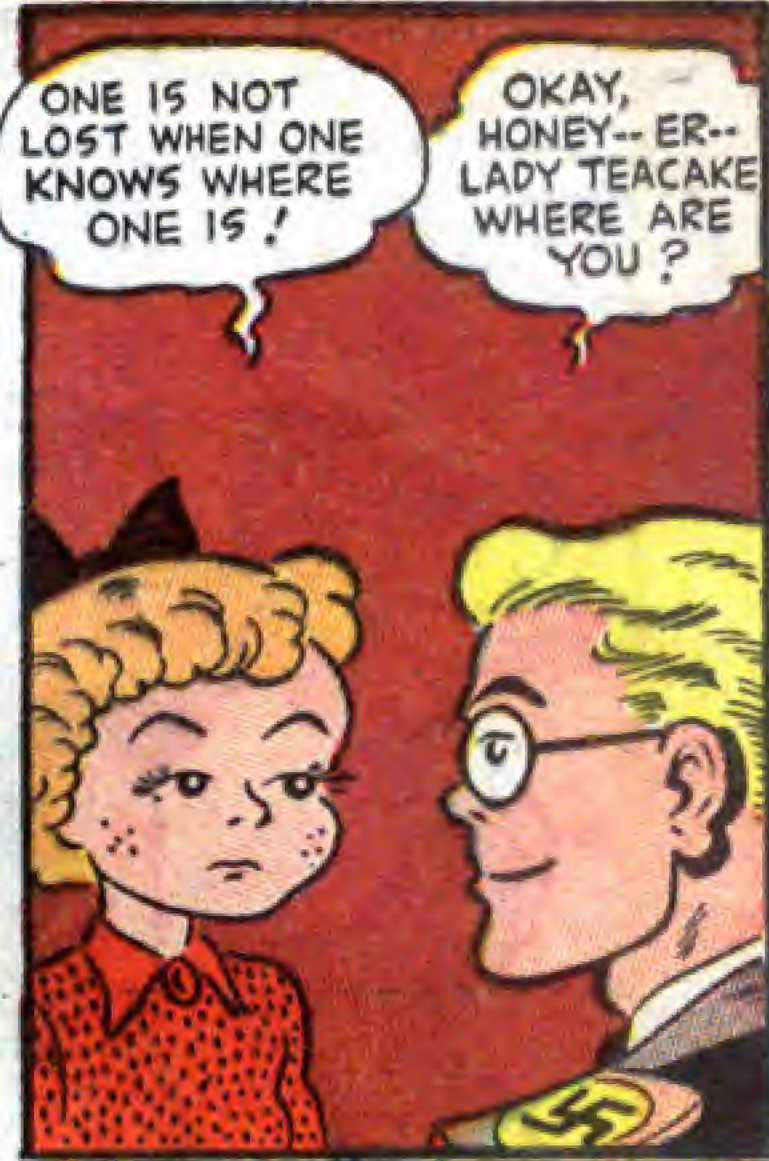
WELL, IF YOU INSIST ON PROPER INTRODUCTIONS BEFORE YOU'LL TALK--MY NAME'S SPARKY WATTS--WHAT'S YOURS?

I AM LADY TEACAKE OF HAWTHORN CASTLE IN YORKSHIRE!



AN ENGLISH GIRL, EH? HOW'D YOU GET LOST OUT HERE, HONEY?

DO NOT CALL ME "HONEY"! CALL ME BY MY PROPER TITLE---LADY TEACAKE! MY SHIP WAS TORPEDOED, AND I'M NOT LOST!



ONE IS NOT LOST WHEN ONE KNOWS WHERE ONE IS!

OKAY, HONEY-- ER-- LADY TEACAKE WHERE ARE YOU?



OH, DON'T BE A STUPID BORE! I'M IN THE CENTER OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN!



LADY TEACAKE, I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE AND NICE MANNERS-- BUT TH' MIDDLE OF TH' ATLANTIC IS NO PLACE FOR A LITTLE GIRL!

IT IS RAWTHER INCONVENIENT-- ESPECIALLY AT TEA TIME WITH NO TEA!



THEN PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND MY NECK, AN' I'LL CARRY YOU TO AMERICA!

HOW DARE YOU, SIR!



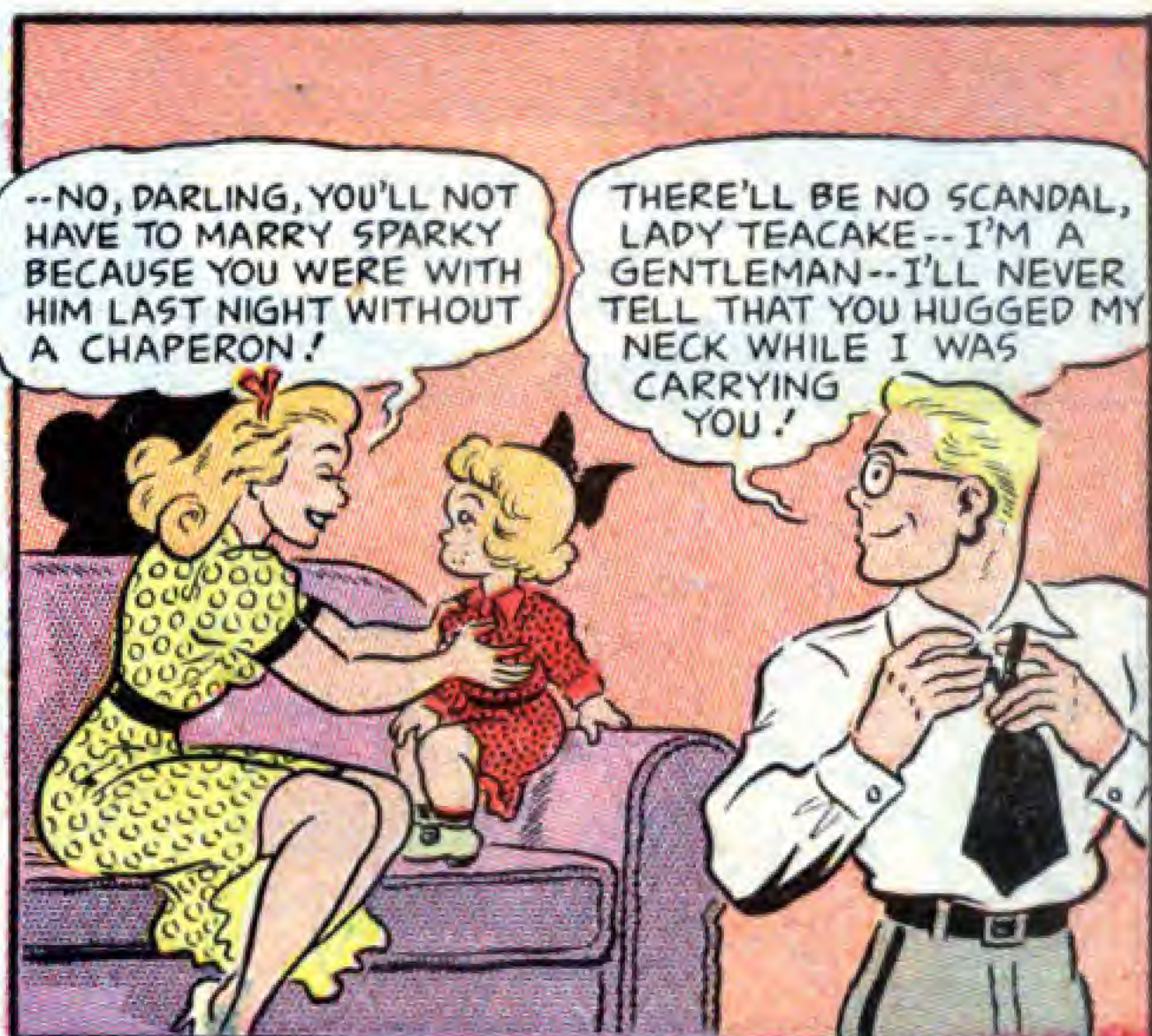
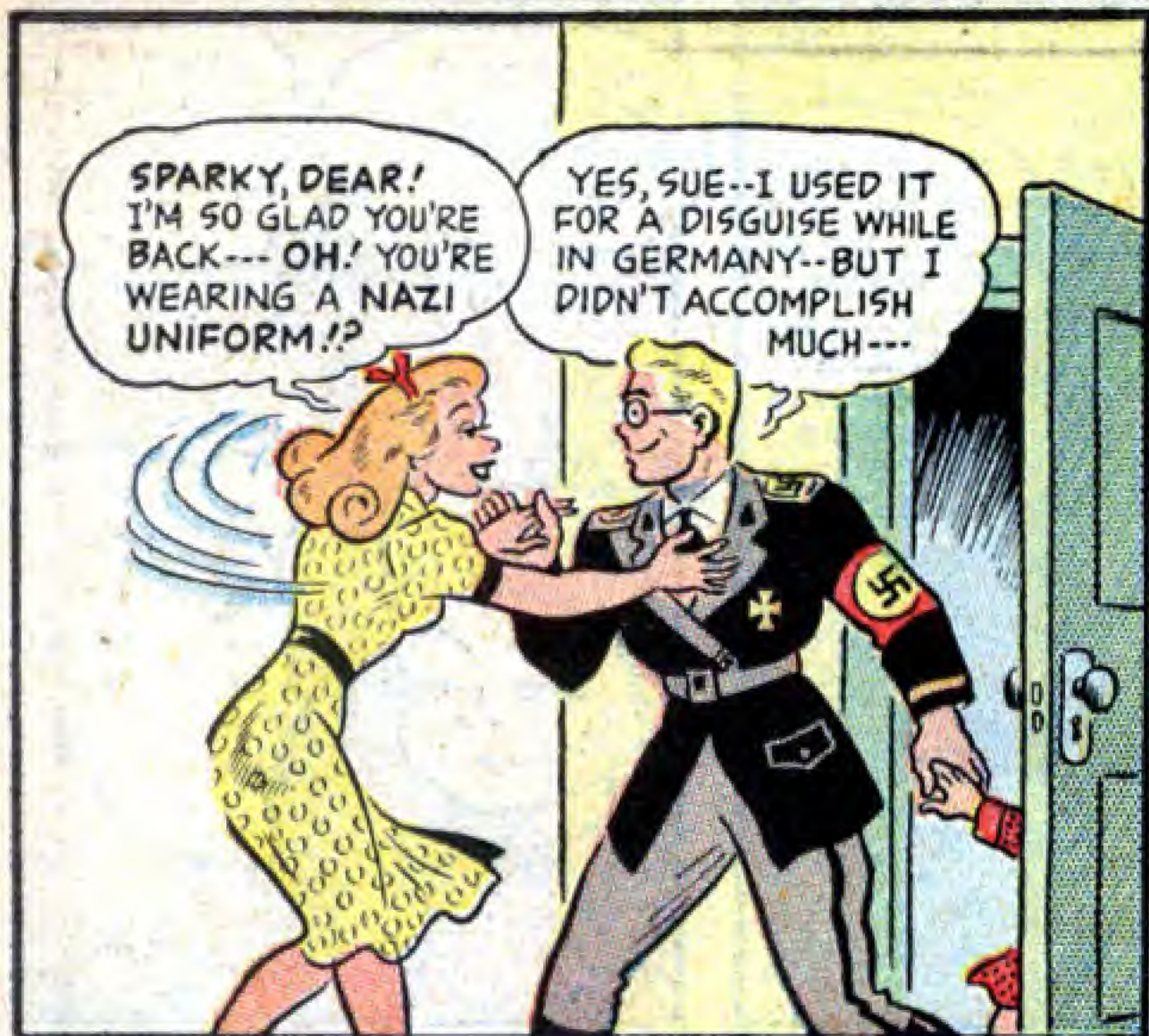
PLEASE REMEMBER THAT I'M A LADY! I DO NOT EMBRACE MEN WHOM I HARDLY KNOW!

OH, CUT THAT HIGHBROW STUFF--- GRAB AHOLD OR I'LL BLISTER YOUR PANTS!

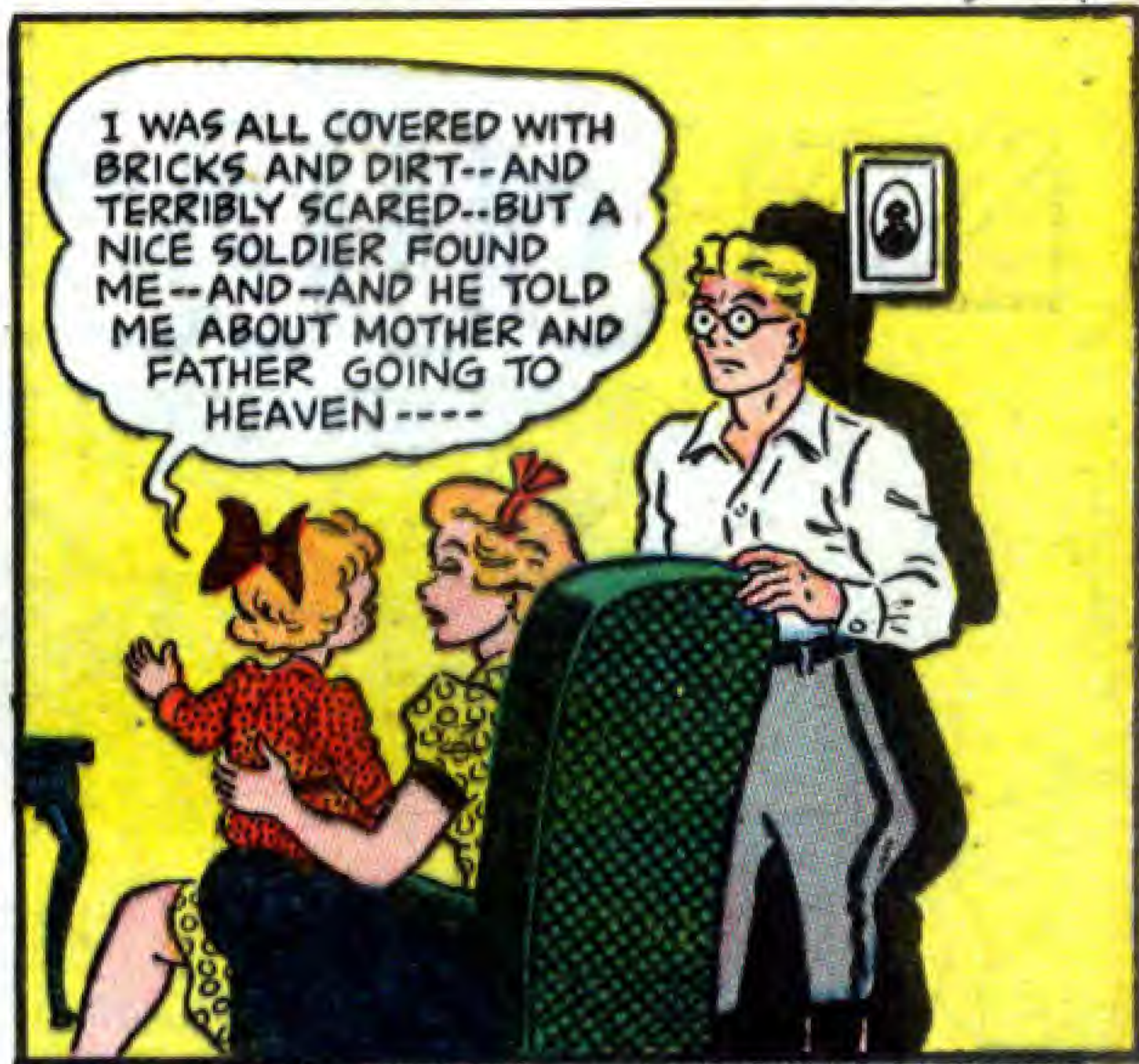
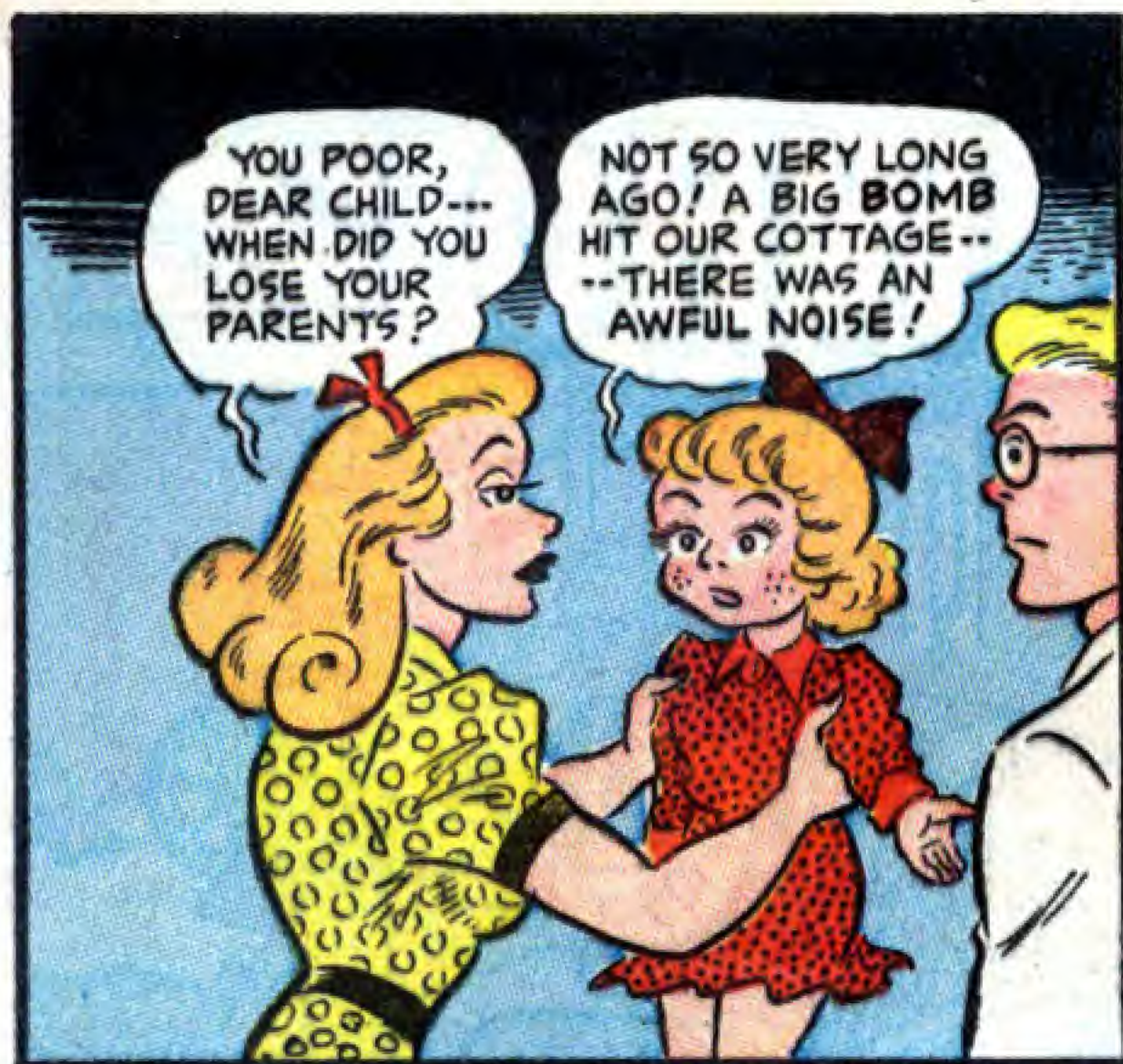


MY! I HOPE THE TABLOIDS NEVER LEARN OF THIS-- THE GOOD NAME OF TEACAKE WOULD BE DISGRACED FOREVER !!



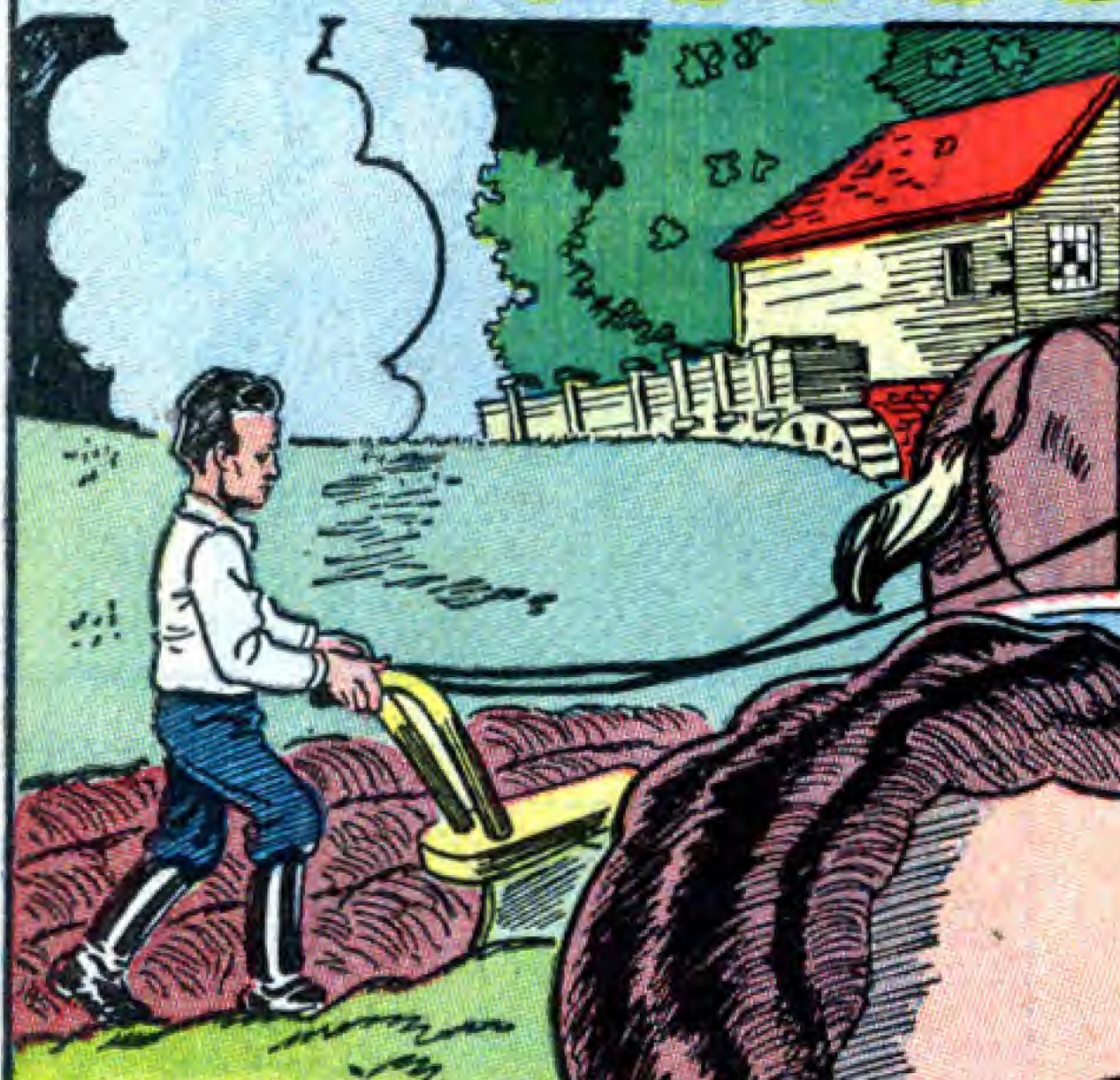




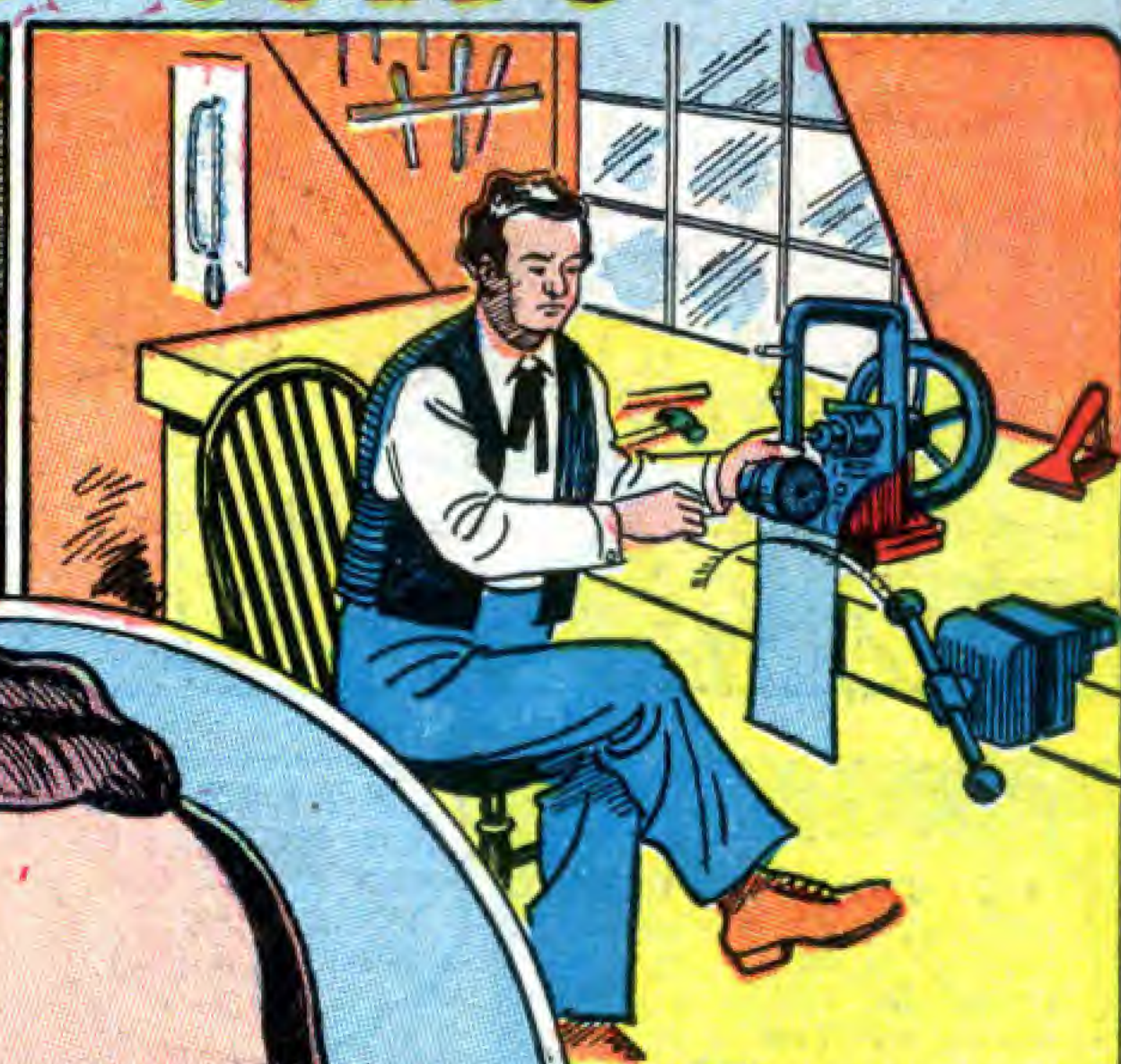




# GUESS WHO



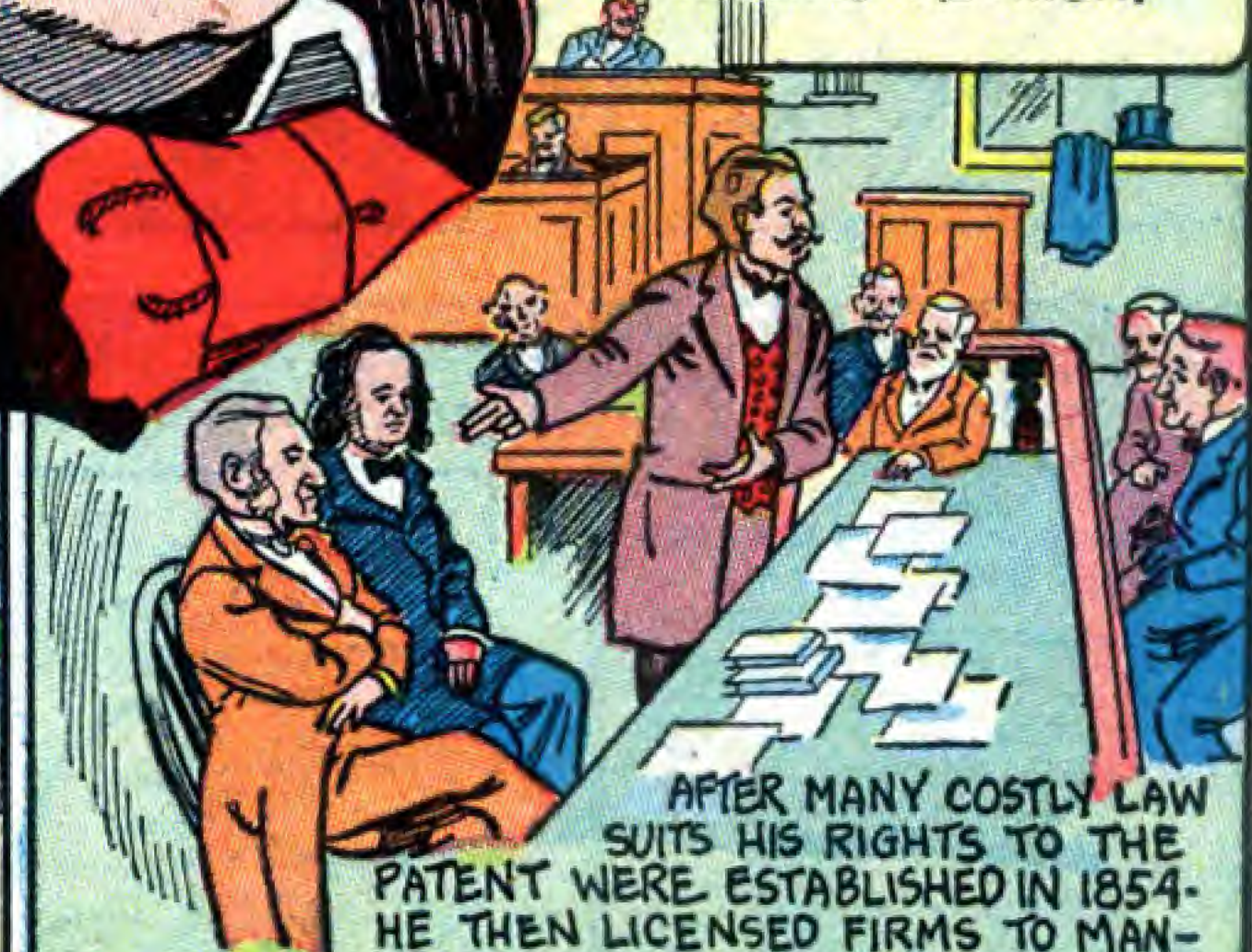
BORN AT SPENCER, MASS. JULY 9<sup>TH</sup> 1819-HIS EARLY LIFE WAS SPENT HELPING ON THE FARM AND IN HIS FATHER'S MILL.



AFTER LEAVING HOME HE GOT A JOB IN A MACHINE SHOP-IT WAS WHILE WORKING AT THIS TRADE THE IDEA OF THE MACHINE THAT MADE HIM WORLD FAMOUS WAS CONCEIVED-IT TOOK 5 YEARS OF HIS SPARE TIME TO DEVELOP IT-AND IN 1846 HE RECEIVED THE PATENT



THE NEXT TWO YEARS WERE SPENT IN ENGLAND WHERE HE WAS EMPLOYED BY A MANUFACTURER TO WHOM HE SOLD THE ENGLISH RIGHTS FOR \$1,200. HE RETURNED HOME PENNILESS AND DISCOURAGED-IN HIS ABSENCE THERE WERE COUNTLESS INFRINGEMENTS ON HIS PATENT.



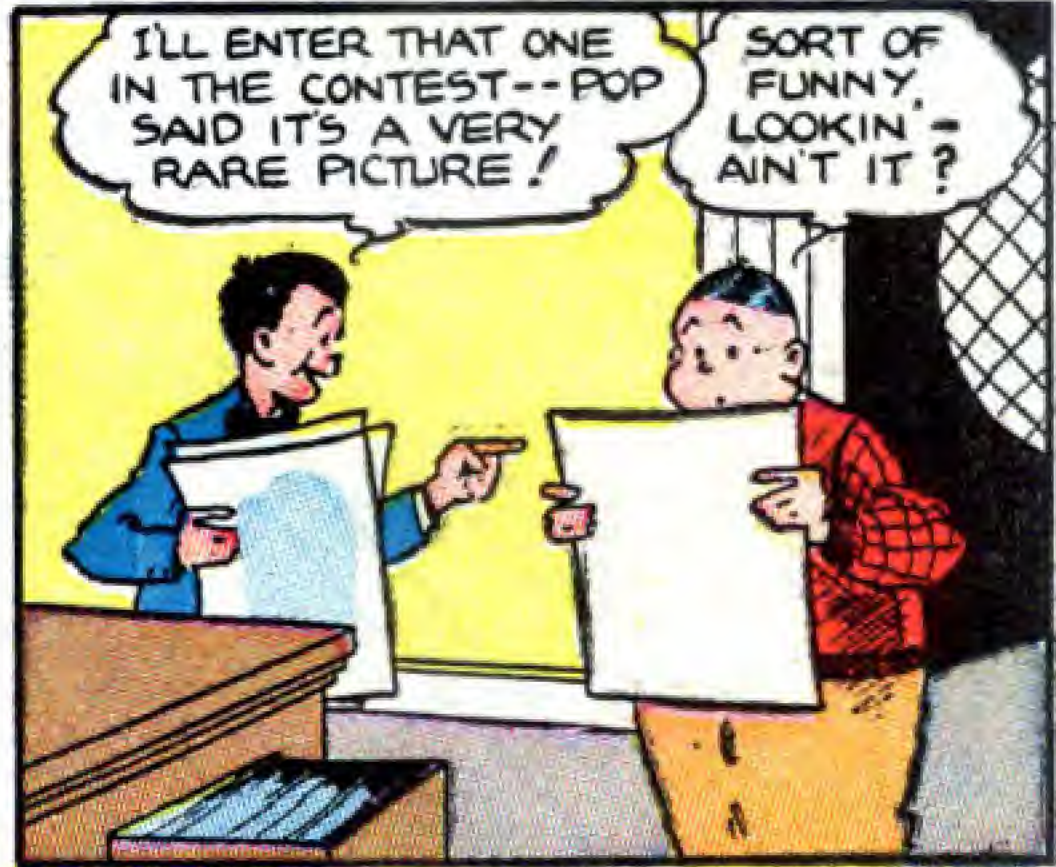
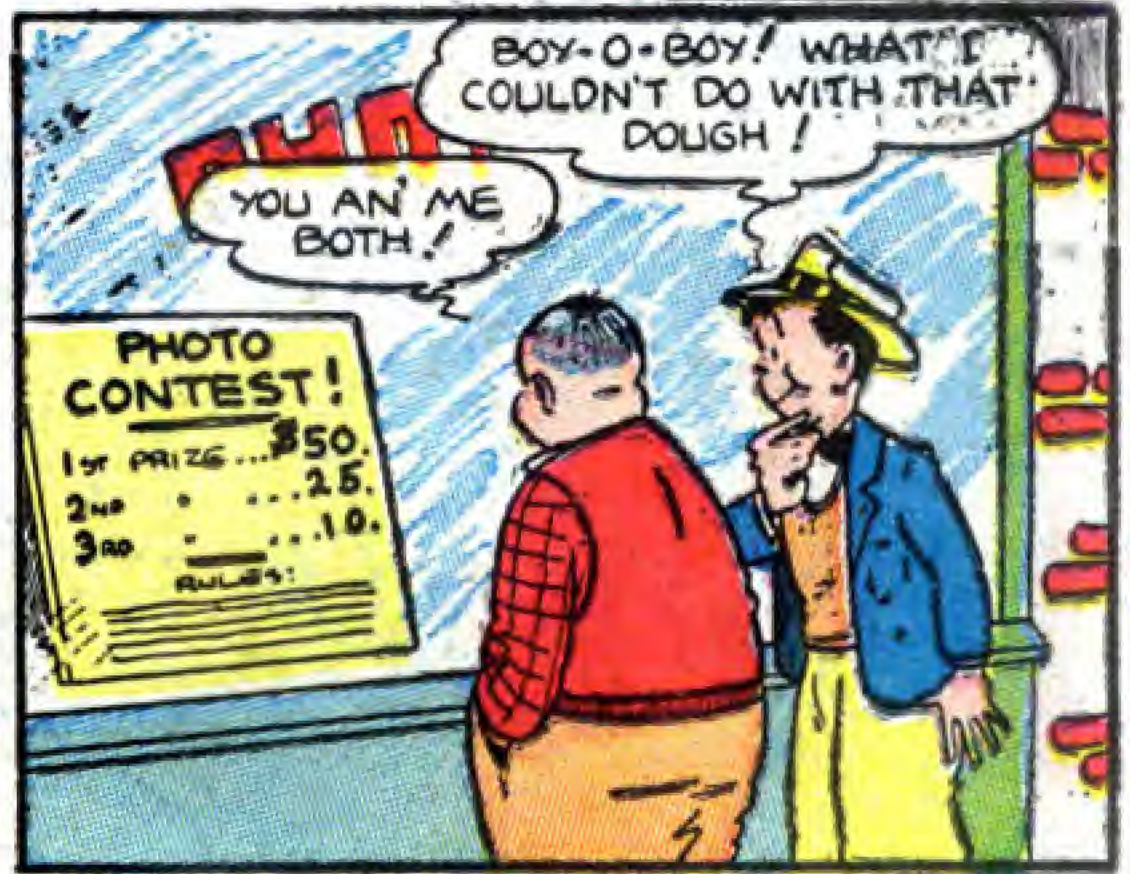
AFTER MANY COSTLY LAW SUITS HIS RIGHTS TO THE PATENT WERE ESTABLISHED IN 1854-HE THEN LICENSED FIRMS TO MANUFACTURE UNDER HIS PATENT-AND WHEN IT EXPIRED IN 1867 HE WAS WORTH ABOUT \$2,000,000-HIS REMAINING YEARS WERE SPENT IN BROOKLYN WHERE HE PASSED AWAY

ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

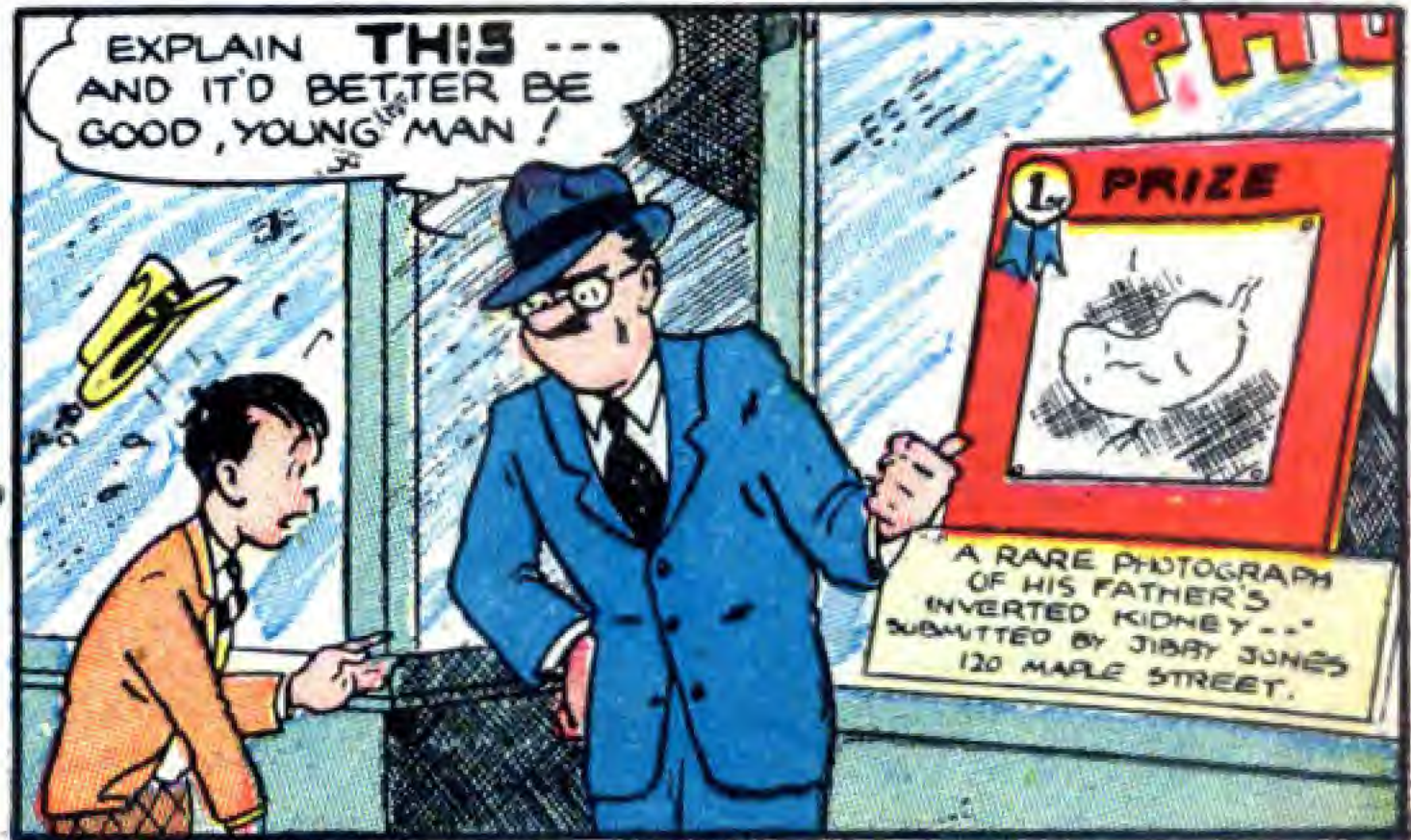


# JIBBY JONES

by TINGUI MAN



SEVERAL DAYS LATER..





# The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

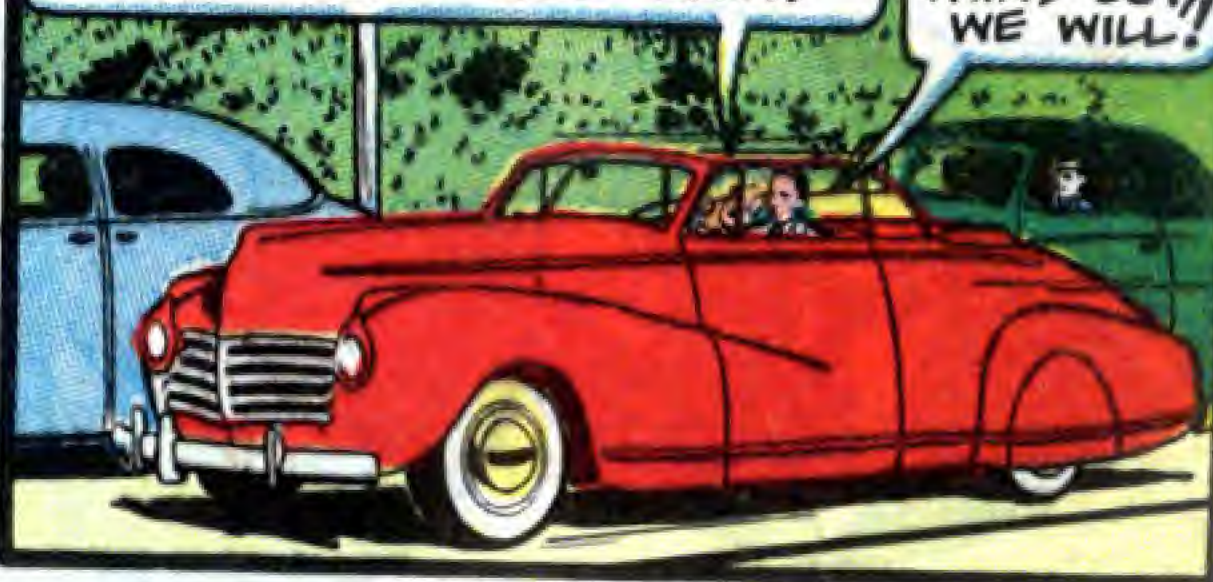


WHEN THE HEAVENS OPEN UP AND RAIN POURS DOWN NO ONE THINKS ANYTHING OF IT. BUT IF THAT RAIN SHOULD KILL—! THAT IS THE PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTS THE SKYMAN WHEN THE FIRST REPORTS CAME RUSHING IN OVER THE STRICKEN AREAS! WHERE DOES THIS DEADLY RAIN COME FROM? WHO IS CAUSING IT? HOW CAN HE BE STOPPED? ONCE MORE AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO TAKES TO THE AIRPLANES TO SMASH A KILLER!!

SUNDAY TRAFFIC ON BARRETT BOULEVARD IS HEAVY...

I HOPE WE GET HOME SOON, TOM. IT'S CLOUDING UP AND LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

IF THIS TRAFFIC THINS OUT, WE WILL!!



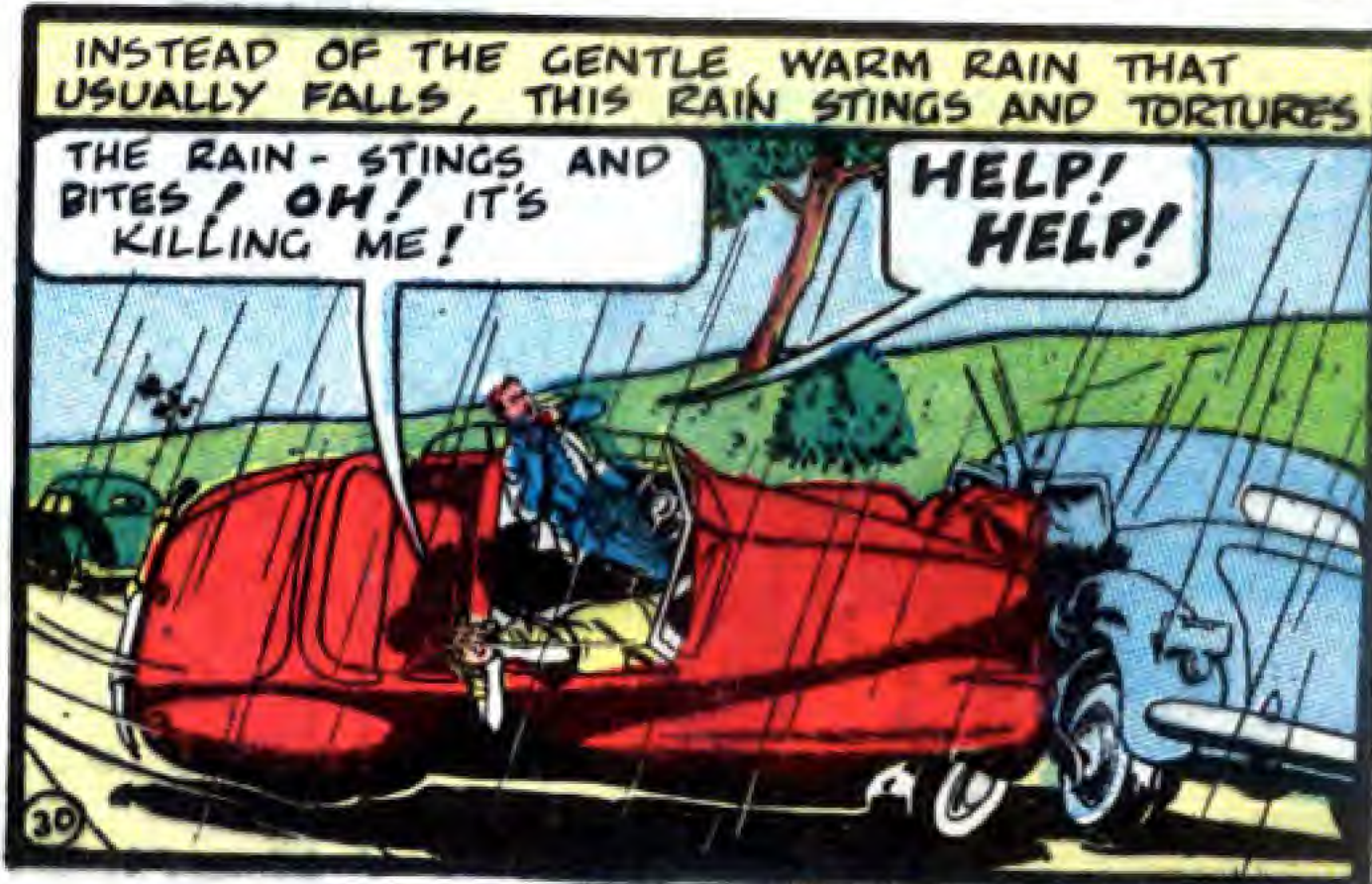
HERE'S THE FIRST DROP! OH! OH! AAAGH!



INSTEAD OF THE GENTLE WARM RAIN THAT USUALLY FALLS, THIS RAIN STINGS AND TORTURES

THE RAIN - STINGS AND BITES! OH! IT'S KILLING ME!

HELP! HELP!





SOON THE CROWDED ROADS ARE FILLED WITH CRASHED CARS AND RAIN-KILLED PLEASURE-SEEKERS!



RADIO MIKES CARRY NEWS OF THE DISASTER ACROSS THE COUNTRY---

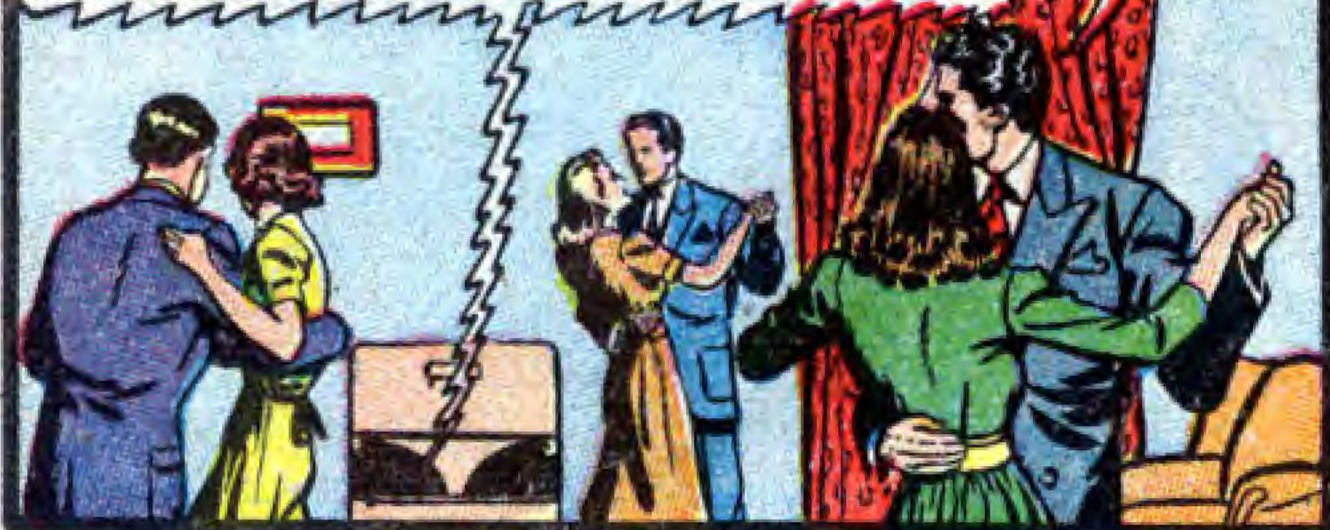
NEWS KEEPS POURING IN, BUT NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN THE DISASTER. IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE CLOUDS WERE FILLED WITH DEADLY POISON AND IT RAINED DOWN ON EARTH!



AT THE LUXURIOUS TURNER ESTATE, ALLAN TURNER IS ENTERTAINING A FEW FRIENDS—AMONG THEM, FAWN CARROLL...

WE INTERRUPT THE PROGRAM AT THIS TIME FOR A LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH: RAIN THAT KILLED TWENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE AND PROBABLY MANY MORE—

LISTEN!



RAIN! RAIN THAT KILLS PEOPLE. IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!

I WISH THE SKYMAN COULD LEARN OF THIS! I'LL BET HE COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

I CERTAINLY AM, AND IF YOU WERE HALF THE MAN THE SKYMAN IS, YOU'D COME ALONG. BUT THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT!



MAYBE FAWN WILL MEET HER SKYMAN SOONER THAN SHE THINKS—IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AHEAD OF HER!



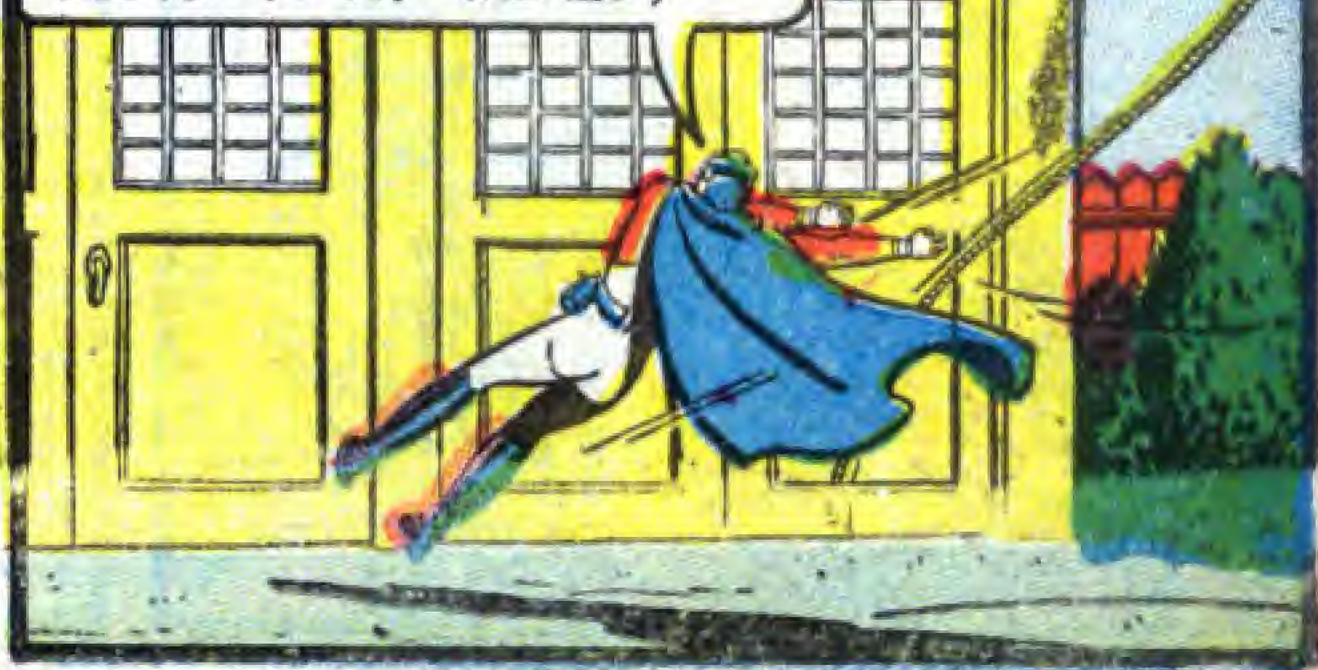
ALLAN TURNER ENTERS HIS ROOM AND EMERGES AS THE SKYMAN

I'LL LET THE REST OF MY GUESTS AMUSE THEMSELVES UNTIL I RETURN! BUT NONE OF THEM MUST SEE ME IN THIS COSTUME!



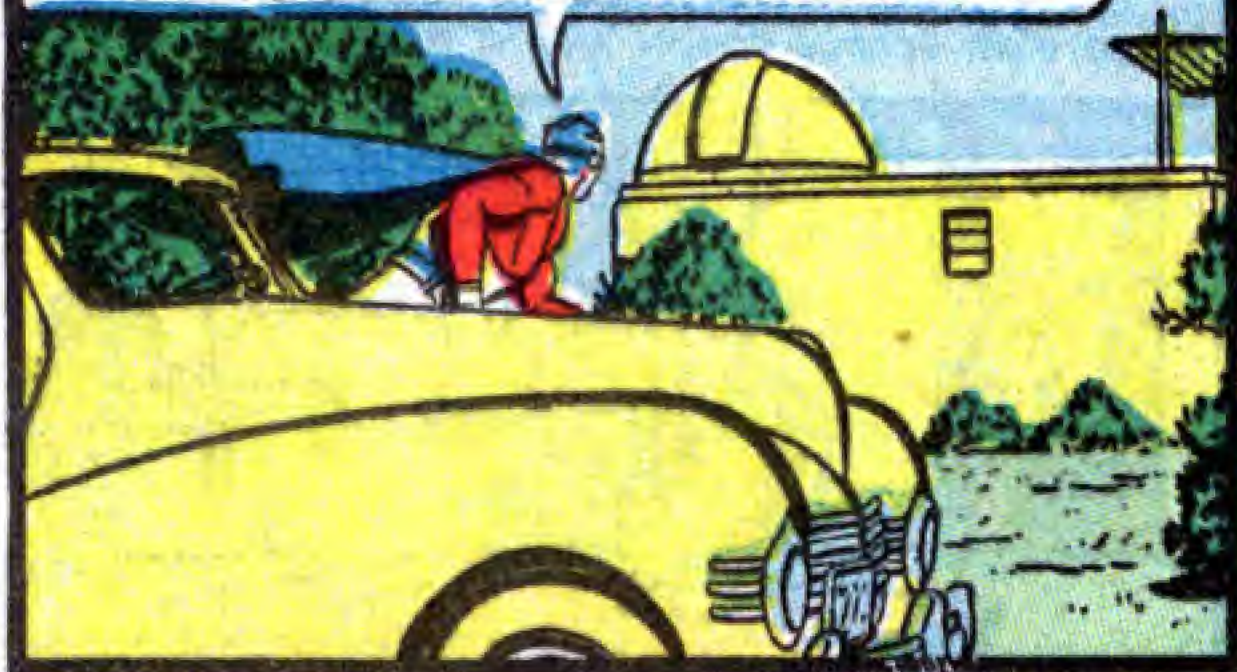
LEAPING FROM THE HALL WINDOW-BALCONY, THE SKYMAN SWINGS ACROSS HIS LAWN—

SO I'LL TAKE THE NEAREST ROUTE TO MY GARAGE!



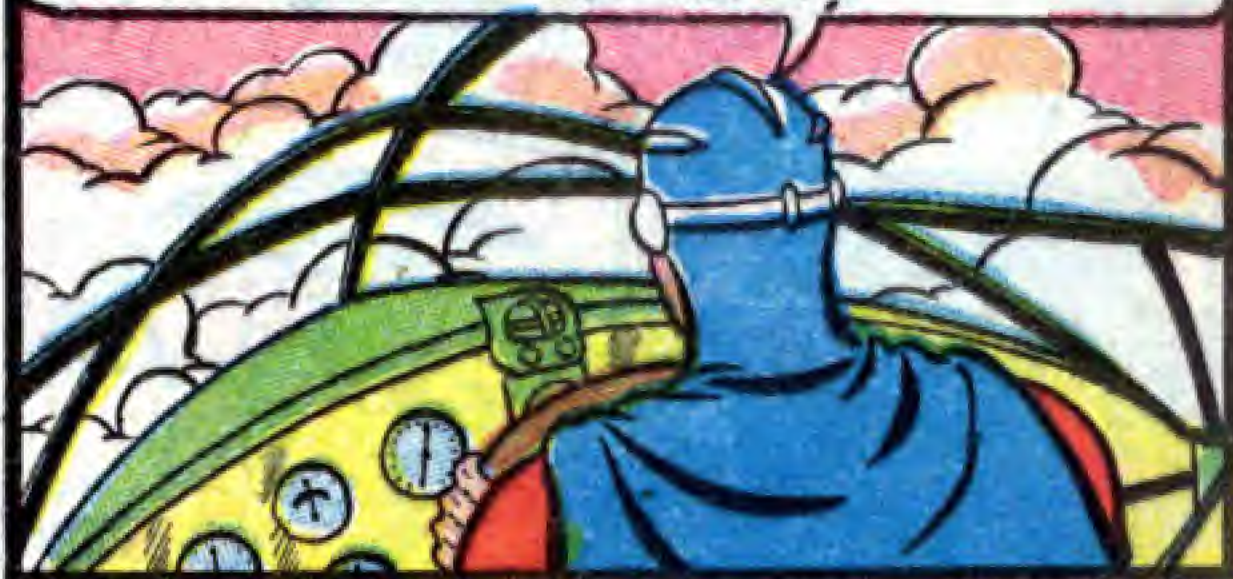


IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO GET TO MY SKYDROME. THE "WING" IS IN TIP-TOP SHAPE, SO IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE OVER BARRETT BOULEVARD!



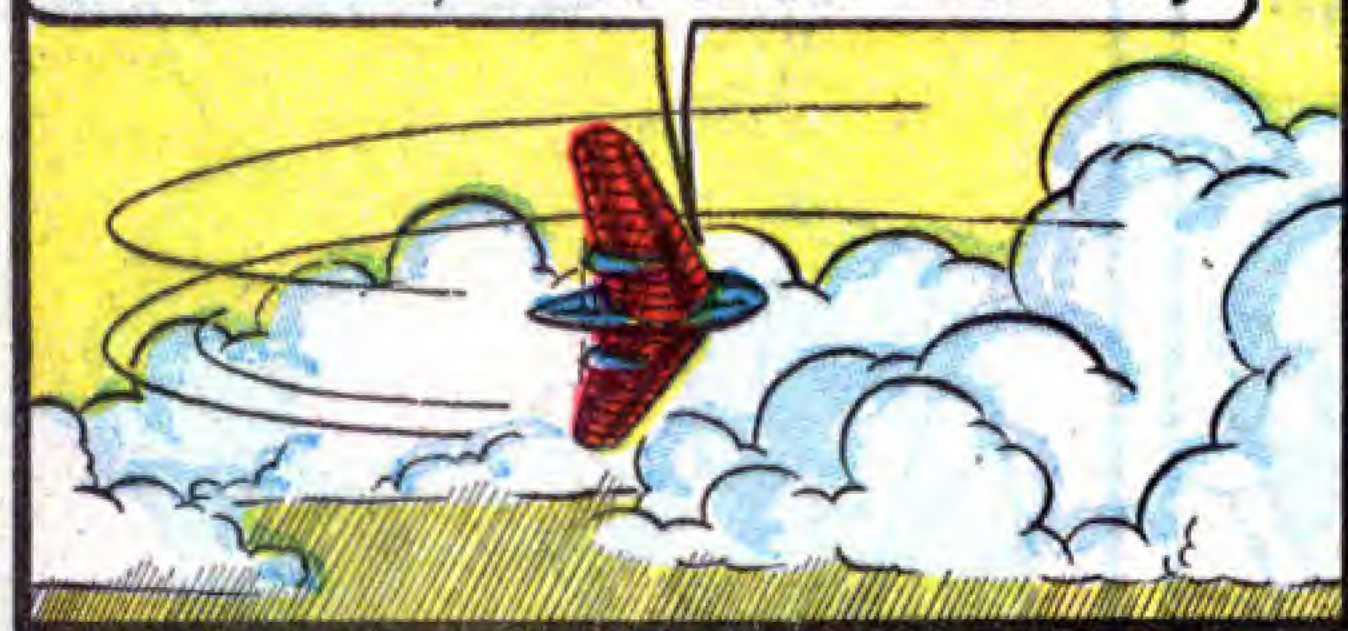
TRUE TO HIS WORD THE AMAZING AIRMAN IS SOON OVER THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

IF I RISE OVER THE CLOUDS FROM WHICH THIS RAIN IS FALLING, I MAY GET A CLUE AS TO WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

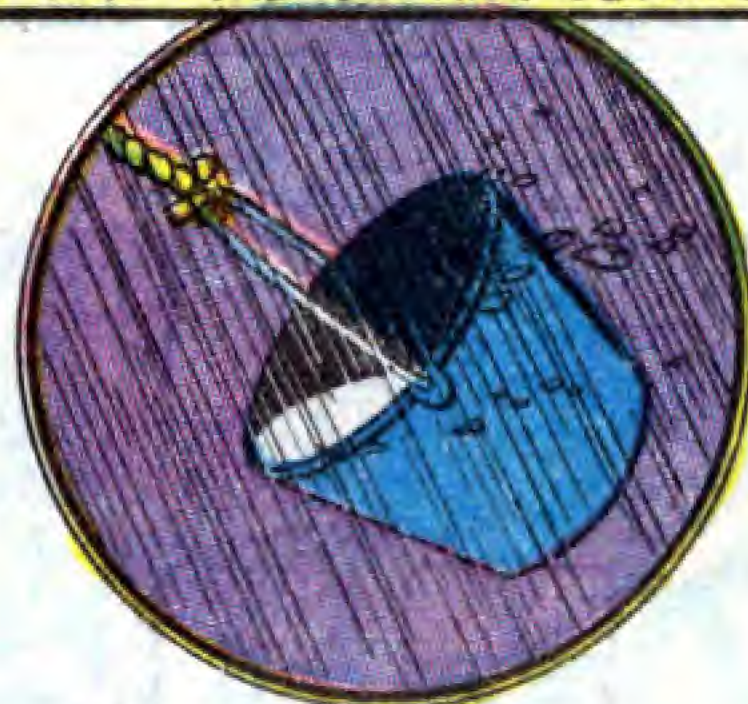


BUT HE MEETS ONLY FAILURE —

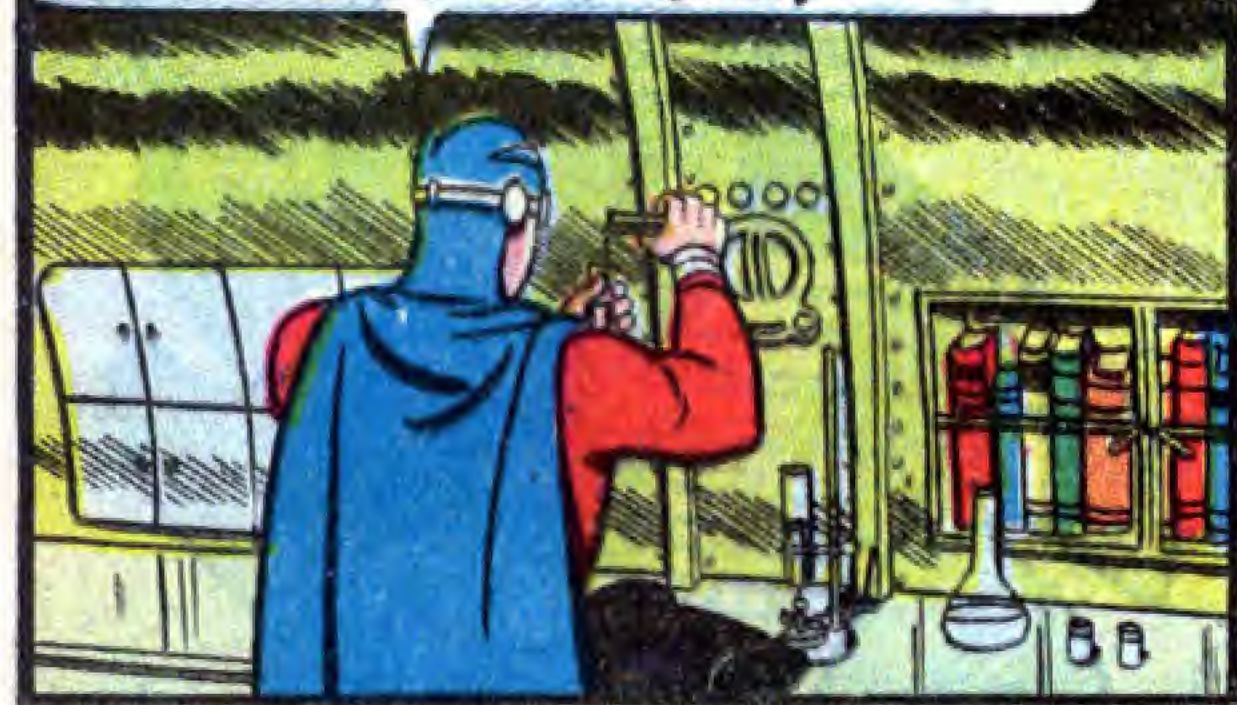
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING OUT OF THE WAY. PERHAPS IF I CAN GET A SAMPLE OF THAT RAIN, I MAY LEARN SOMETHING!



THE WING DIVES THROUGH THE POURING RAIN, AND A METAL BUCKET SLIDES OUT INTO THE BEATING DOWNPOUR...



THERE IS A STRANGE NEW ELEMENT IN THIS RAINWATER. I'LL SEPARATE IT AND MAKE SOME TESTS!



AN ENTIRELY NEW ELEMENT WITH THE POWER TO TORTURE AND KILL. I WONDER WHAT WILL ACT AS AN ANTIDOTE TO IT? I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK!



AS THE SKYMAN WORKS HIGH ABOVE THE CITY IN HIS STATIONARY "WING", FAWN HELPS THE RESCUE WORKERS BELOW —

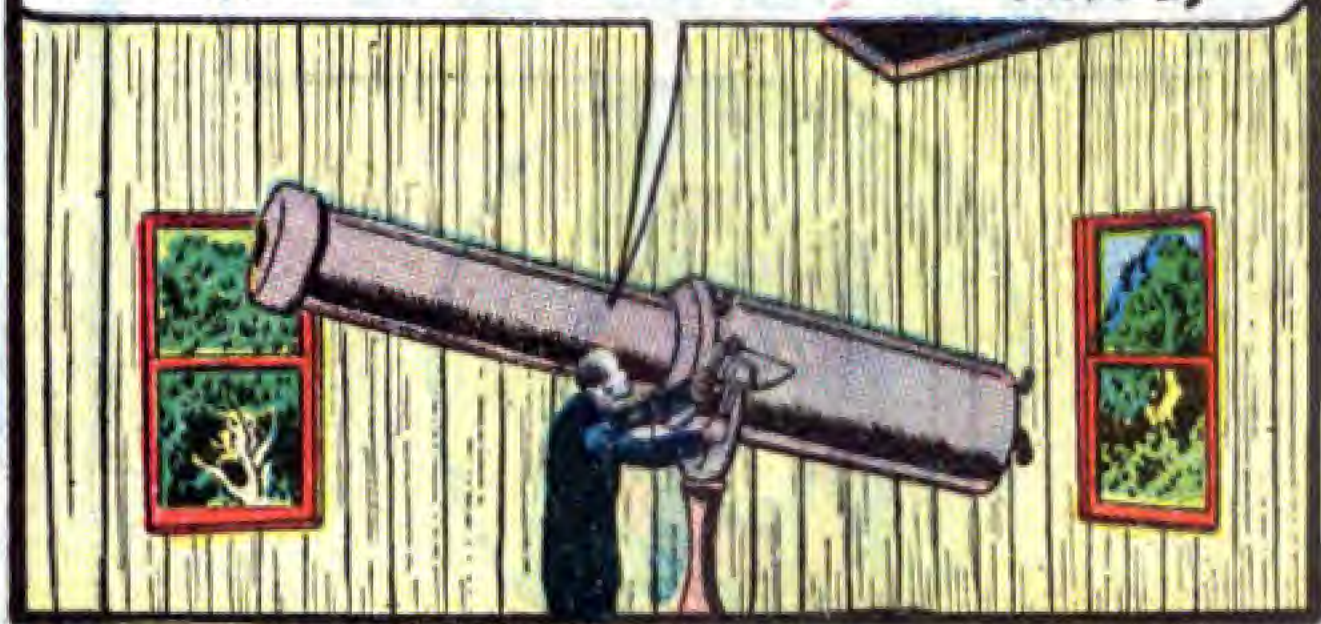
EASY, EASY! THE DOCTOR WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

OH, THIS IS TORTURE! IT'S KILLING ME!



WHILE MILES AWAY A STRANGE GRIM FIGURE WORKS OVER A QUEER APPARATUS..

MY ILLUMO-GUN IS A SUCCESS! IT SMASHES THE CLOUDS, CAUSES RAIN, AND THE ELEMENT OF ILLUMO THAT IS IN THE RAIN — **KILLS!**





NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THIS, TO MAKE UP FOR THE STRUGGLING I'VE DONE TO INVENT THIS ILLUMO GUN! I'LL MAKE THE GOVERNMENT PUT SOME MONEY ON A DESERT, SURROUND IT WITH RAIN AND GO GET IT!



THIS IS MY ONLY WARNING! UNLESS MY TERMS ARE COMPLIED WITH INSTANTLY, I SHALL —



BE FORCED TO CAUSE MORE RAIN TO FALL AND KILL THE CITIZENS!

I THOUGHT THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND THAT RAIN! I'D BETTER HURRY UP AND DISCOVER A WAY TO BEAT HIM!

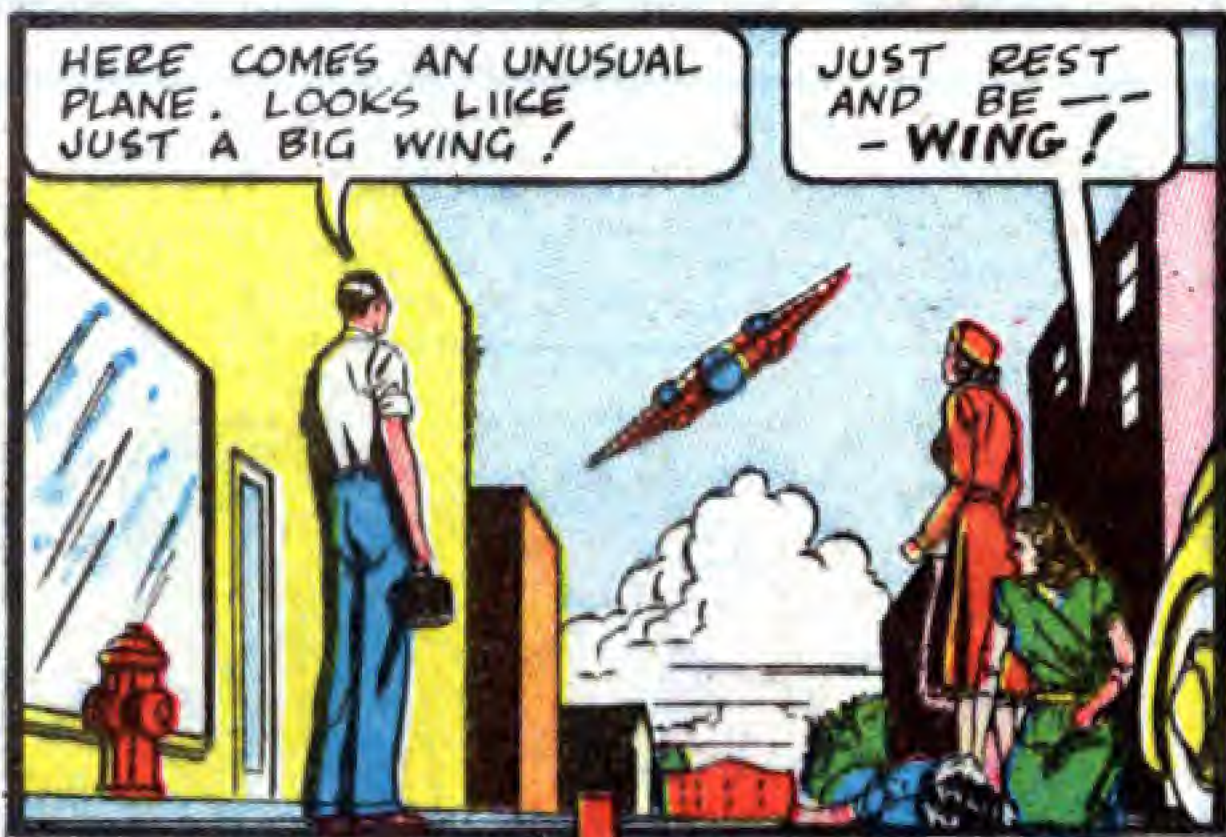


CELLOPHANE SEEMS TO BE THE ANSWER TO THIS NEW ELEMENT! IT WON'T TOUCH IT! NOW TO GET FAWN. I'VE AN IDEA THAT SHE MIGHT COME IN HANDY!



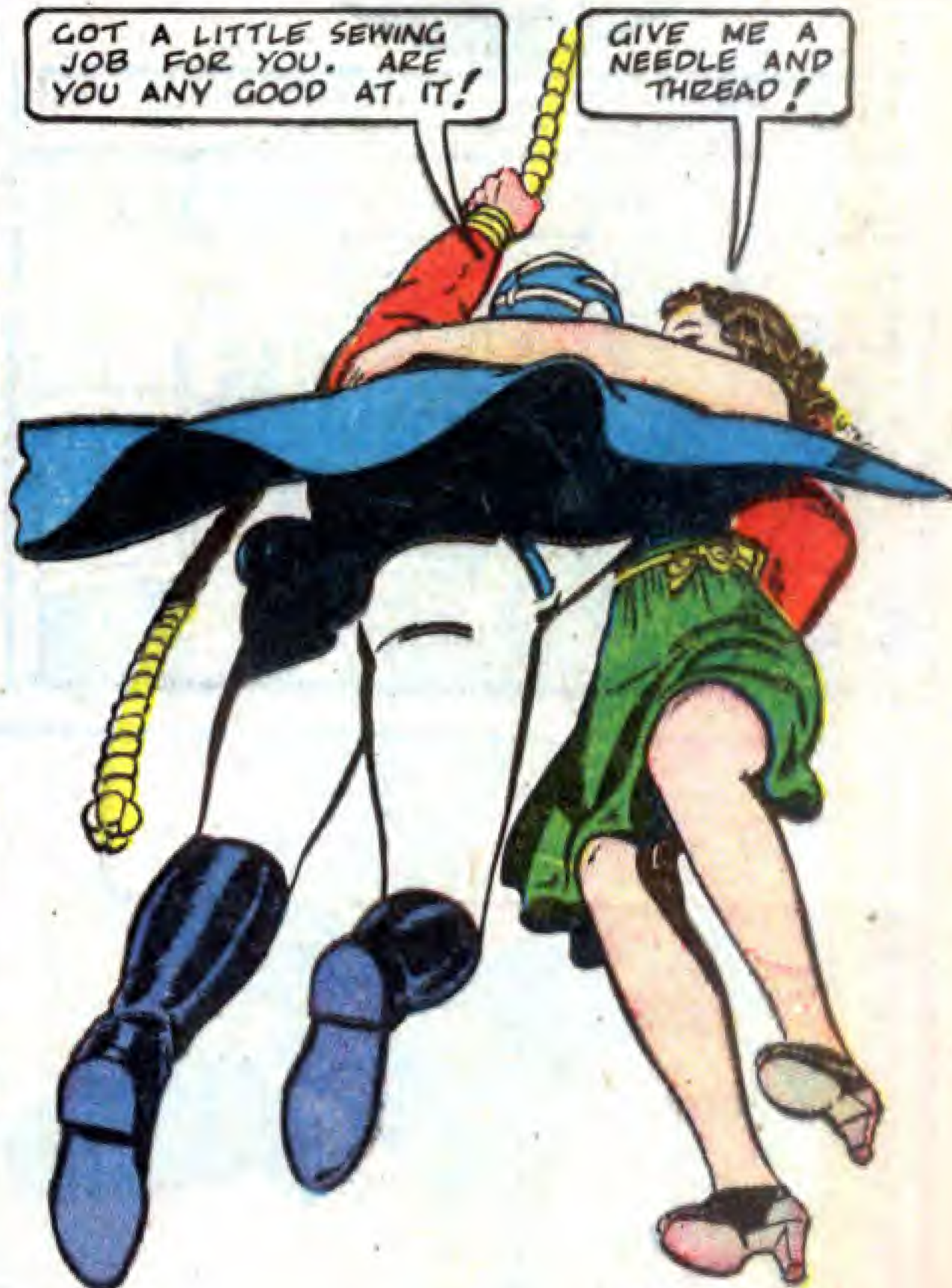
HERE COMES AN UNUSUAL PLANE. LOOKS LIKE JUST A BIG WING!

JUST REST AND BE — — WING!



GOT A LITTLE SEWING JOB FOR YOU. ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT IT!

GIVE ME A NEEDLE AND THREAD!

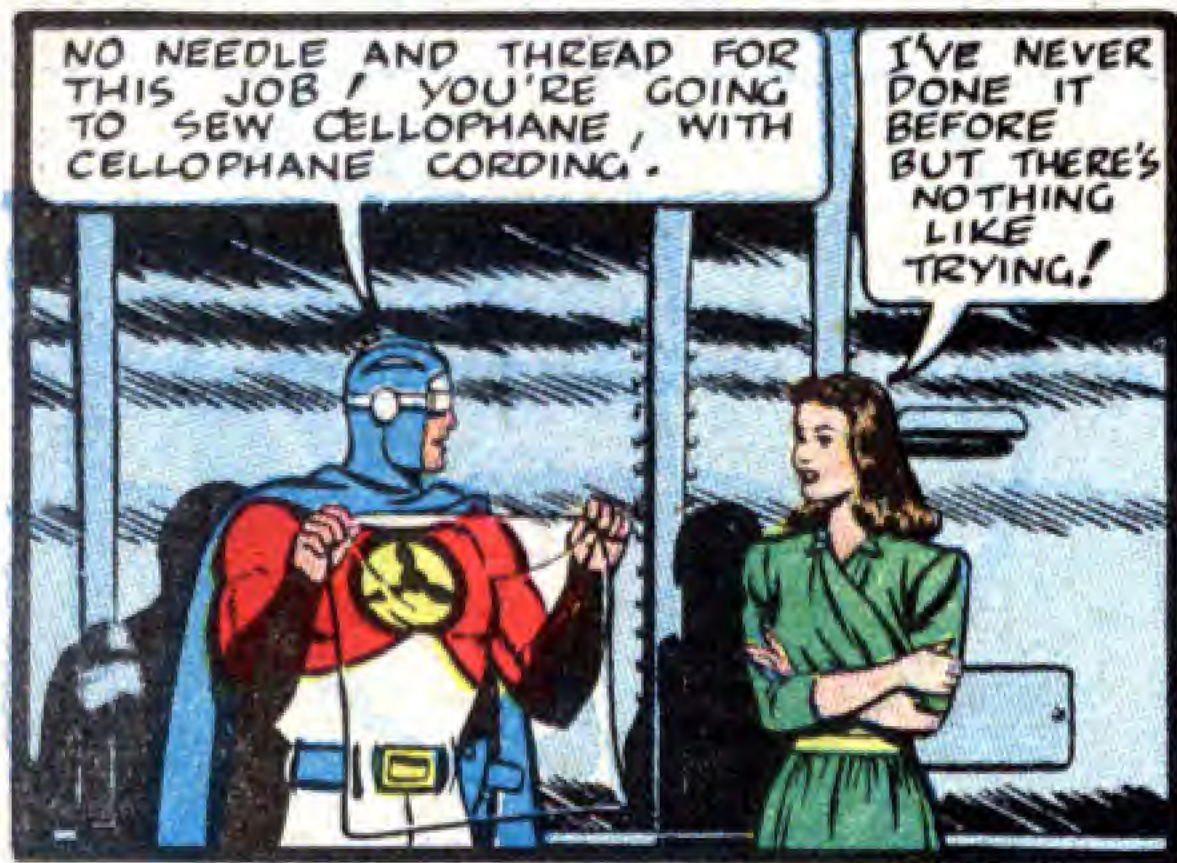


SKYMAN!

WANT A LIFT, FAWN!

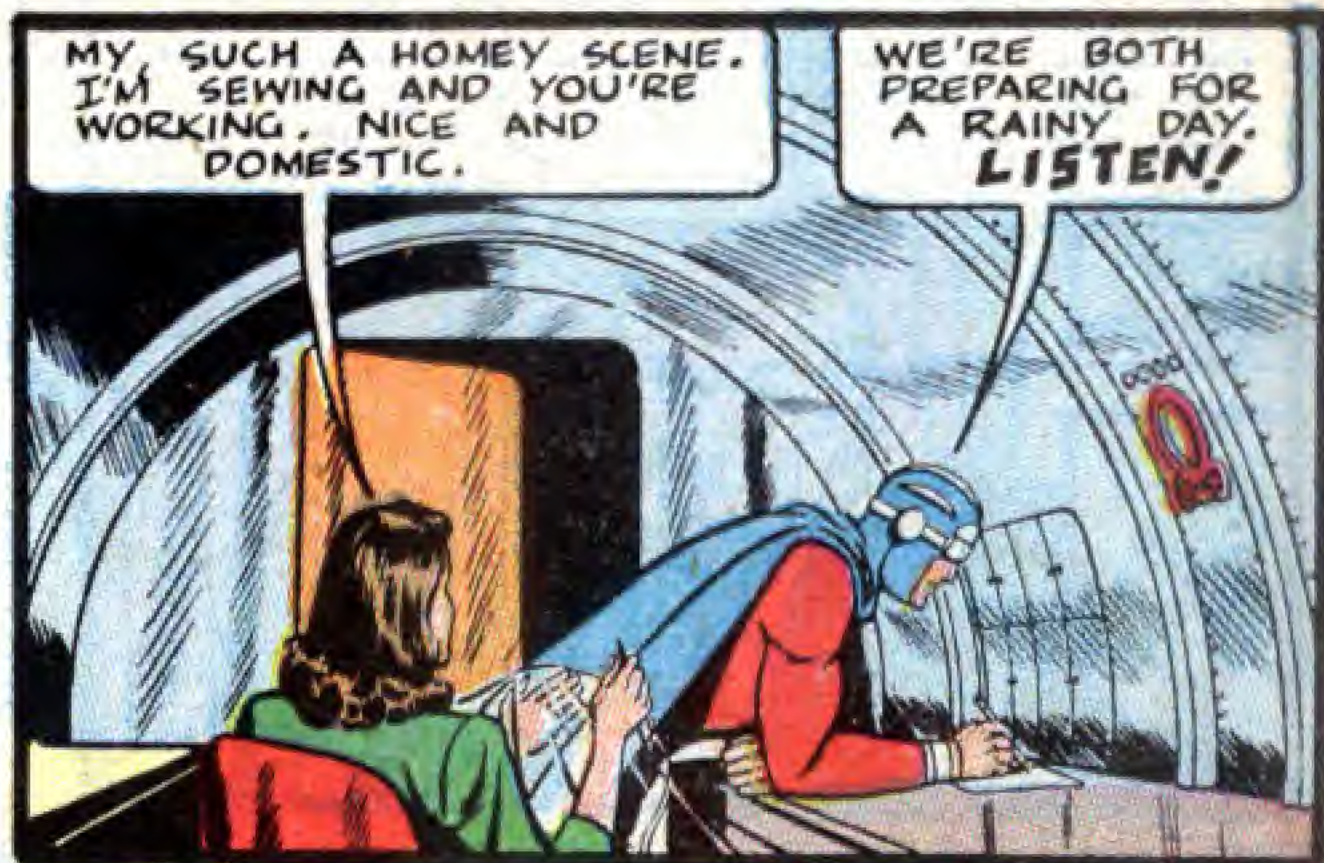






NO NEEDLE AND THREAD FOR THIS JOB! YOU'RE GOING TO SEW CELLOPHANE, WITH CELLOPHANE CORDING.

I'VE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TRYING!

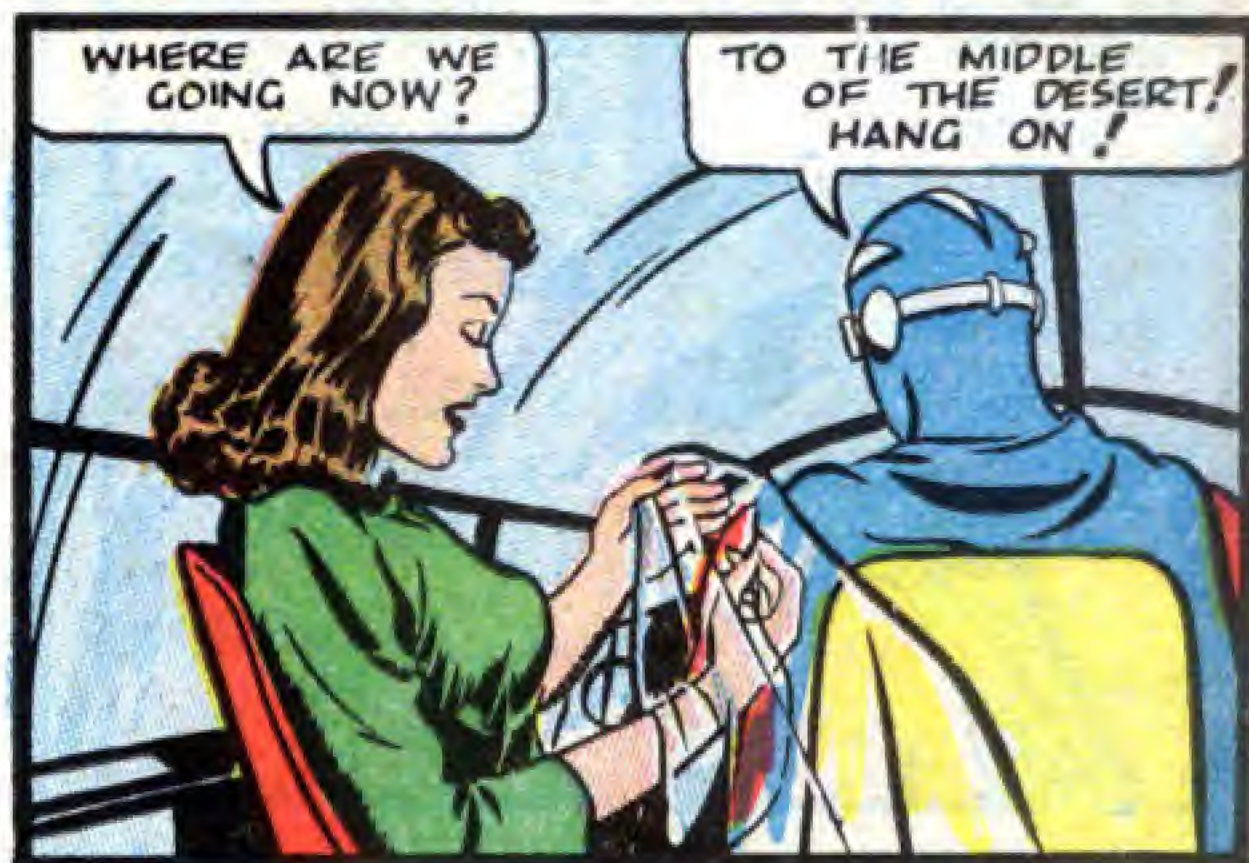
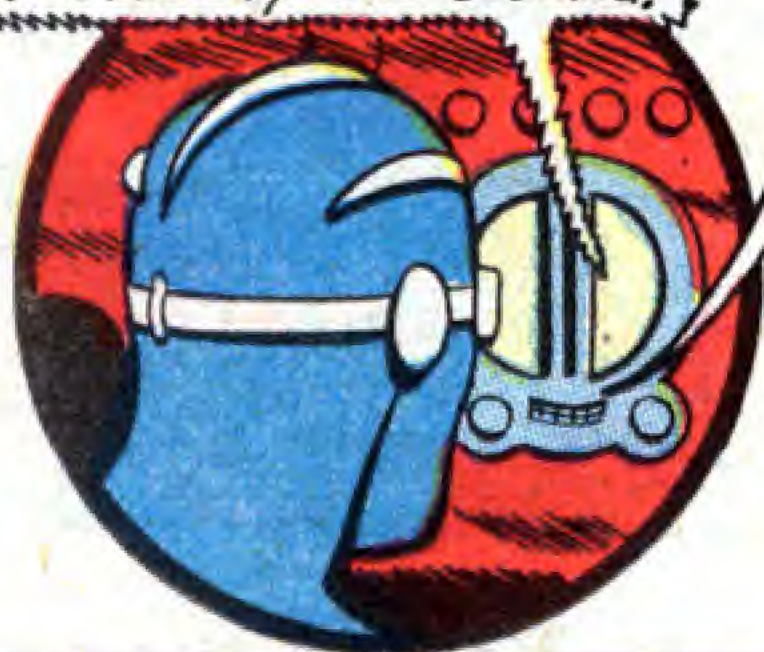


MY, SUCH A HOMEY SCENE. I'M SEWING AND YOU'RE WORKING. NICE AND DOMESTIC.

WE'RE BOTH PREPARING FOR A RAINY DAY. LISTEN!

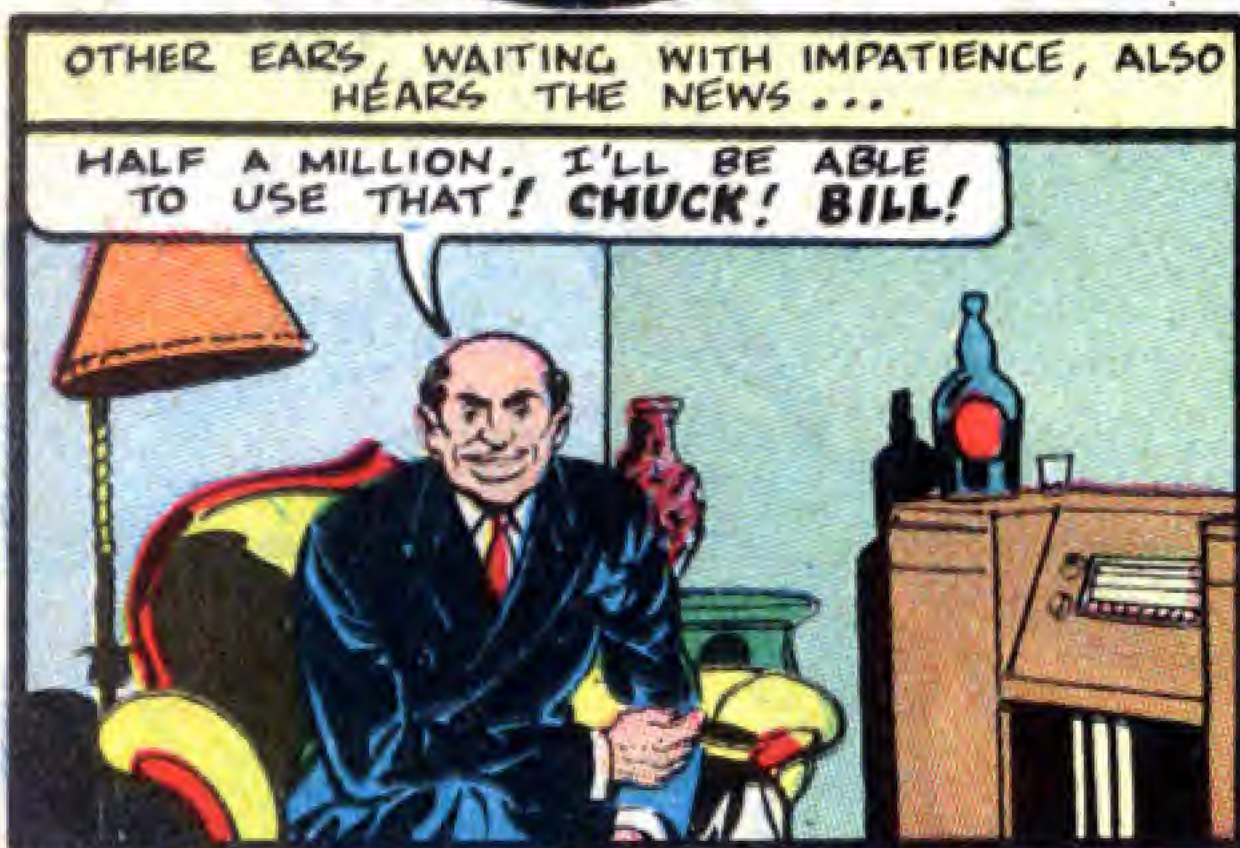
ANOTHER NEWS FLASH! THE GOVERNMENT IS PAYING THE RAINMAKER HALF A MILLION DOLLARS! IT IS TO BE PAID OVER IN THE MIDDLE OF MORRIS DESERT, THIS EVENING!

IT IS, IS IT?



WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?

TO THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT! HANG ON!



OTHER EARS, WAITING WITH IMPATIENCE, ALSO HEARS THE NEWS...

HALF A MILLION. I'LL BE ABLE TO USE THAT! CHUCK! BILL!

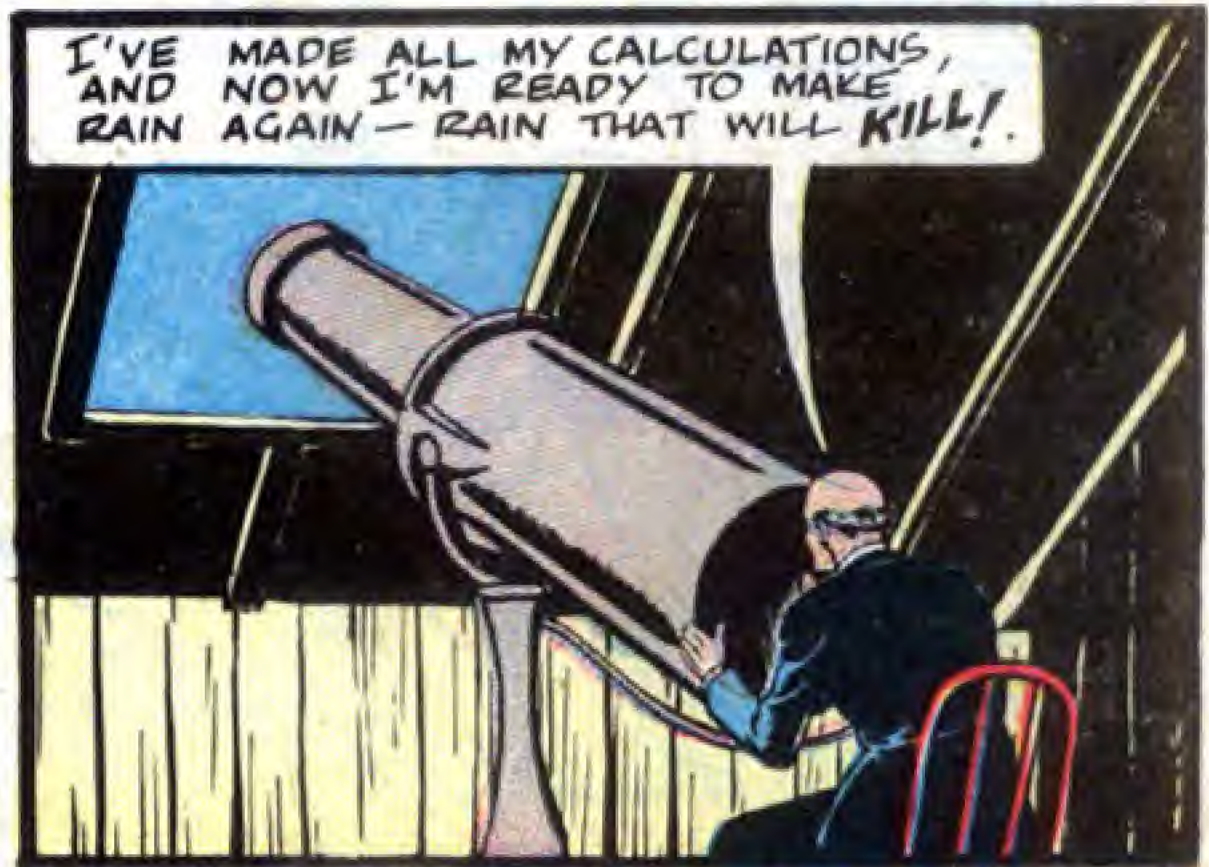


I'VE A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU. THE GOVERNMENT IS COMING THROUGH ON THAT PAYMENT. YOU'RE GOING TO PICK IT UP FOR ME! BUT BE CAREFUL - DON'T GET IN THE RAIN THAT WILL FALL!

WE WON'T!

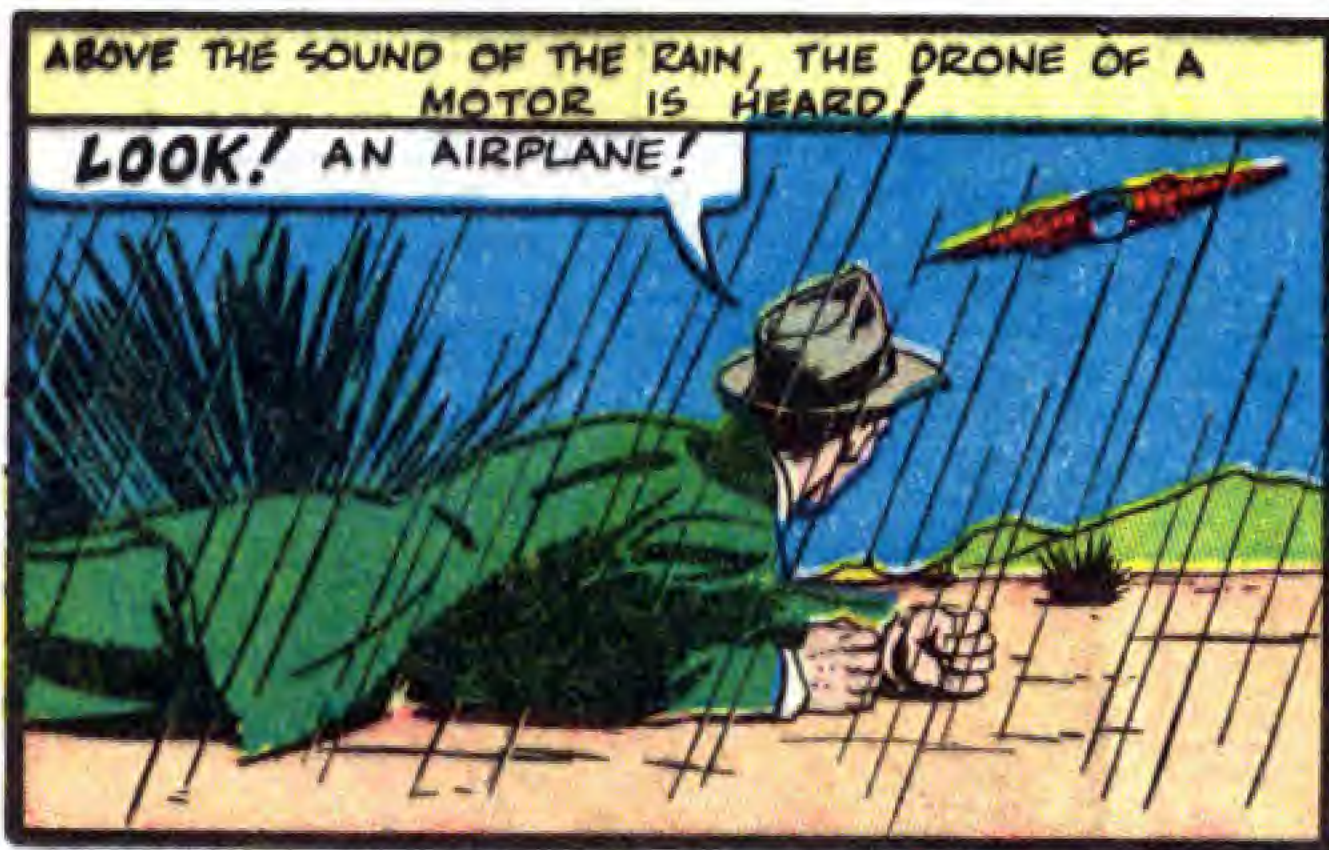
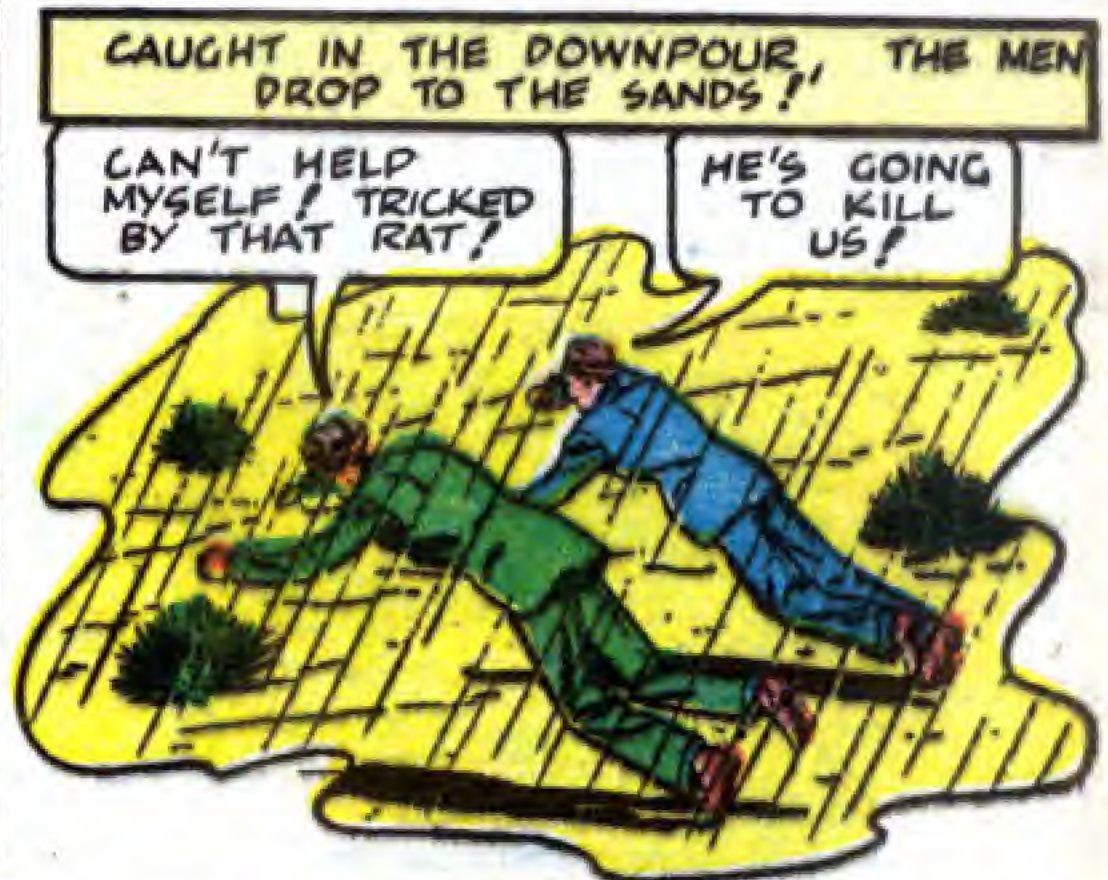


THEY WILL BE THERE SHORTLY. I MUST SEND RAIN TO PROTECT THEM FROM F.B.I. AGENTS WHO MAY WANT TO SEE WHERE THEY'RE TAKING THE MONEY!



I'VE MADE ALL MY CALCULATIONS, AND NOW I'M READY TO MAKE RAIN AGAIN - RAIN THAT WILL KILL!







HE WANTED NO WITNESSES TO TRAIL HIM OR HIS MEN AFTER THEY GET THE MONEY, BUT HERE'S ONE WITNESS HE'LL HAVE WHETHER HE WANTS HIM OR NOT!



THERE GOES A PLANE, TO GET THE MONEY, TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS AND I'LL DIVE DOWN!



ILLUVIN'S MEN ARRIVE AT THE DESERT RENDEZVOUS...

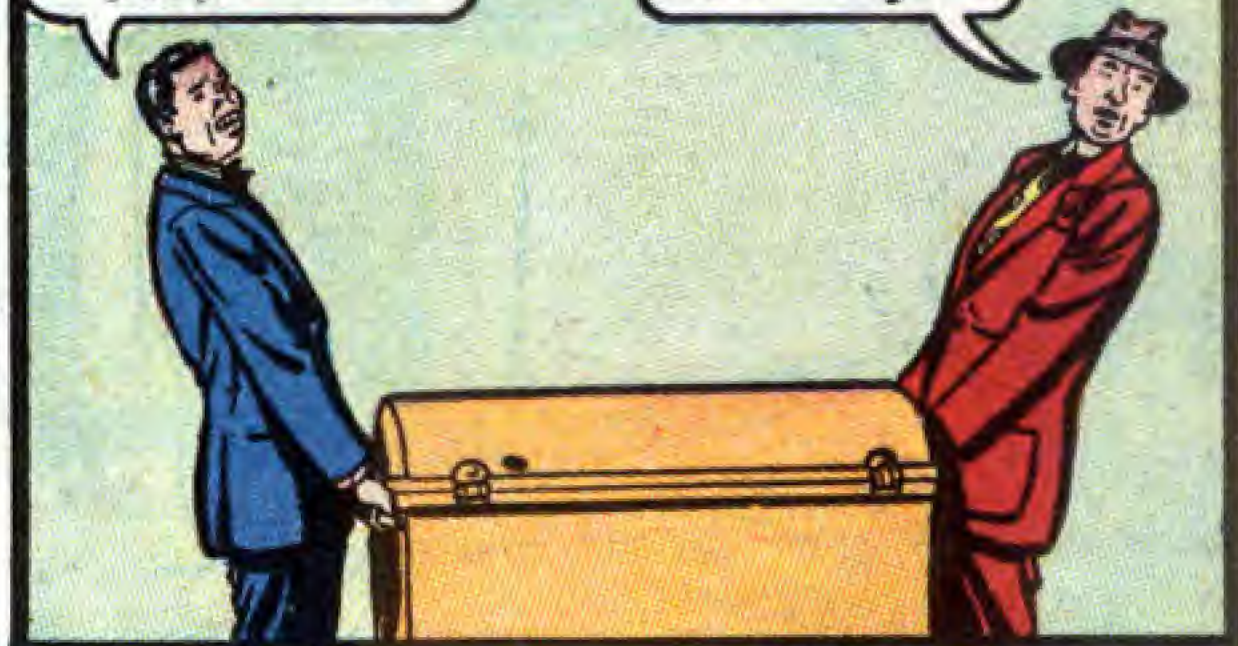
THE SAND IS WET! I GUESS THE BOSS MADE IT RAIN TO KILL ANYBODY WHO MIGHT BE AROUND.

YEAH. HOPE HE DOESN'T FORGET WE'RE HERE AND START UP AGAIN!



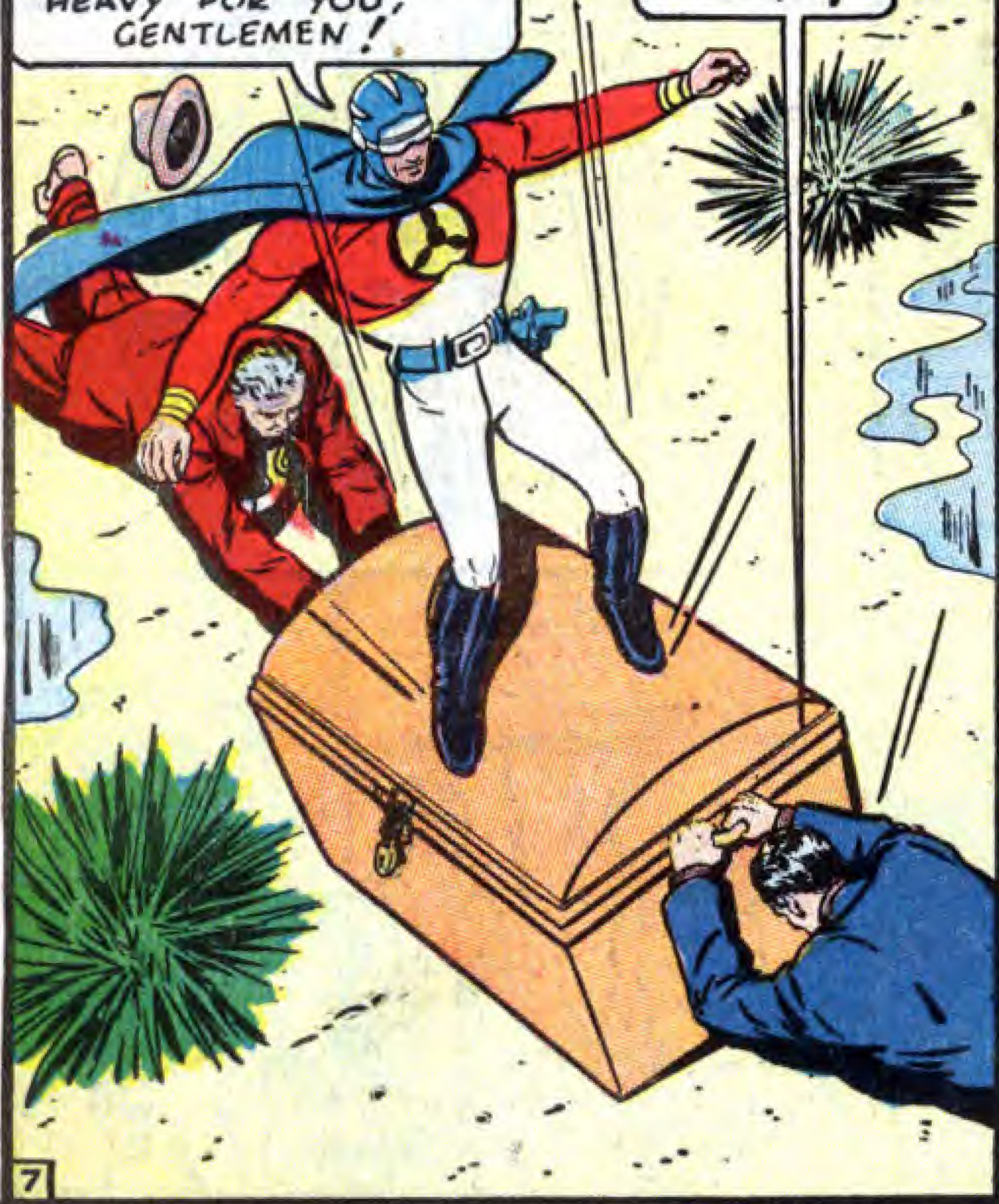
OHH! LOOK!  
IT-IT'S THE  
SKYMAN!

WHAT!  
LET'S RUN  
FOR IT!



I HOPE I'M NOT TOO HEAVY FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN!

Ooops!

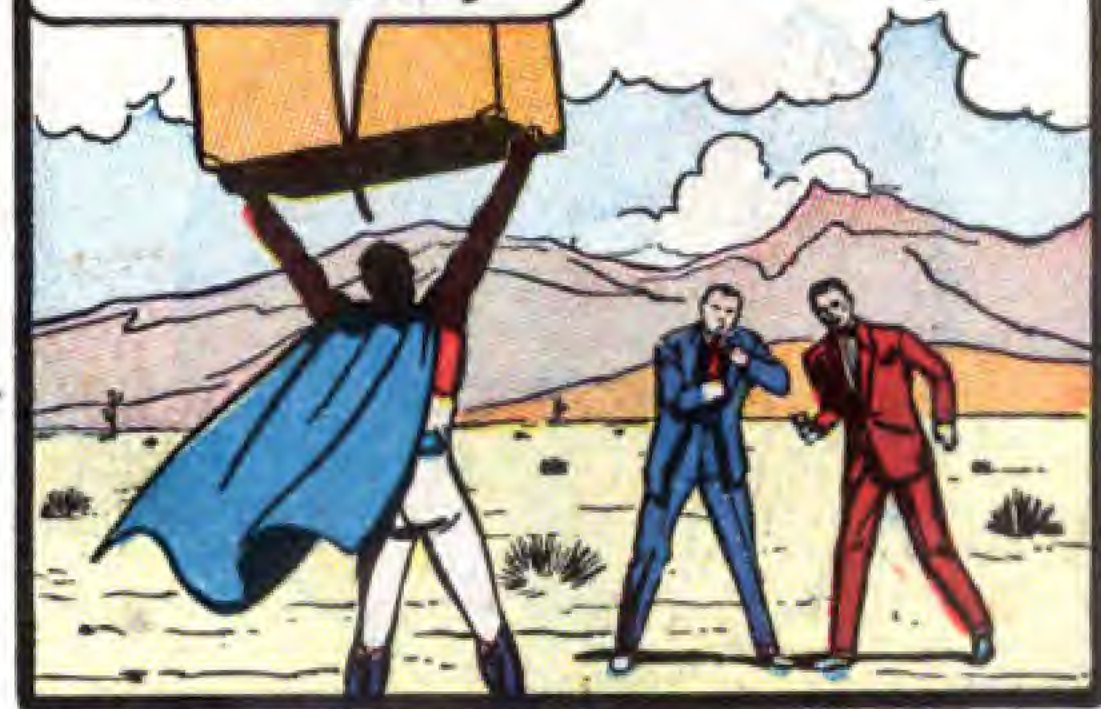


OR THAT, MY FIST IS'NT TOO HARD!

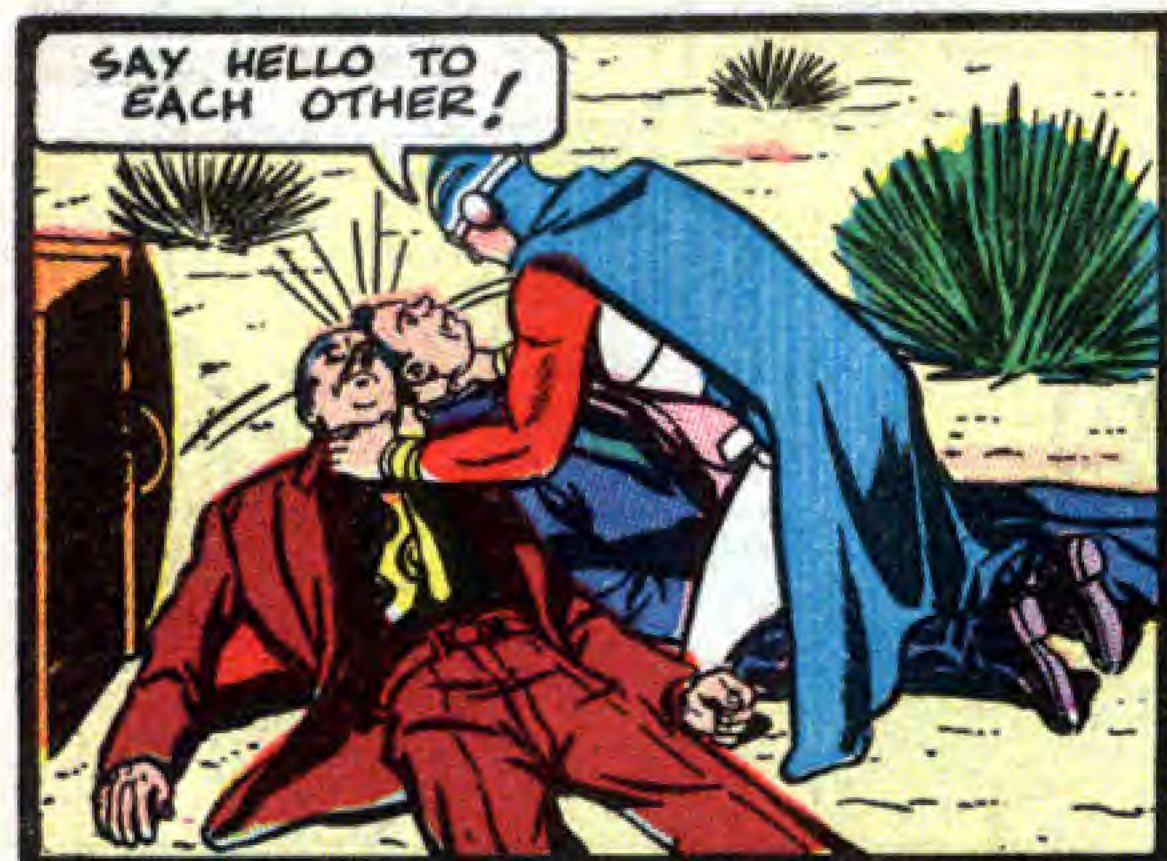
OHH!



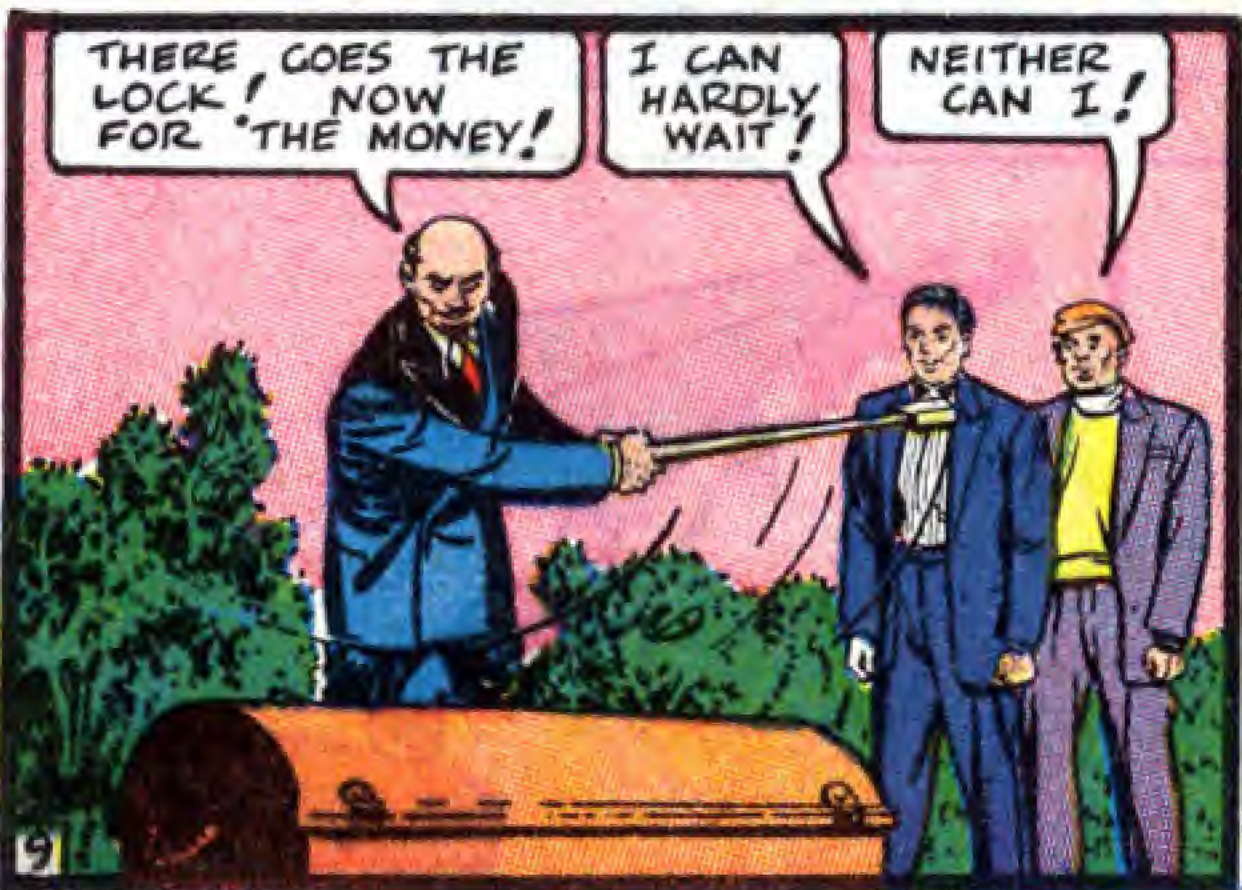
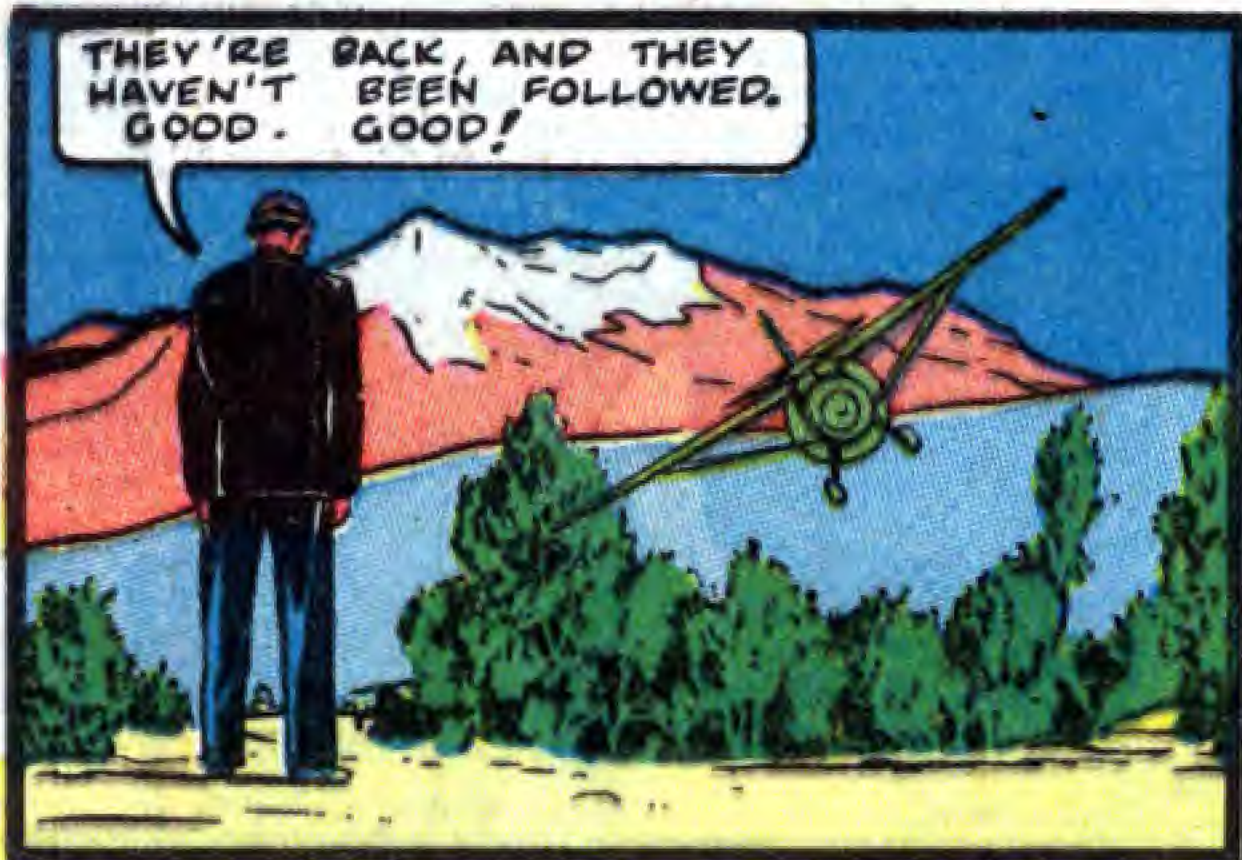
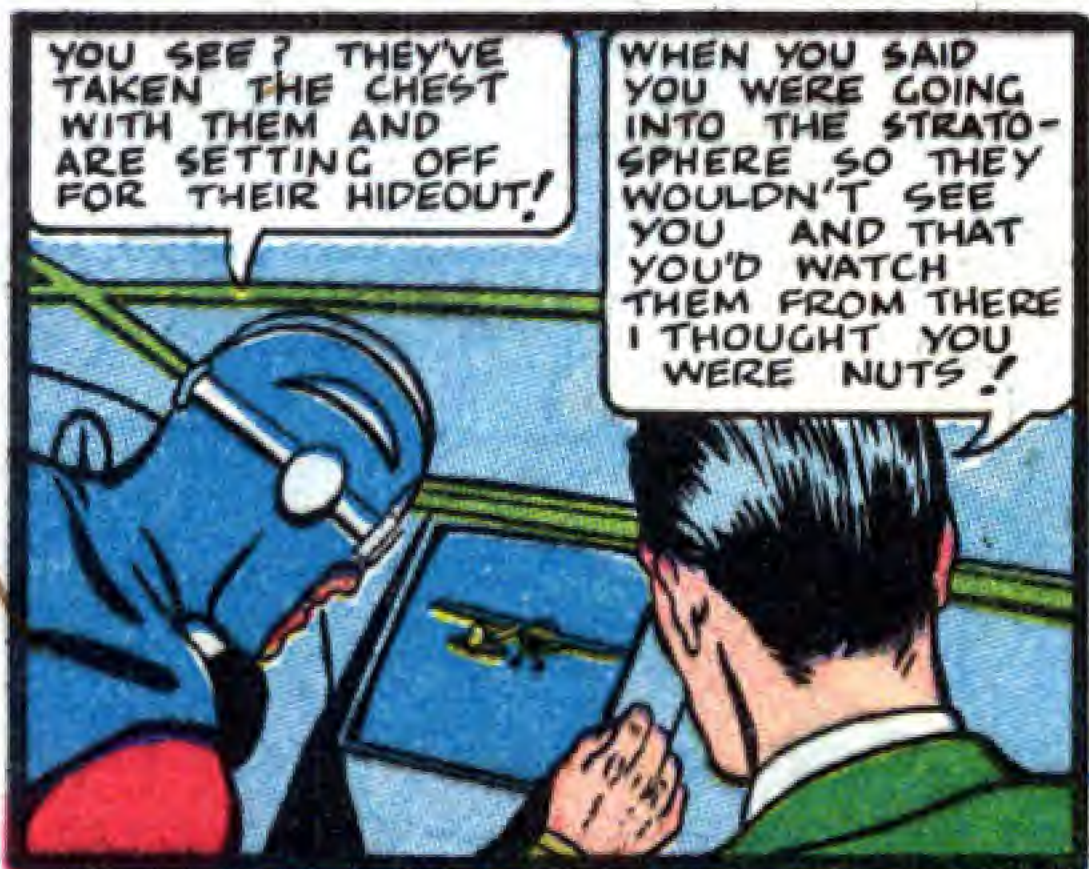
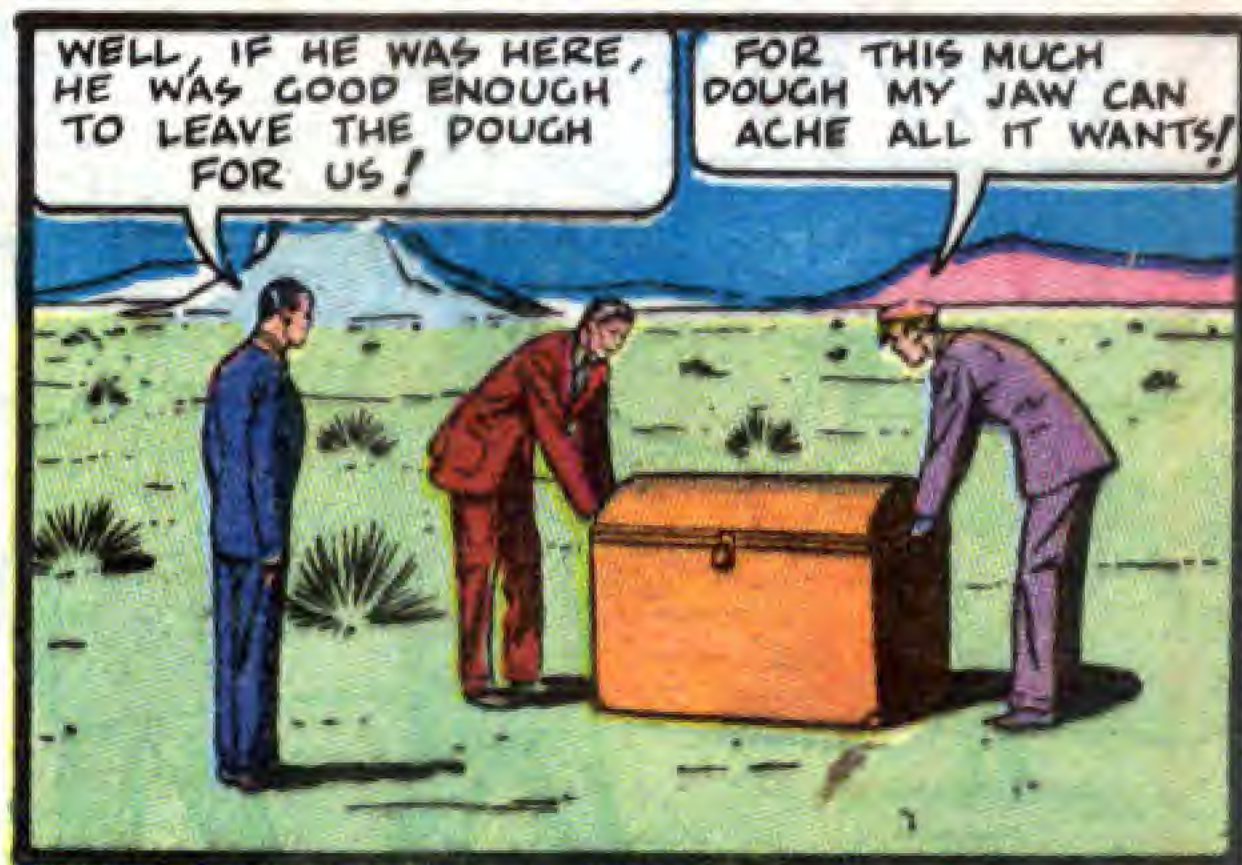
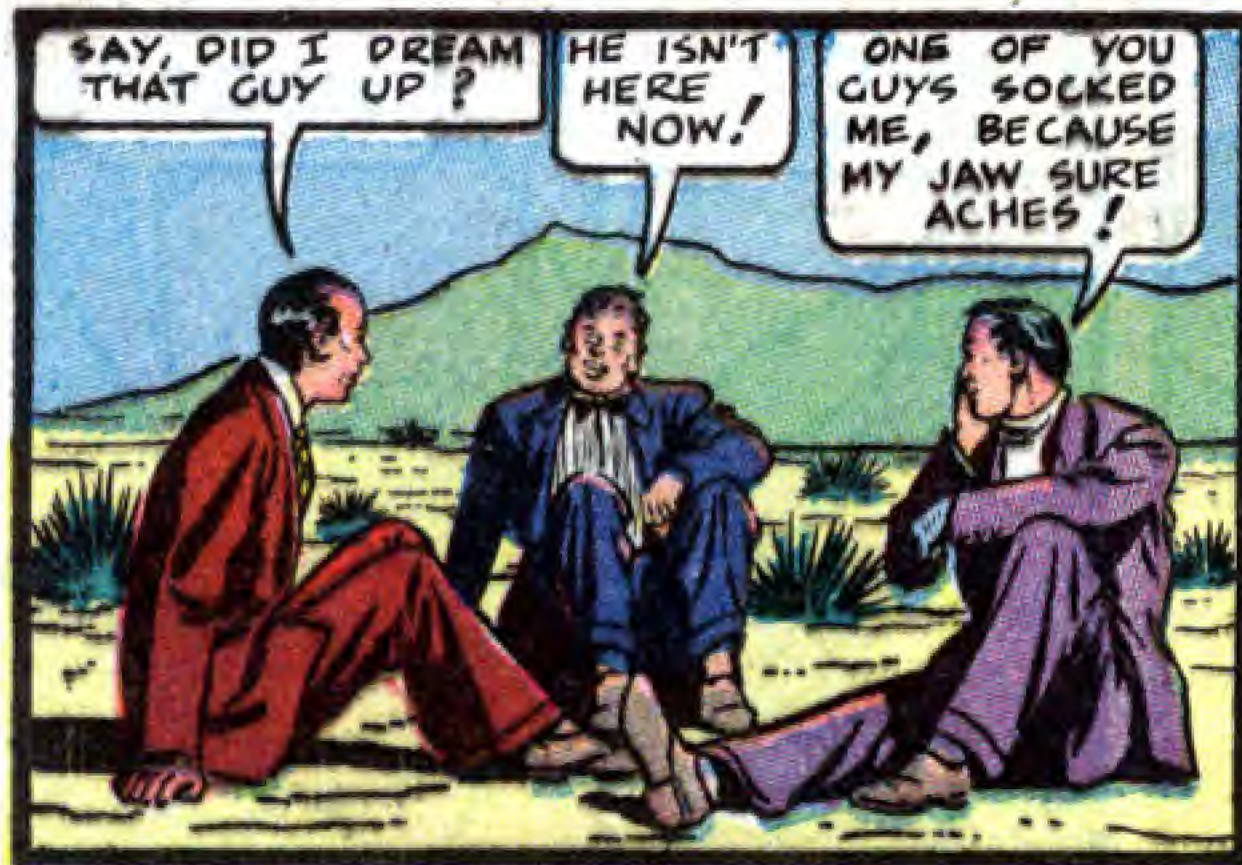
I FORGOT! YOU WANT THIS MONEY DON'T YOU!







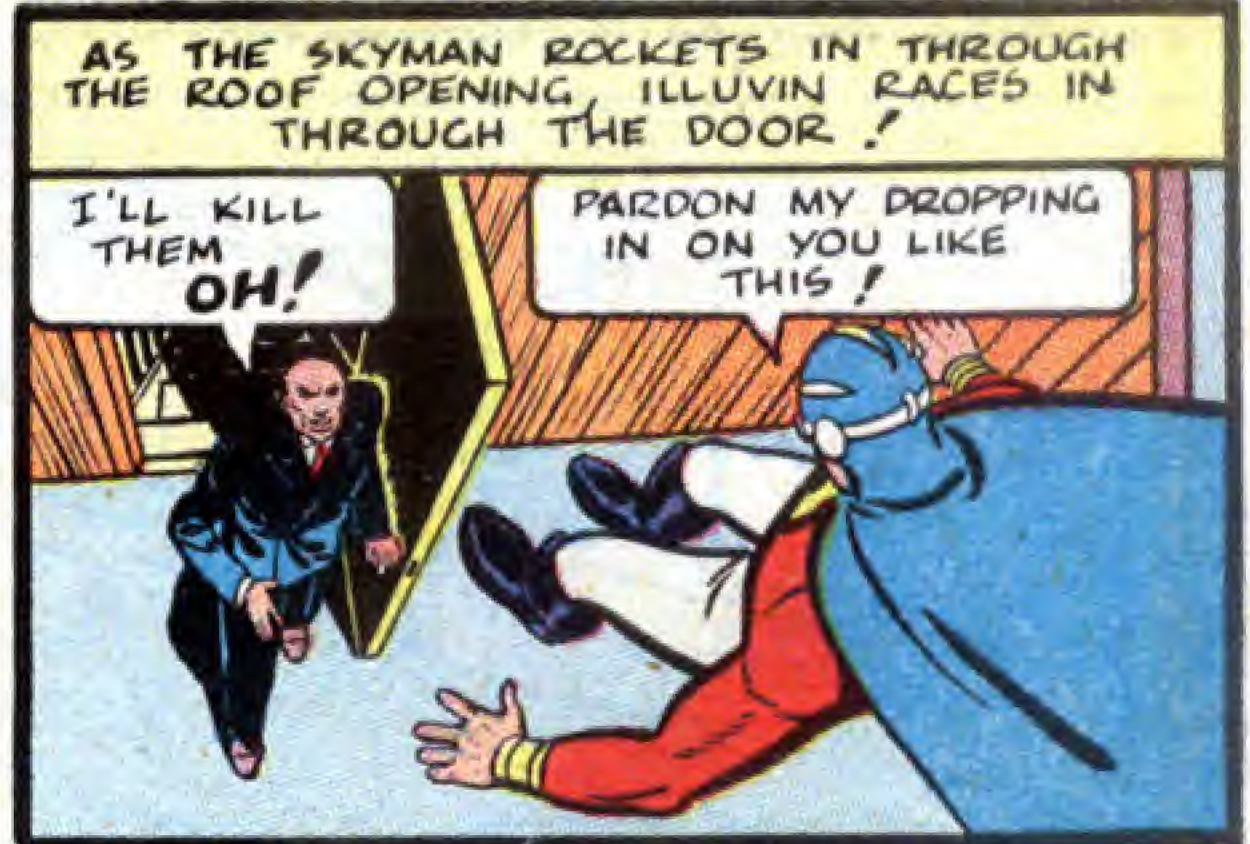
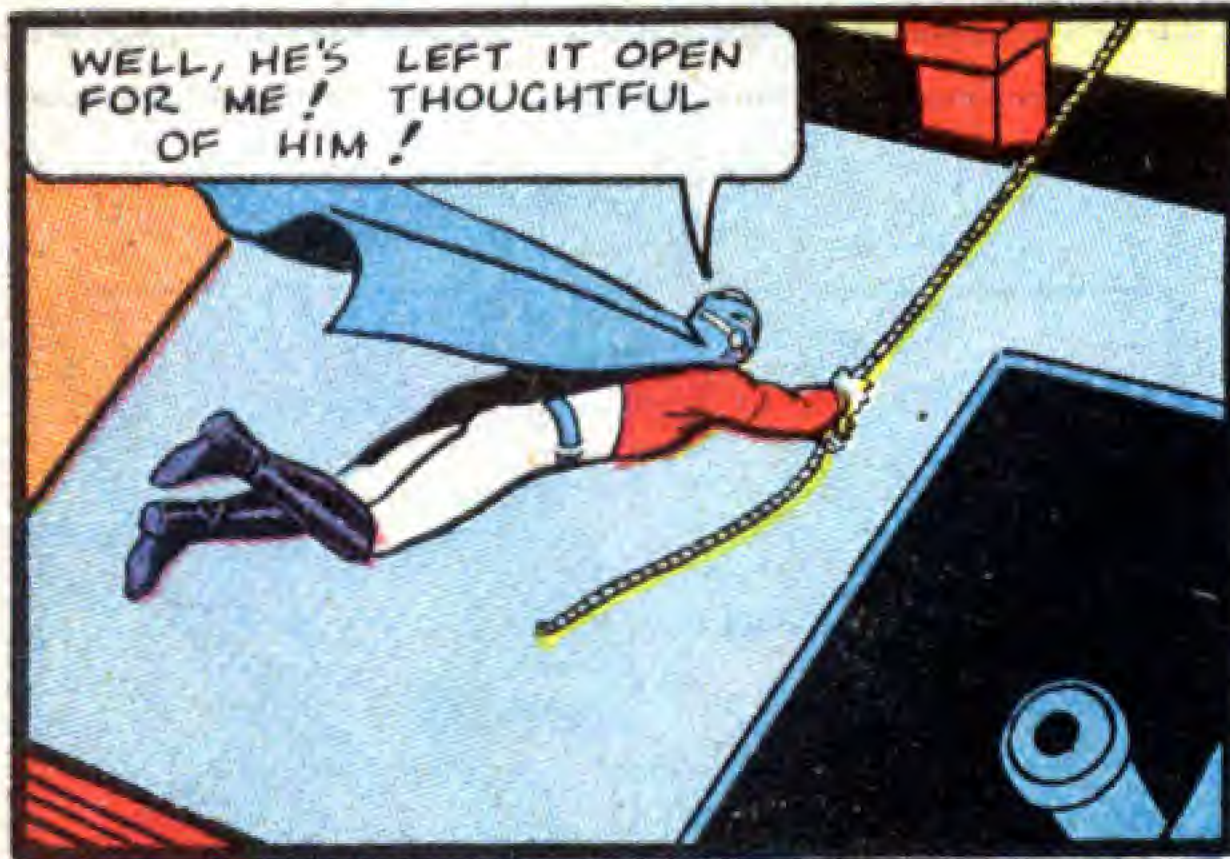
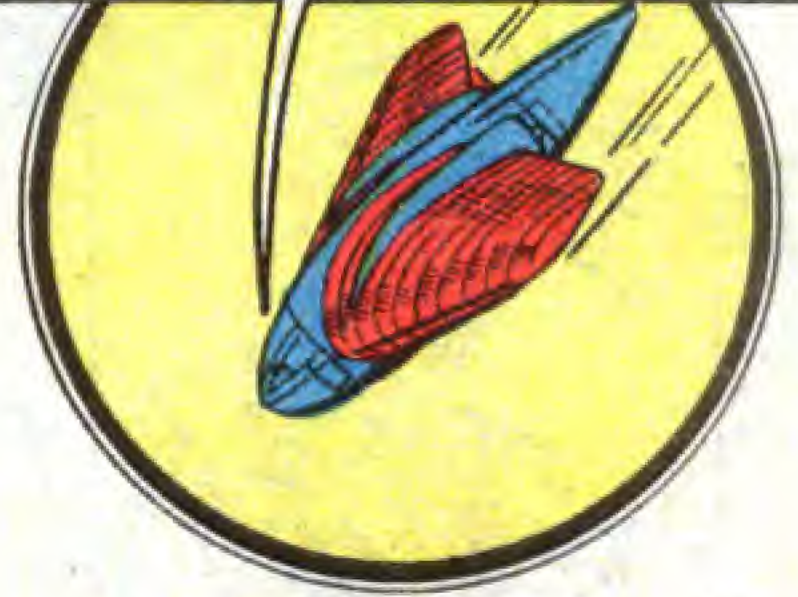








HIGH OVERHEAD THE "WING" POWERDIVES DOWNWARD AT TERRIBLE SPEED!  
I'M GOING TO LAND ON THE ROOF AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!





I THOUGHT YOU AND I GOT ALONG FAIRLY WELL—AND NOW YOU WANT TO RUN OUT ON ME!

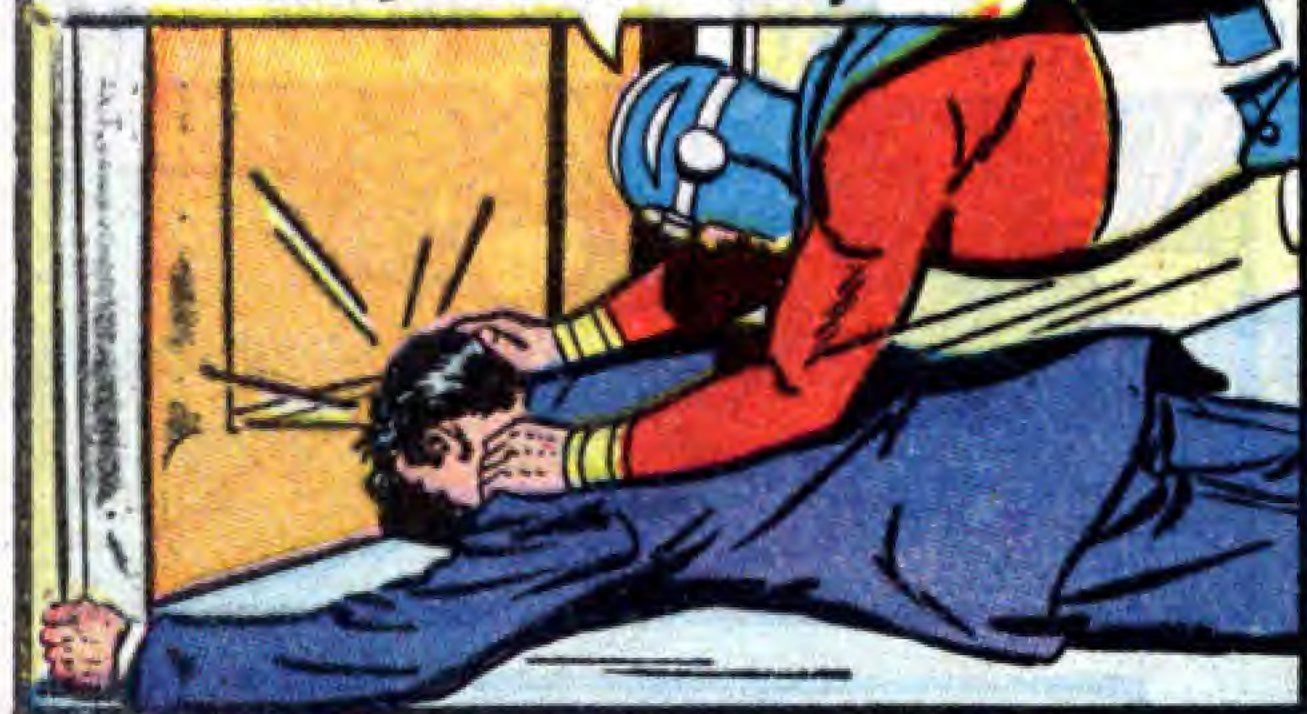


I COULDN'T THINK OF SEEING YOU LEAVE JUST NOW!

Ogden Whitney



SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T LISTEN TO REASON! NOW YOU'VE KNOCKED YOURSELF OUT!



WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, THE RAIN-MAKER? QUICK! WHERE IS HE?

HUH? DIDN'T YOU SEE HIM? HE JUST WENT UPSTAIRS BEFORE YOU CAME DOWN!

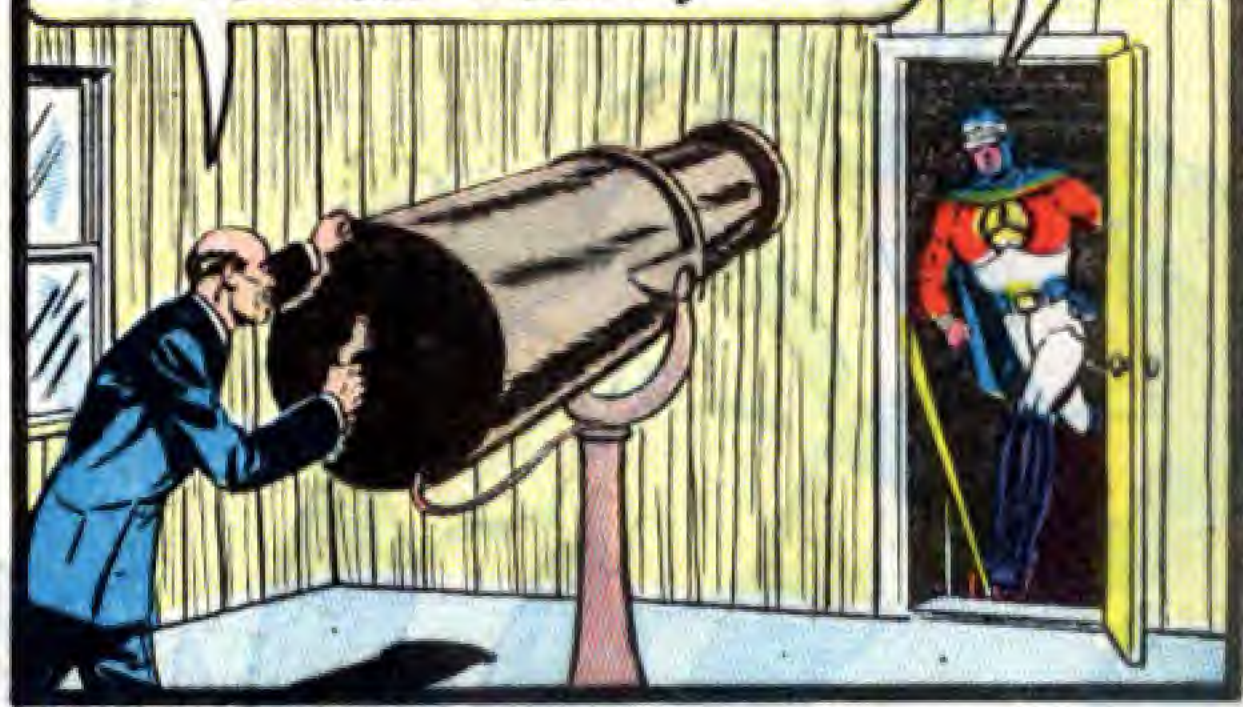


SO THAT WAS MY WATERY FRIEND, THE ONE I LANDED ON. I HOPE HE' ISN'T UP TO ANY MISCHIEF—



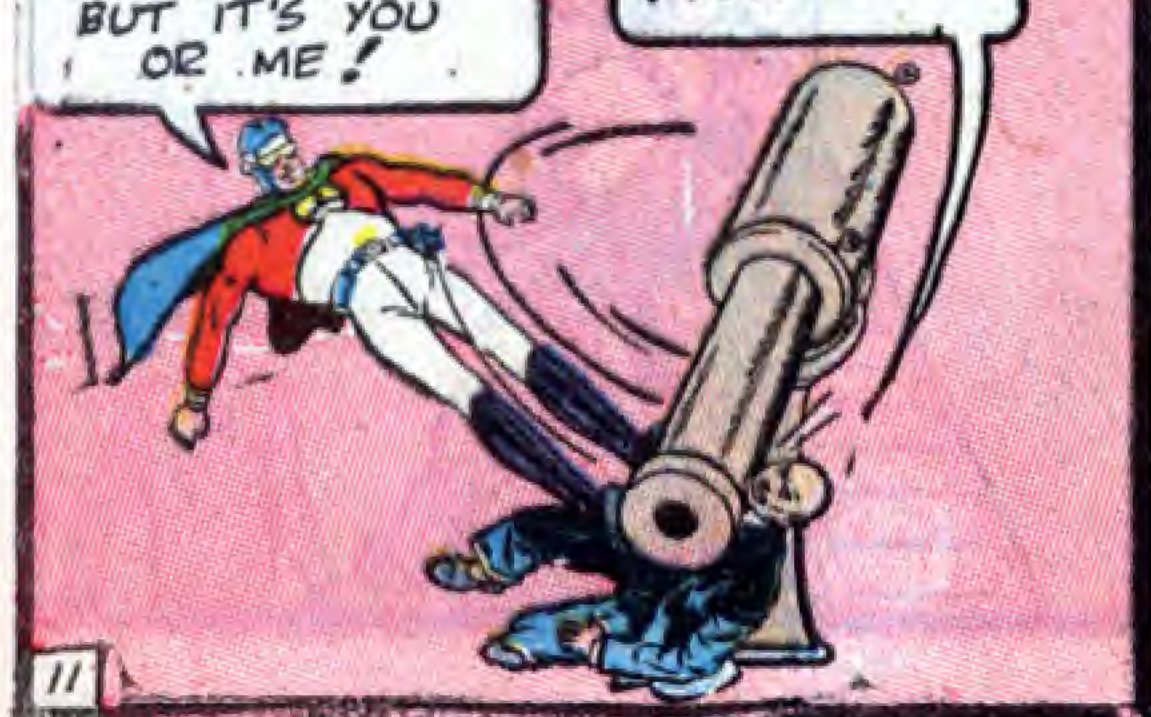
I'LL SPRAY MY DEADLY ILLUMO RIGHT AT YOU! YOU'LL DIE IN HORRIBLE AGONY!

NOT YET, I THINK!



SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS BUT IT'S YOU OR ME!

AAAAGH



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE GOVERNMENT MEN TAKE OVER...

OH, YES! YOU'LL FIND THE TREASURE CHEST FILLED WITH SAND. I FILLED IT UP AND TOOK THE MONEY, JUST IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED

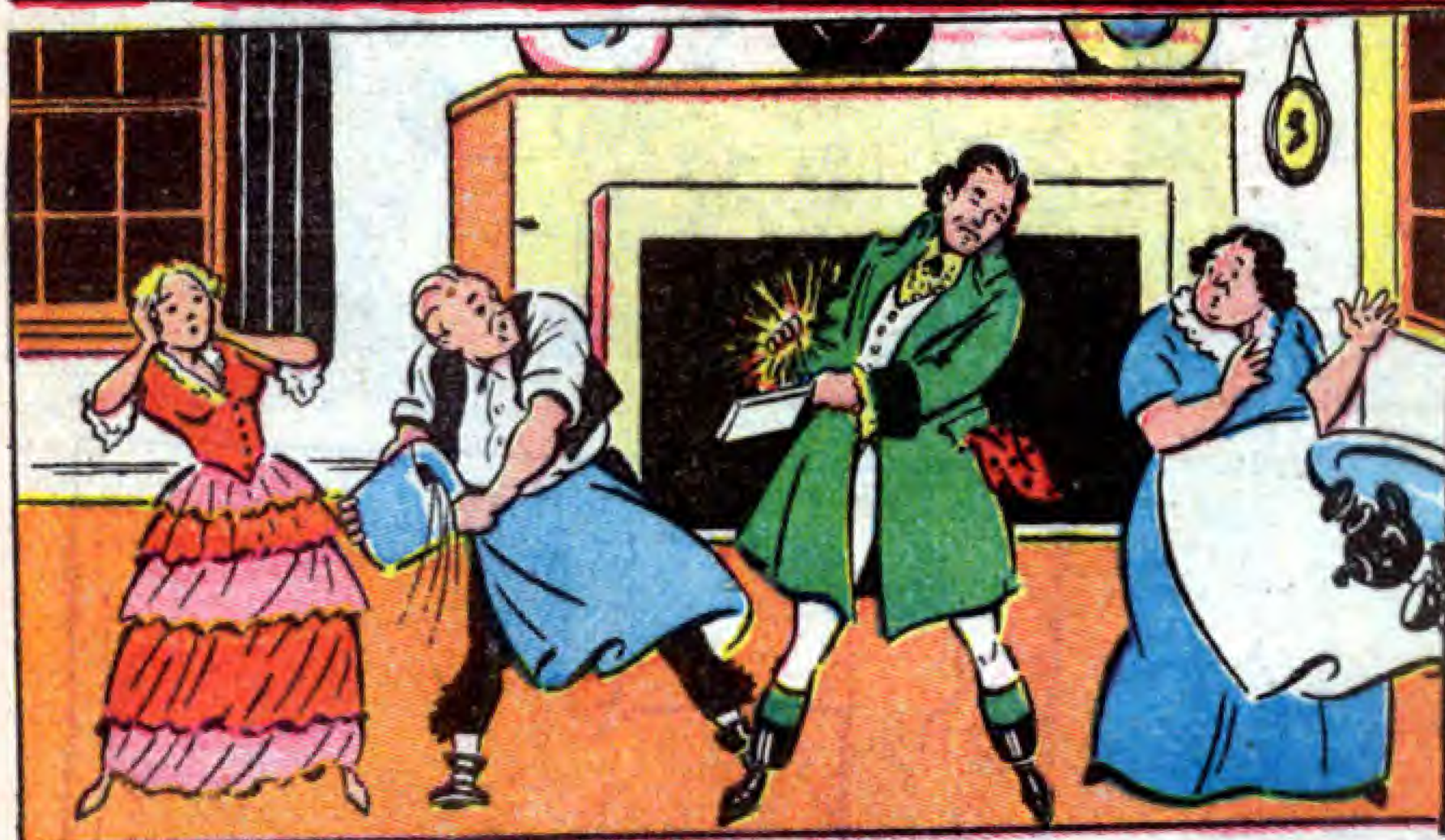
THAT SALVE YOU INVENTED WILL SAVE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HURT BY THAT DEADLY RAIN!

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME AWAY BEFORE YOU NEED A LARGER HAT SKYMAN!





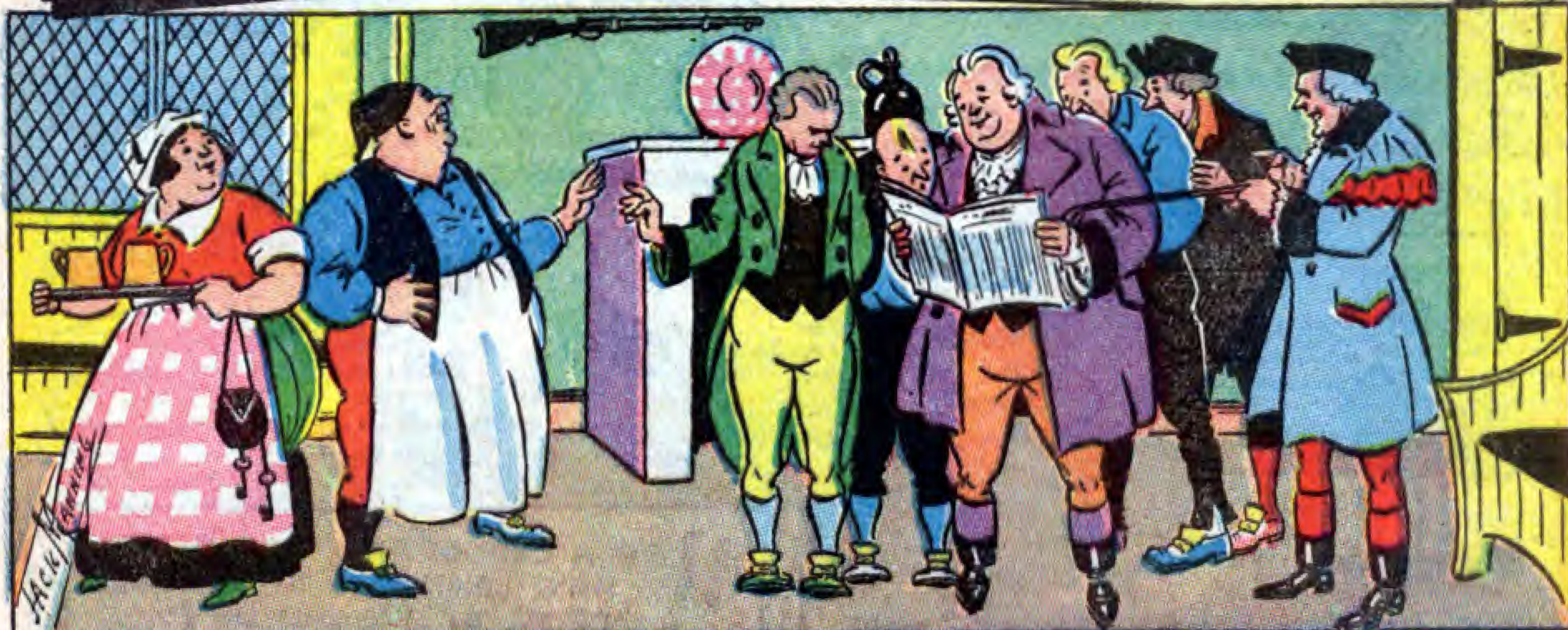
# ECHOES OF AN ERA



SPUTTER! SPUTTER!  
SPUTTER! HERE WAS  
SOMETHING NEW....  
FRICTION MATCHES  
WERE CAUSING A  
SENSATION IN THE  
YEAR 1836....  
FOLKS DIDN'T THINK  
THEY WOULD LAST...  
"JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE NEW  
FANGLED IDEAS"...

MARY KIES  
IN THE YEAR 1800  
WAS THE FIRST WO-  
MAN IN THE UNITED  
STATES TO BE GRANT-  
ED A PATENT...

THE PATENT WAS  
ISSUED FOR STRAW  
WEAVING WITH SILK  
OR THREAD...

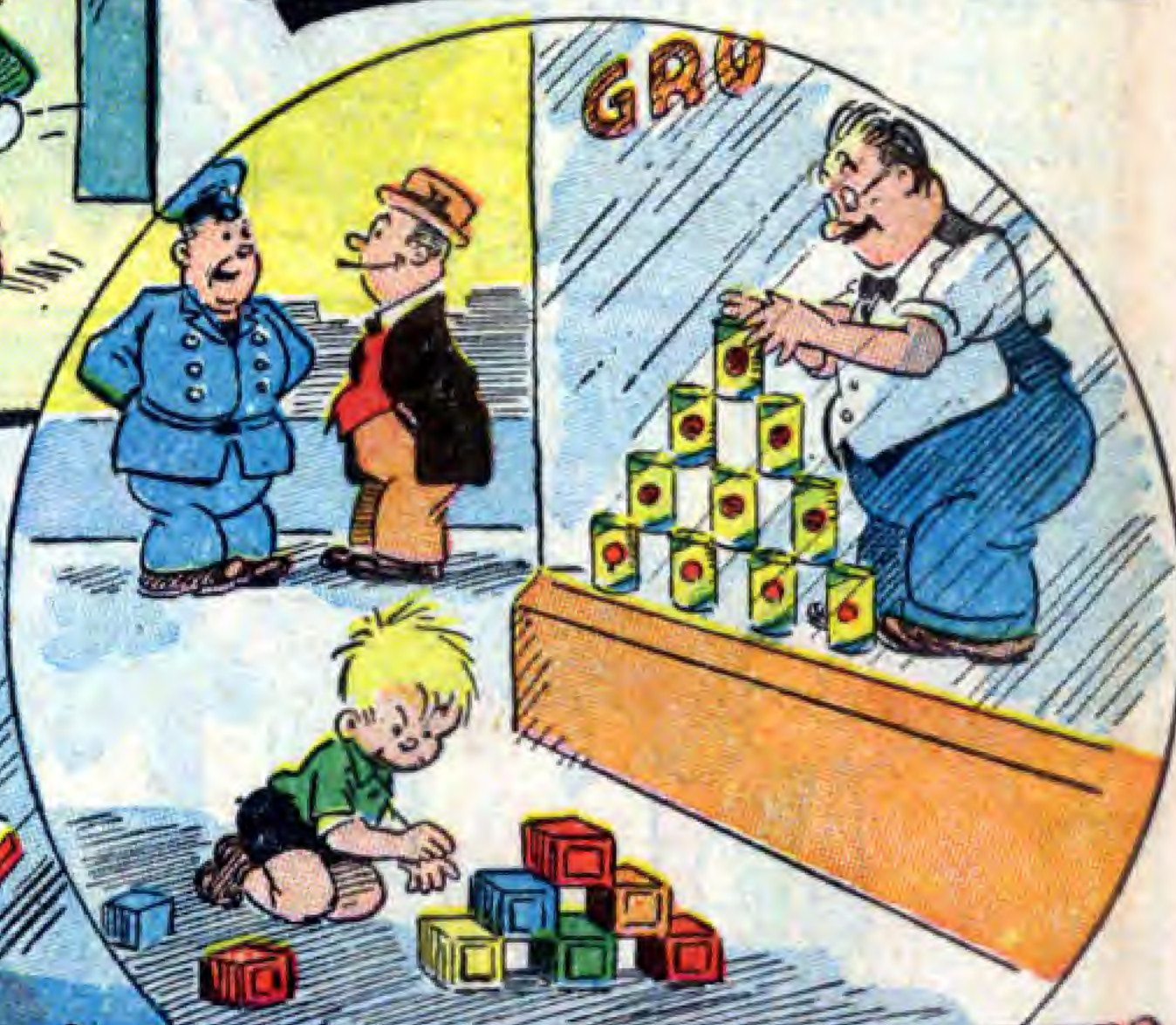
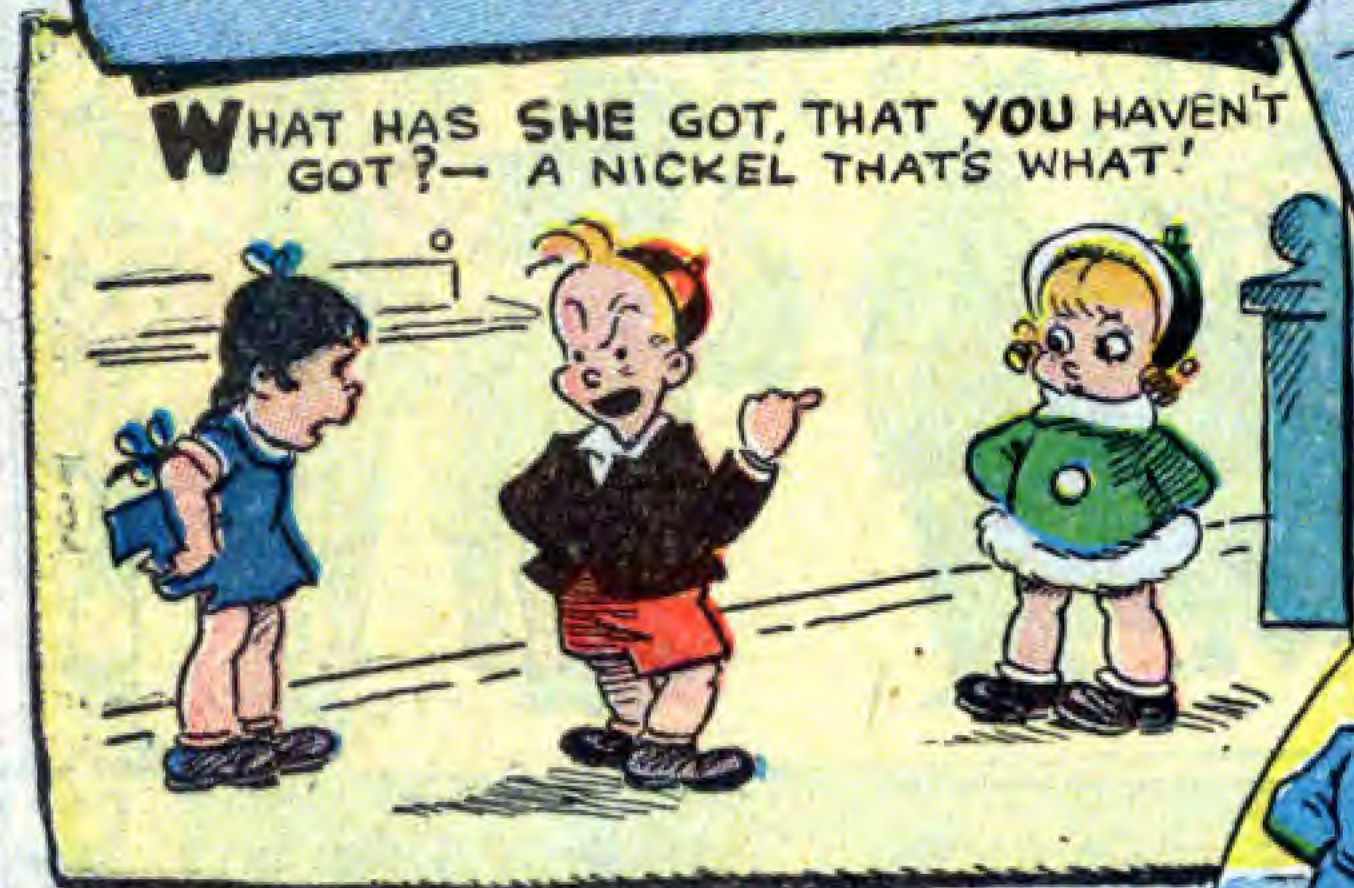
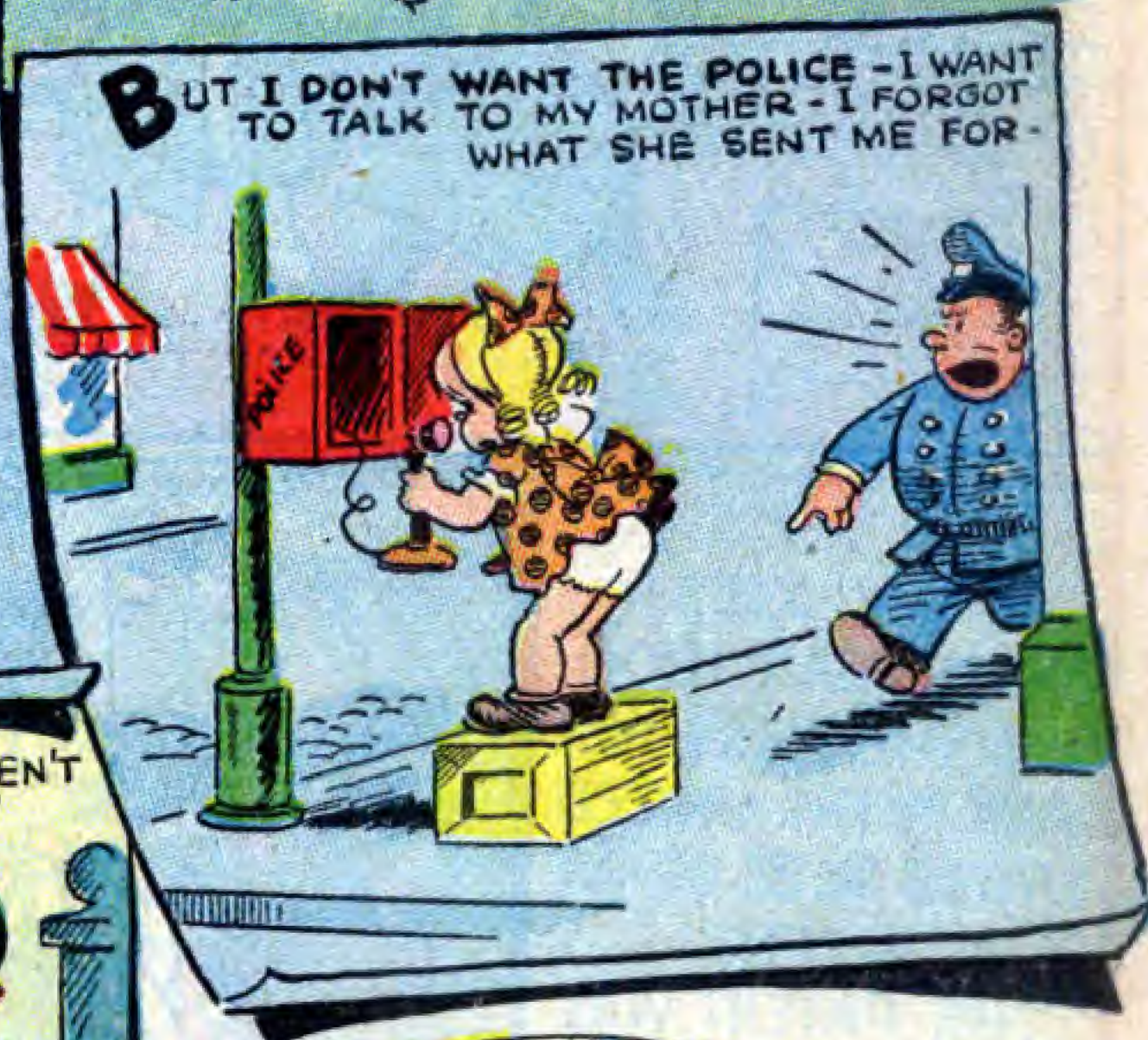
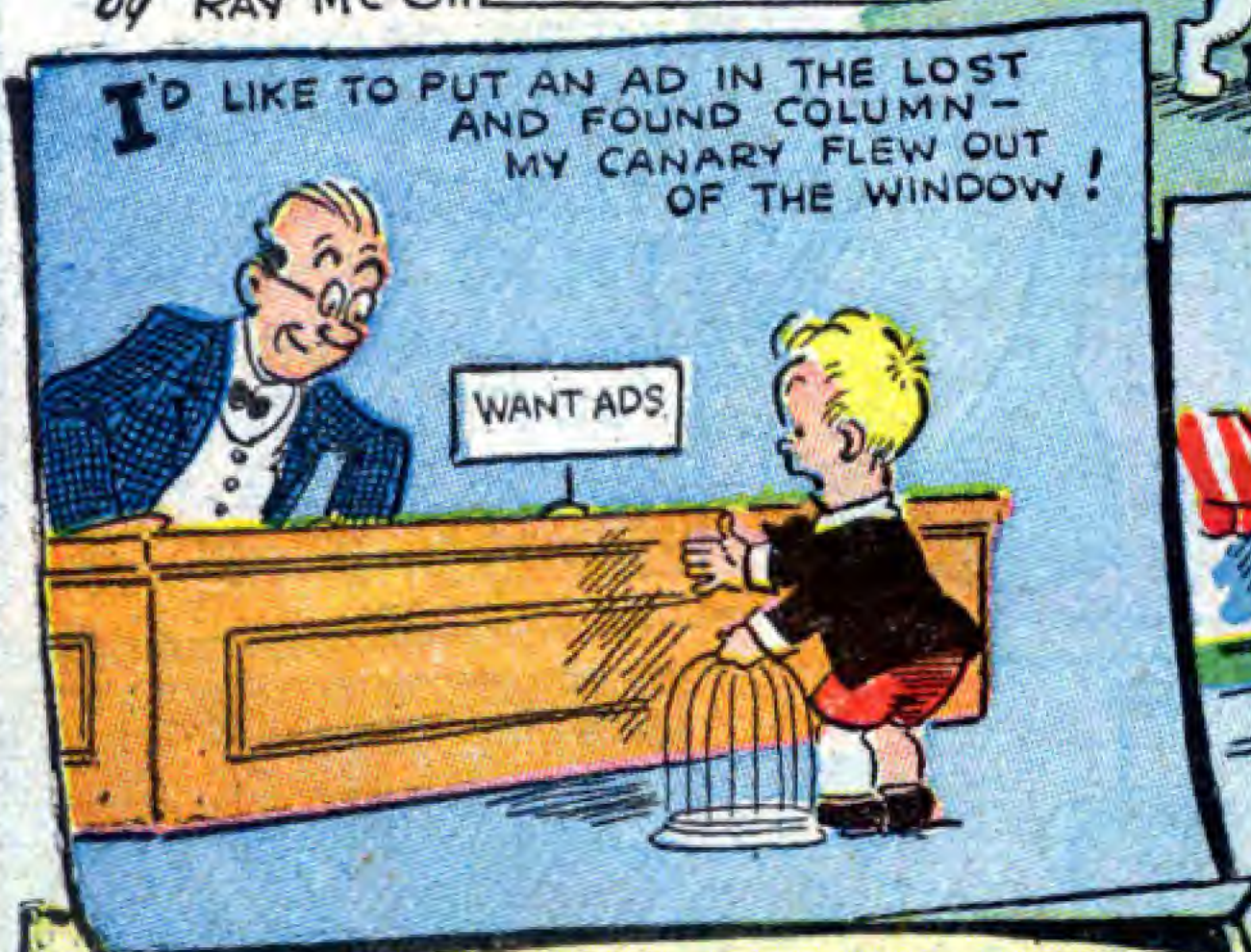
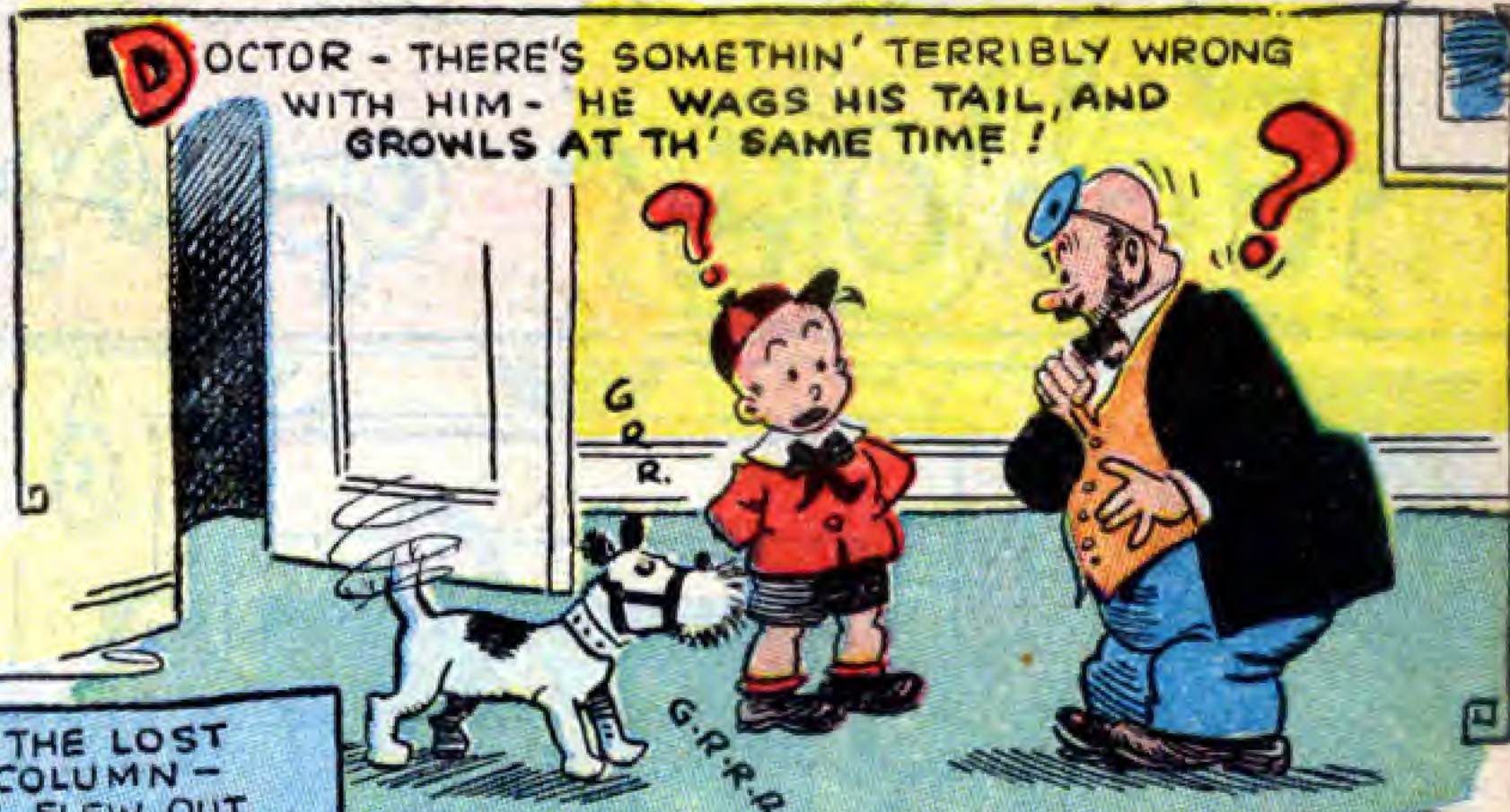


THE HIGH COST OF LIVING" AS REPORTED IN THE YEAR 1799..BEEF.06¢ A POUND.  
PORK .12¢; BUTTER :16¢; LARD .13¢.- COFFEE :27¢; TEA 95¢.- EGGS .12¢ A DOZ.....

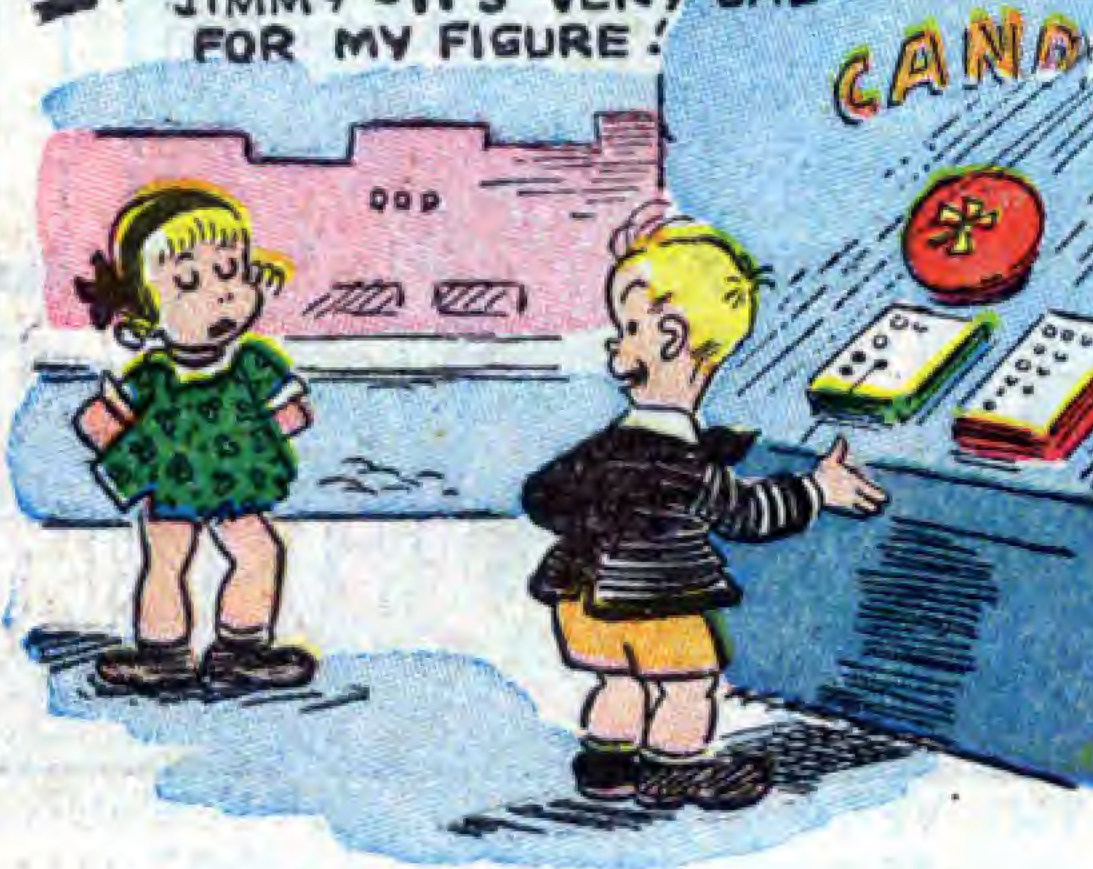


# KID KOMIC

by RAY Mc GILL



**I**'M SORRY I CAN'T EAT ANY CANDY JIMMY - IT'S VERY BAD FOR MY FIGURE!



**H**E'S A CHIP OFF TH' OLD BLOCK - HE'S LEARNING TH' BUSINESS FROM TH' GROUND UP!



# The FACE

by MART BAILEY



TONY TRENT, THE POPULAR RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR, EXPECTED TO ENJOY A QUIET WEEK-END... BUT MURDER THRUSTS HIM INTO A MAN-HUNT THROUGH THE DANGEROUS FLORIDA SWAMPS... AND TASKS TO THE UTMOST THE MUSCLE AND WIT OF HIS OTHER, TERRIFYING PERSONALITY—THE FACE.

**T**HE GAIETY OF TANNERY TOWERS IS STILLED BY SUDDEN DEATH —



TANNERY MAY HAVE KILLED THIS POOR SOUL, AND SKIPPED OUT...

NO-NO! MY HUSBAND WOULDN'T DO THAT! ... BESIDES, I SAW THE MURDERER. — A THING WITH A HORRIBLE FACE!



**A**ND HIGH ABOVE THE MURDER ROOM, ON THE GABLED ROOF, SQUATS A GRIM, GRISLY SHAPE — THE FACE!







NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT... GUESS I'LL GO DOWN.



A THING WITH A HORRIBLE FACE KILLED HIM, EH? TELL ME MORE.

OH, CAN'T WE PLEASE GO OUT OF THIS TERRIBLE ROOM FIRST?



SURE—YOU CAN TELL YOUR STORY ELSEWHERE JUST AS WELL.... OFFICER, REMAIN HERE WITH THE BODY—SEE THAT NOTHING IS TOUCHED....

RIGHT, INSPECTOR!



EITHER THE MURDERER GOT AWAY CLEAN—OR HE HASN'T LEFT THE HOUSE YET.... THERE MAY BE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY—I'LL KNOW SOON!



GOOD NIGHT—ANOTHER ONE!



A POLICEMAN SLUGGED—AND THE MURDER KNIFE GONE!... THE KILLER IS STILL IN THE HOUSE!



THE FACE'S KEEN SENSES SUDDENLY DETECT THE PRESENCE OF A HIDDEN WATCHER...

WHO'S THAT?



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE LIGHTS SNAP OUT—AND A FEARSOME *THING* LEAPS THROUGH THE DARKNESS AT THE FACE!



**S**EIZING ITS KNIFE-HAND, THE FACE HURLS THE THING HEAD OVER HEELS AGAINST THE WALL!



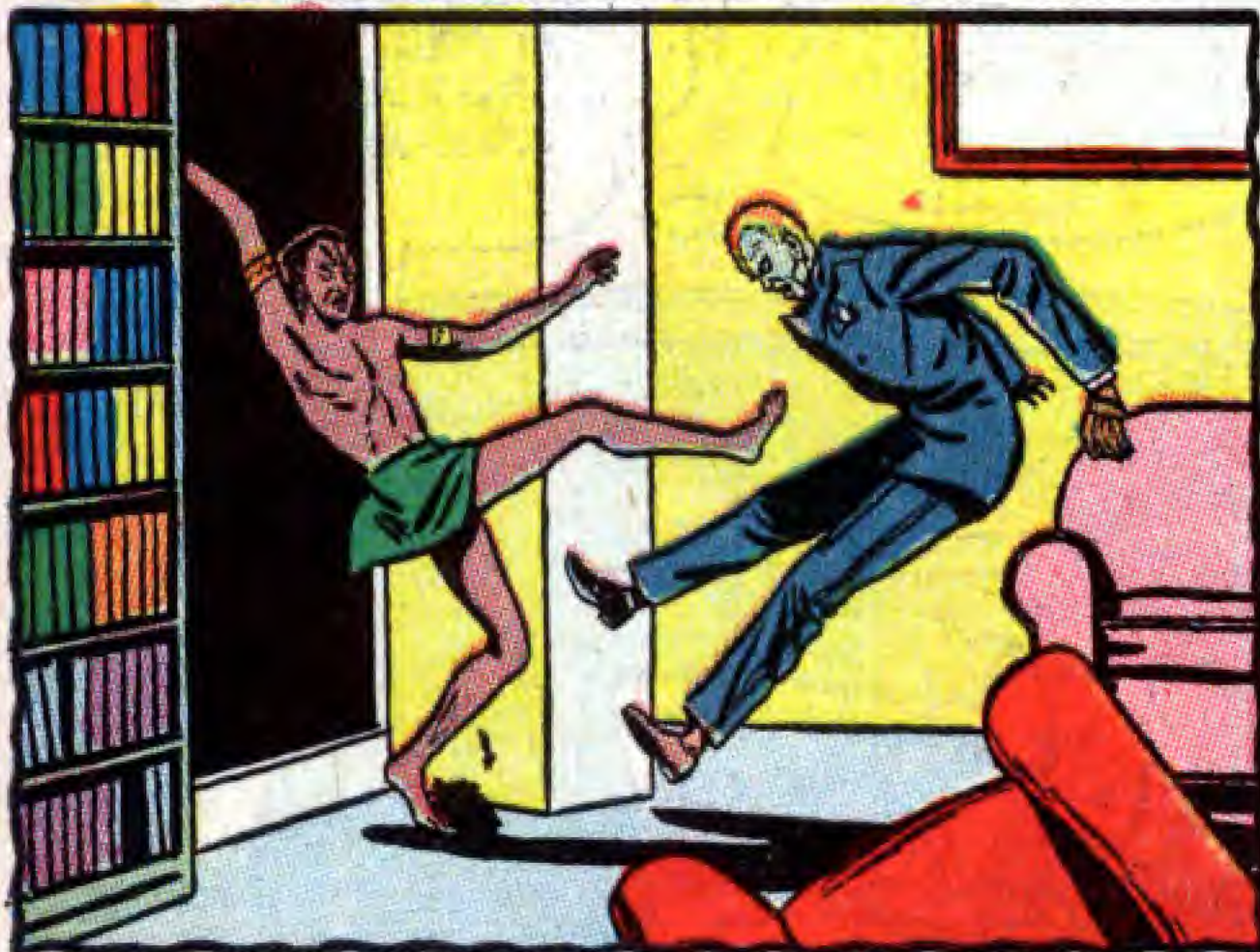
**B**UT THE CREATURE IS AGILE — AND DESPERATE, FOR THE FACE IS BLOCKING ITS ESCAPE!



THAT HURT — ME!  
AND NO WONDER! —  
HE'S WEARING AN  
IRON MASK!

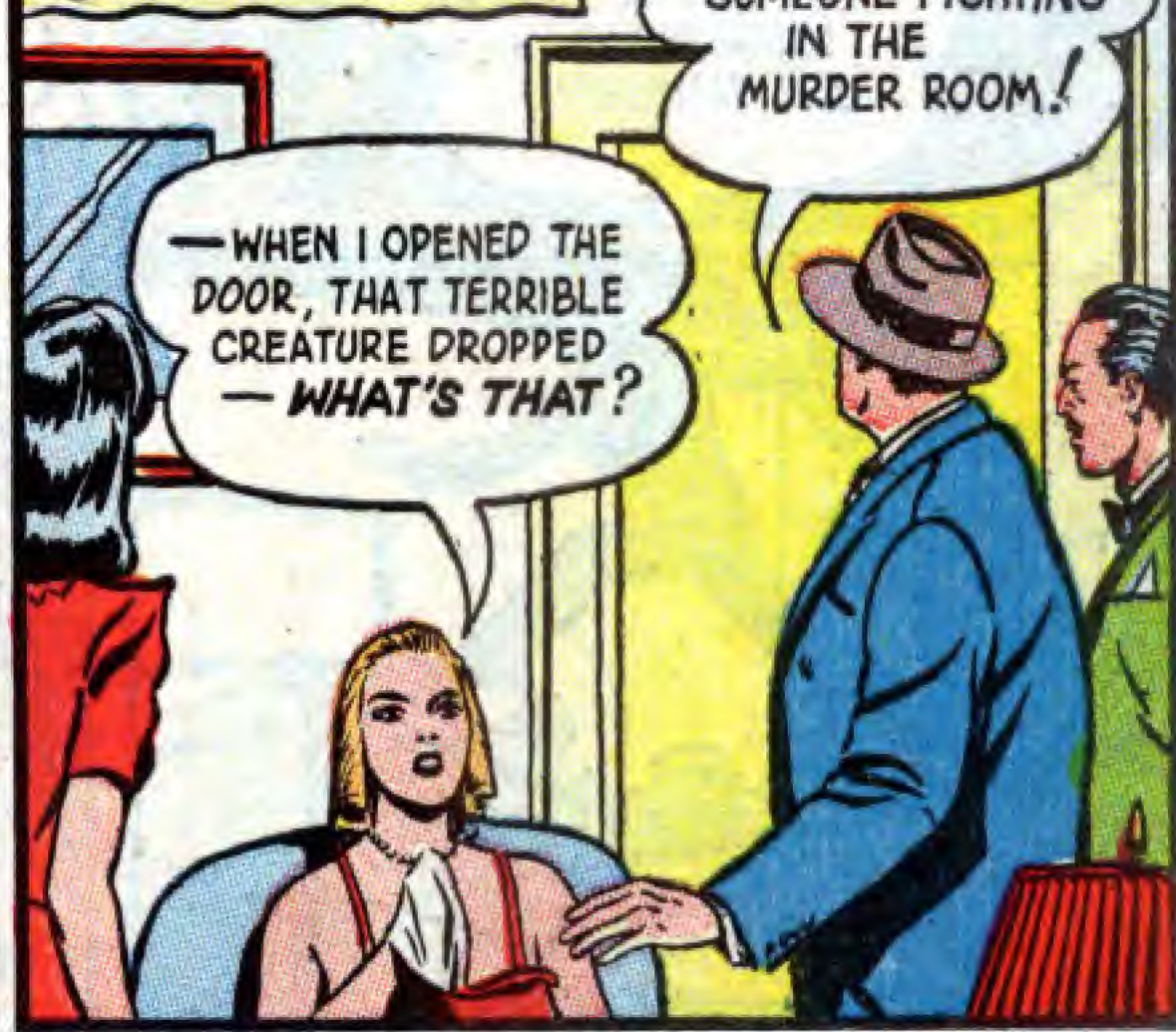


**T**HE MASKED KILLER FIGHTS BACK FEROCIOUSLY — THEN, AS HE REACHES A SECRET OPENING IN THE WALL —



**I**N THE NEXT ROOM —

SOMEONE FIGHTING  
IN THE  
MURDER ROOM!



THE FACE  
— IT'S  
THE FACE!

YEEEEEE!



**T**HE FACE SHUTS THE SECRET DOOR JUST AS THE OTHERS BURST INTO THE ROOM...

JUST IN TIME! BUT  
THEY SAW MY MASK  
— AND THEY'LL  
BLAME THIS MURDER  
ON THE FACE!



... AND PURSUES THE KILLER DOWN  
THE BLACK PASSAGEWAY —

I'D FEEL SAFER WITH  
A PISTOL — THAT THUG  
MAY BE LURKING  
ANYWHERE IN THIS DARK!







THIS PASSAGE LEADS  
TO THE BOATHOUSE  
— THERE'S THE  
KILLER NOW!

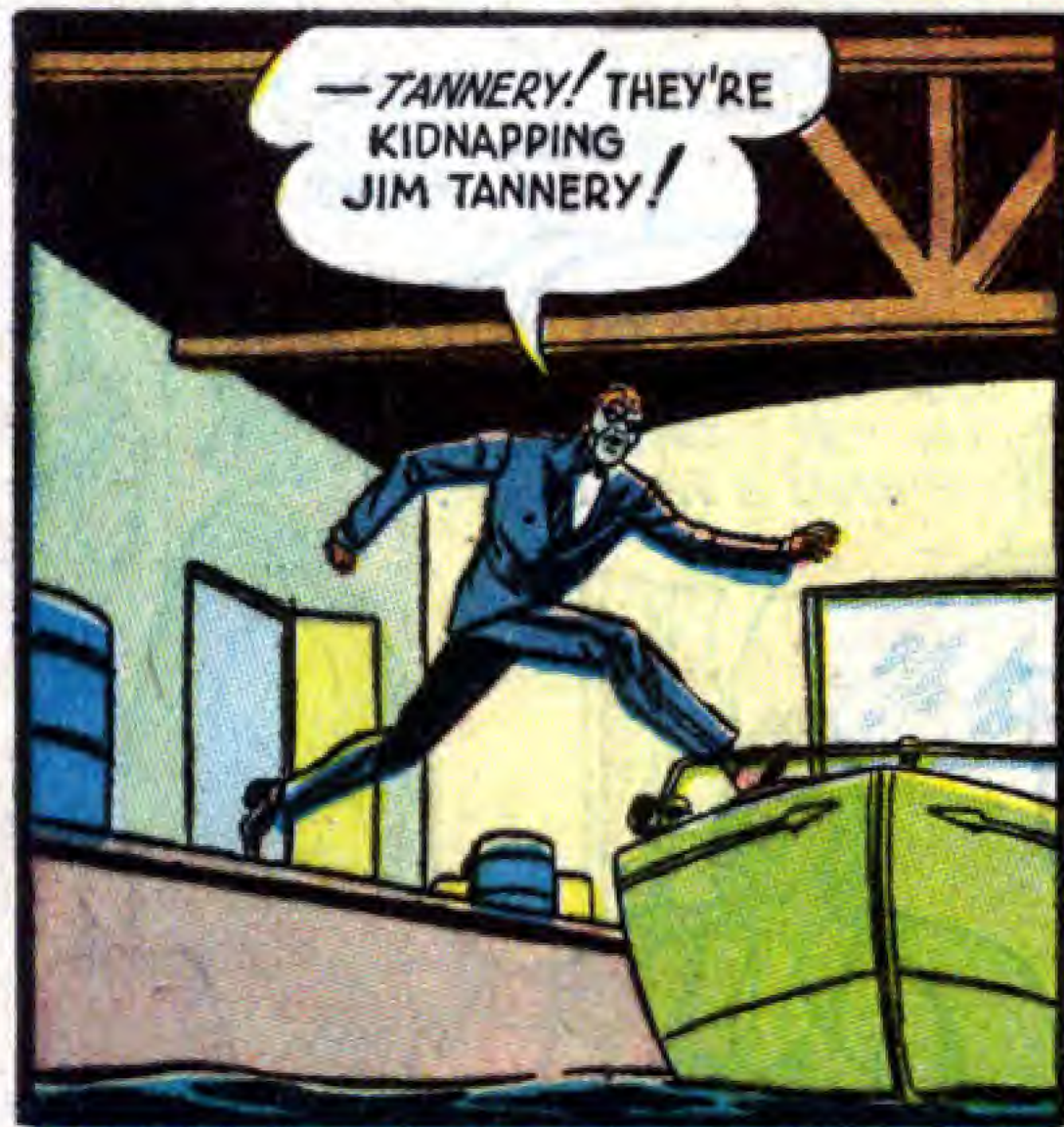


YOU WERE LONG  
ENOUGH! DID YOU GET  
THE MACHETE YOU  
DROPPED BACK THERE?

NO, CHIEF! GET  
AWAY QUICK!  
A DEMON IS  
CHASING ME!

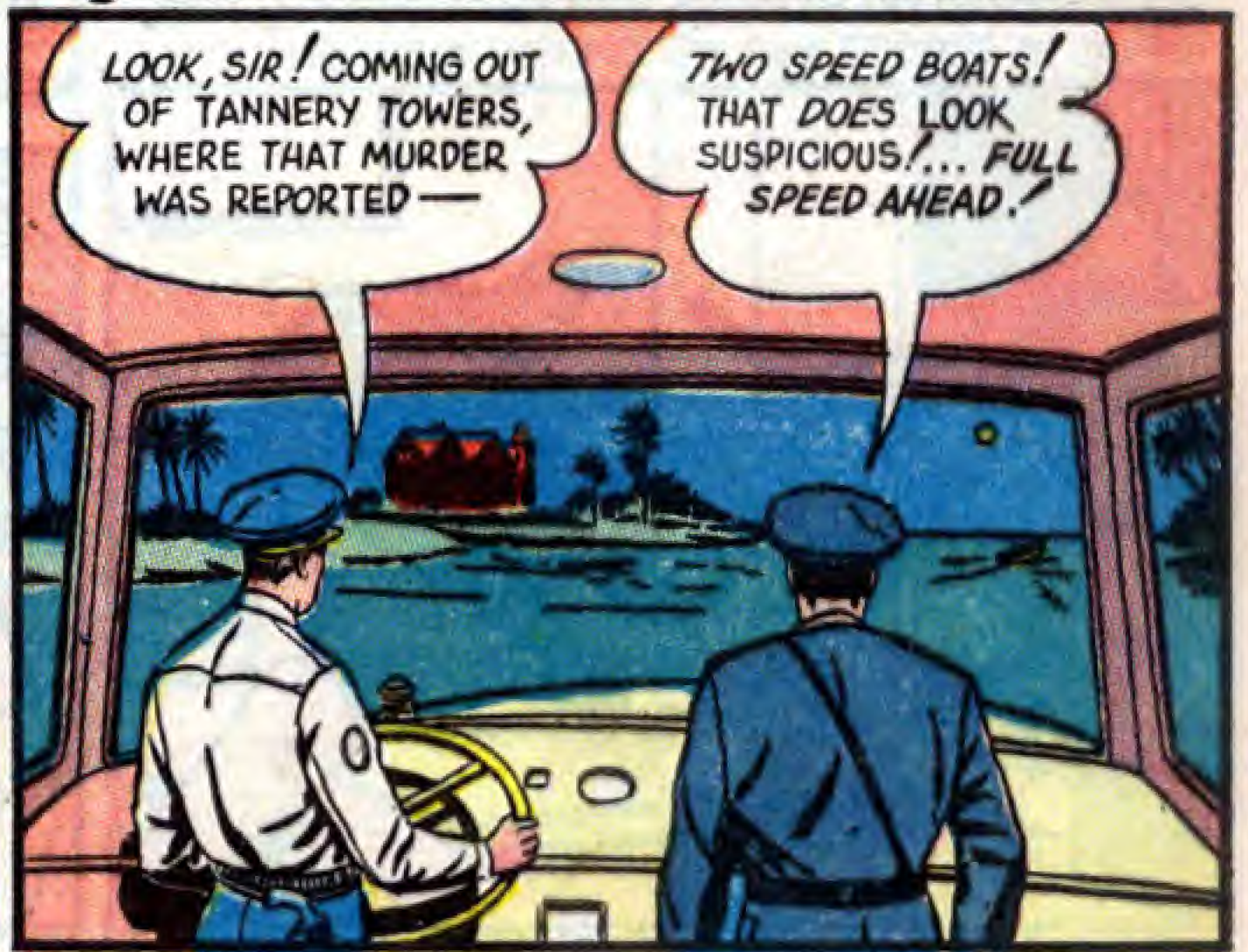


THREE FUNNY FACES!  
— AND WHAT'S THAT  
IN THE STERN? A  
MAN BOUND AND GAGGED!



— TANNERY! THEY'RE  
KIDNAPPING  
JIM TANNERY!

**A** FLORIDA POLICE BOAT SPOTS THE TWO RACING CRAFT —



LOOK, SIR! COMING OUT  
OF TANNERY TOWERS,  
WHERE THAT MURDER  
WAS REPORTED —

TWO SPEED BOATS!  
THAT DOES LOOK  
SUSPICIOUS!... FULL  
SPEED AHEAD!



THEY'RE HEADING  
INTO THE SWAMPS!  
— HMM! THEIR  
MARKSMANSHIP IS  
IMPROVING!



**S**TREAKING THROUGH THE DARK LIKE  
A TORPEDO, THE FACE'S SPEEDBOAT RUNS  
AGROUND IN THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP.



LOOKS LIKE  
WE'VE CAUGHT  
ONE, SIR!

GO ALONGSIDE —  
GIVE HIM A BURST  
OF MACHINE-GUN  
FIRE, IF HE MAKES  
A WRONG MOVE!

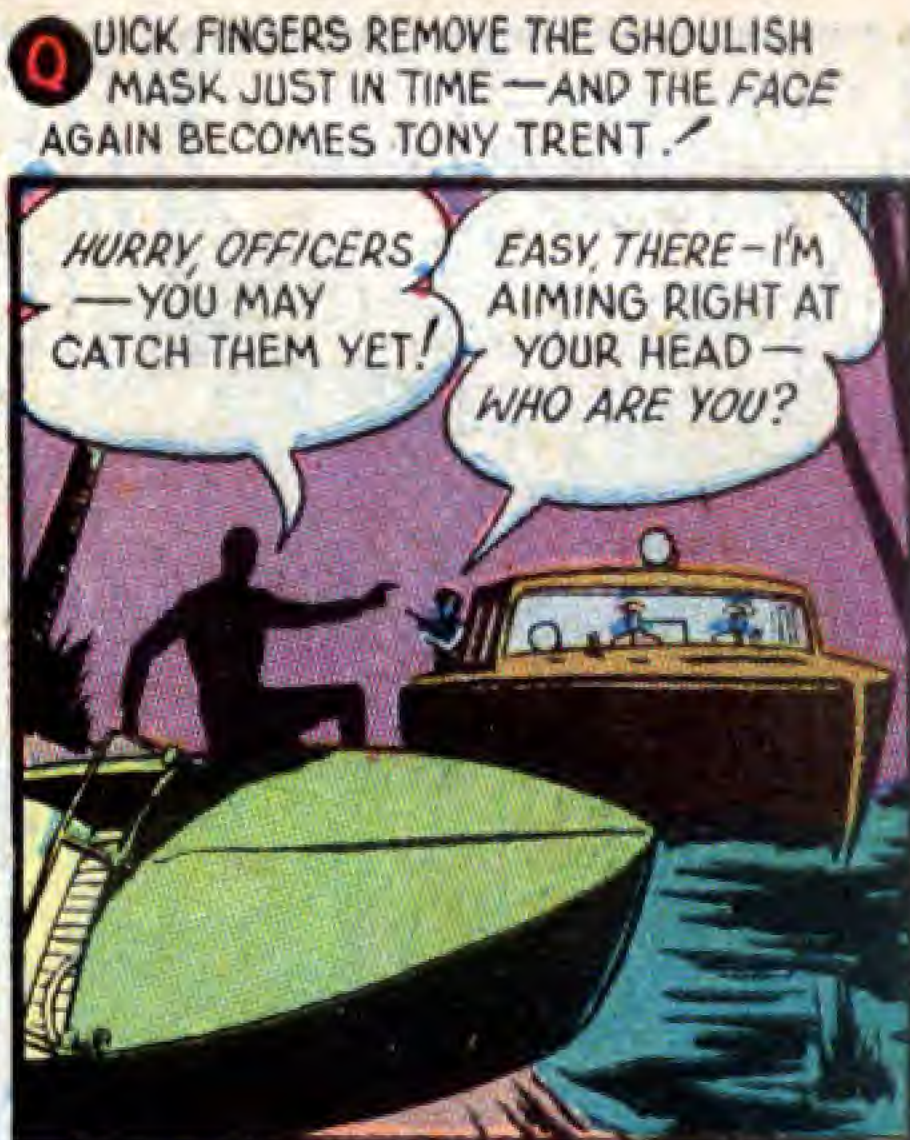




WHAT FOOL LUCK! STRANDED ON AN ALLIGATOR'S NEST — WHILE THOSE DEVILS GET AWAY WITH TANNERY. . . . SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR COMING!

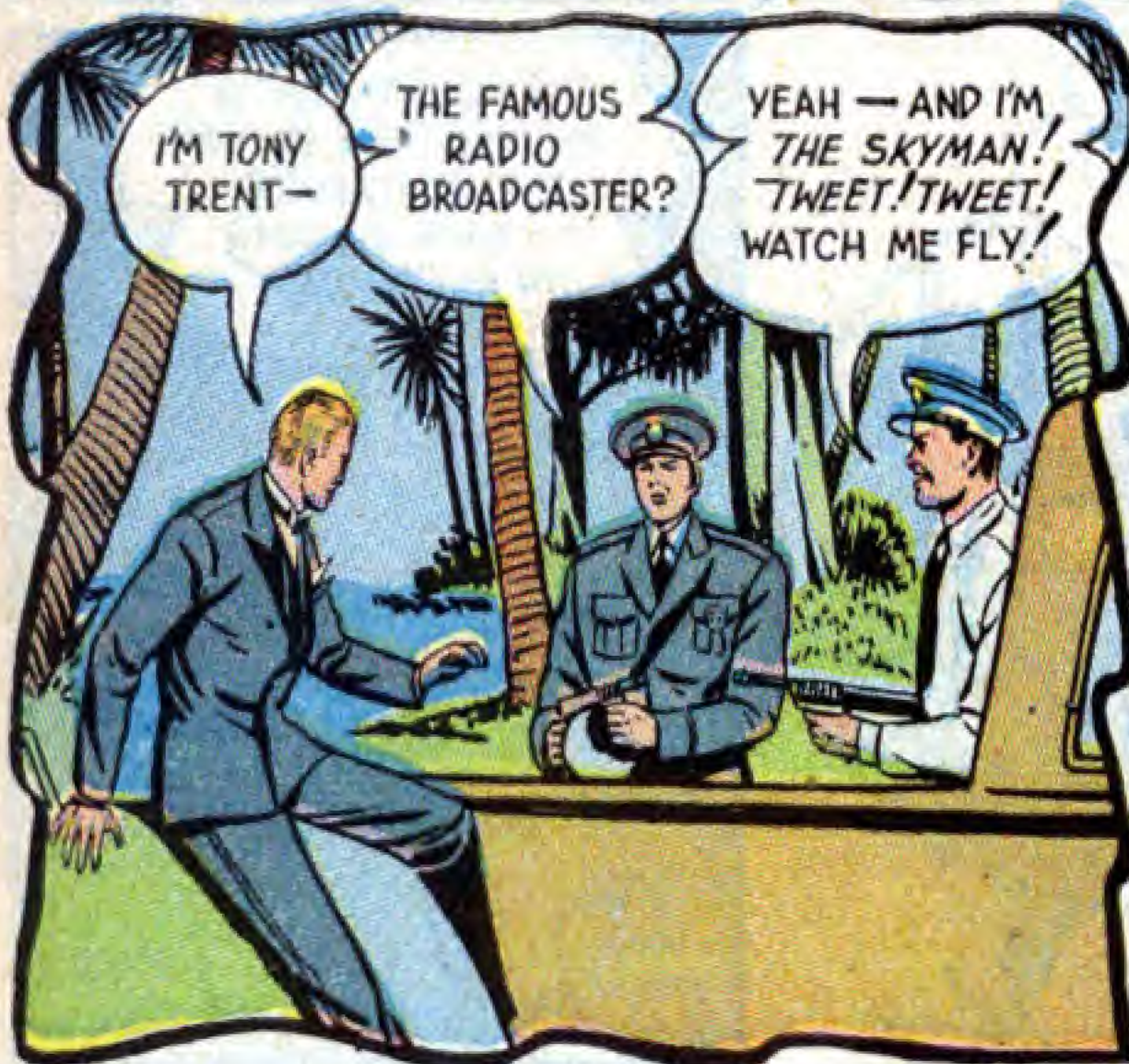


A POLICE BOAT — HEADED THIS WAY! . . . TOO BAD FOR THE FACE IF HE'S CAUGHT HERE. I MUST ACT QUICKLY!



HURRY, OFFICERS — YOU MAY CATCH THEM YET!

EASY, THERE — I'M AIMING RIGHT AT YOUR HEAD — WHO ARE YOU?



I'M TONY TRENT —

THE FAMOUS RADIO BROADCASTER?

YEAH — AND I'M THE SKYMAN! TWEET! TWEET! WATCH ME FLY!



WHO I AM ISN'T IMPORTANT. THREE KILLERS ARE KIDNAPING JIM TANNERY — YOU MUST GO AFTER THEM!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACK ANYONE THROUGH THE SWAMP AT NIGHT. . . . WE'RE GOING BACK TO TANNERY TOWERS TO CHECK YOUR STORY.



TONY'S IDENTITY IS SOON CONFIRMED. . .

OF COURSE, HE'S TONY TRENT — AND A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MY HUSBAND, WHO IS PRESIDENT OF THE CENTER BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

THANKS, MRS. TANNERY. I — LISTEN!



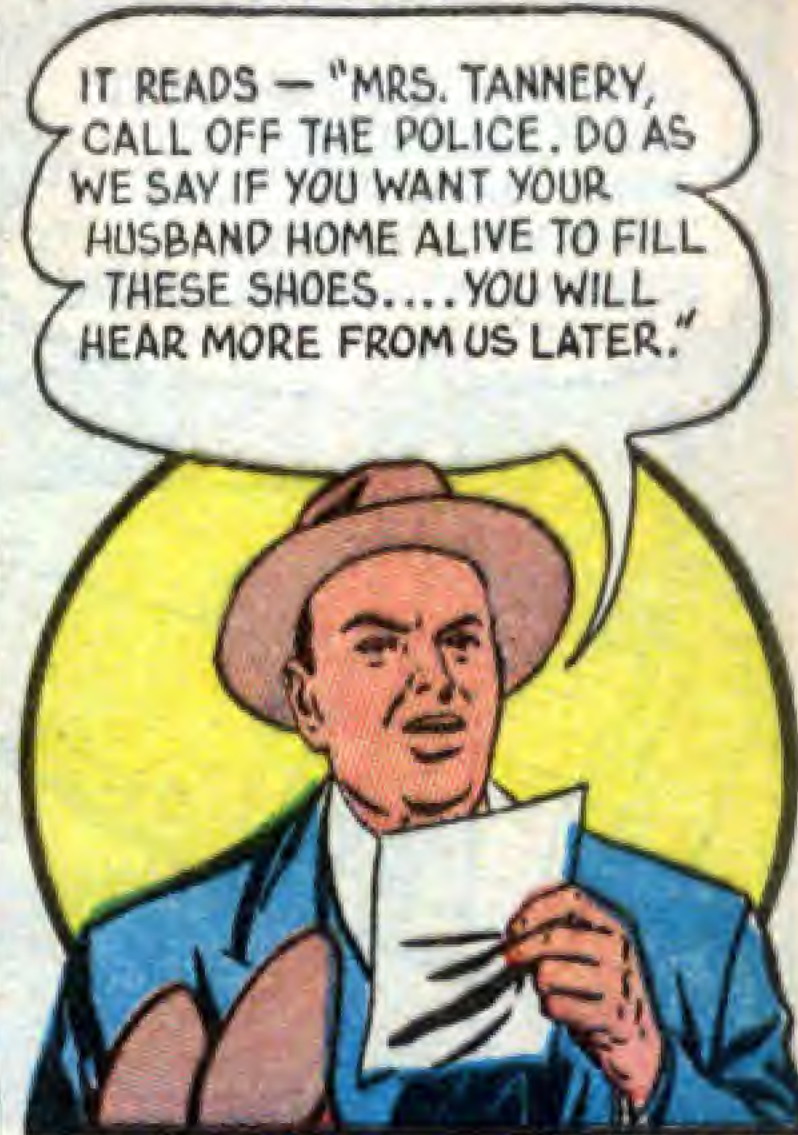
ENGINE SHRIEKING, A PLANE RIPS OUT OF THE NIGHT TO POWER DIVE ON TANNERY TOWERS. . .



THE NEXT MOMENT A HEAVY OBJECT SHATTERS A WINDOW PANE, AND THUDS ACROSS THE CROWDED ROOM.

WHAT IS IT?





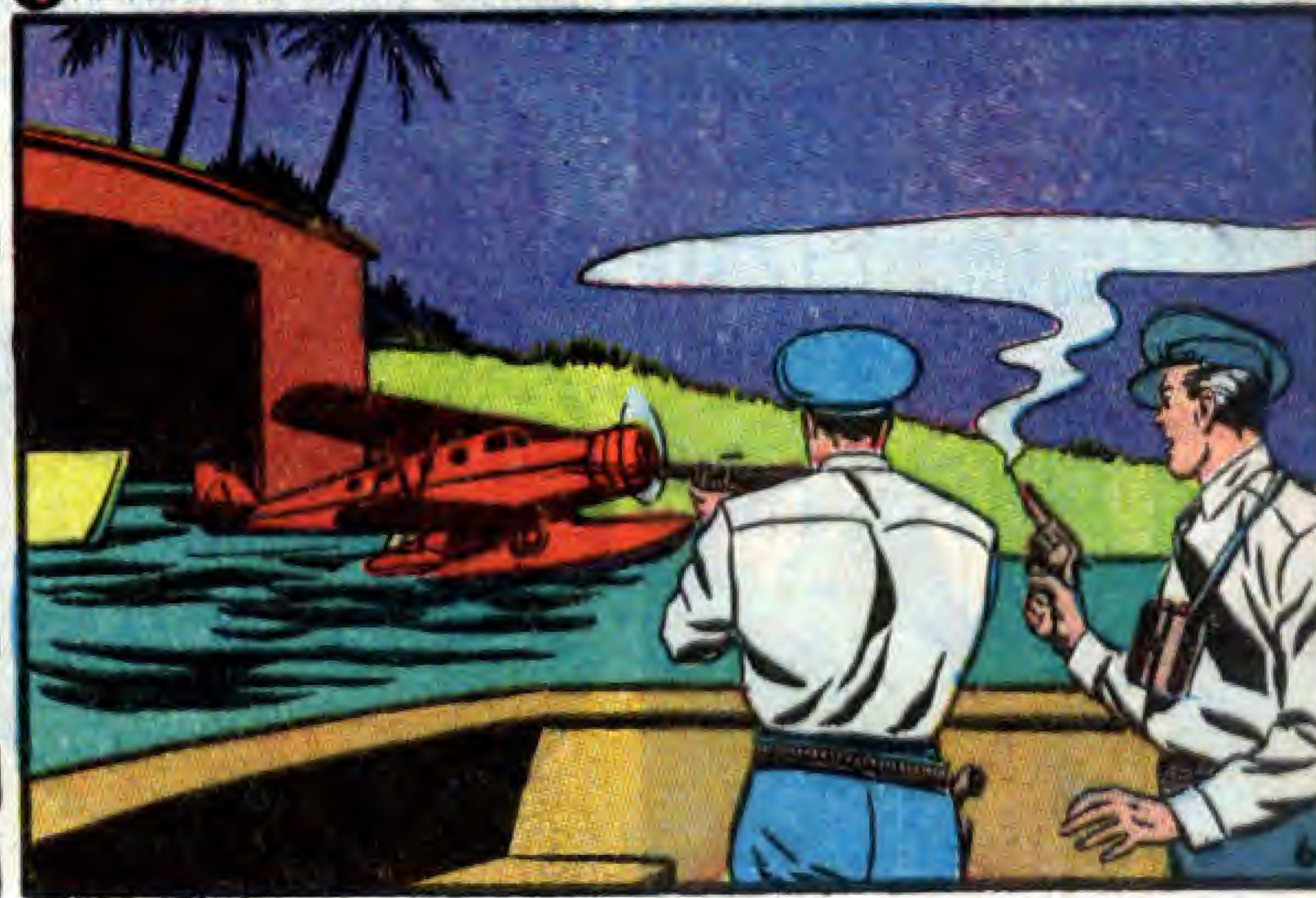
WHILE THE OTHERS READ THE KIDNAP  
NOTE, TONY SLIPS AWAY UNNOTICED.



BOARD THE POLICE BOAT —



THE FACE TAXIS THE SEAPLANE PAST THE BLAZING POLICE GUNS ....





THAT WAS CLOSE!  
HOPE THE PLANE  
WASN'T HIT TOO BADLY!



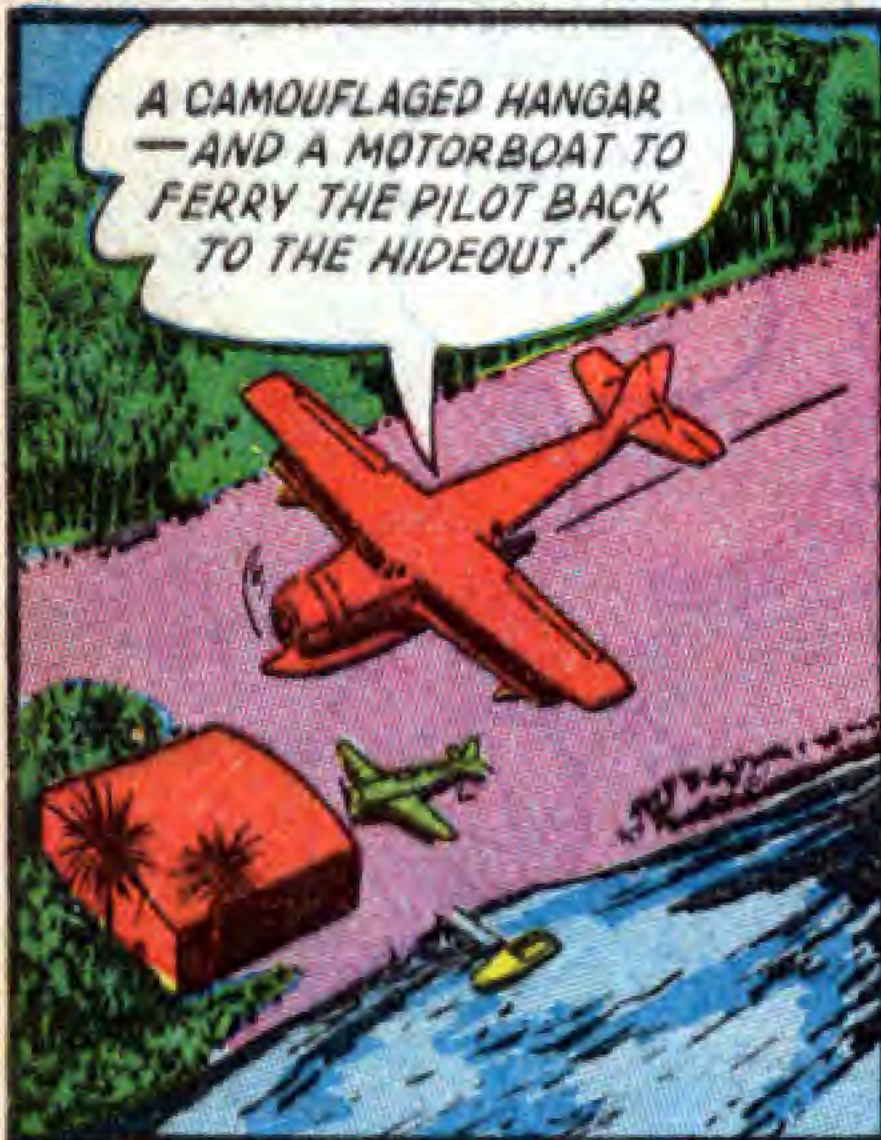
BUT AS THE SEAPLANE WINGS OVER THE  
FLORIDA SWAMPS, A THIN, VITAL STREAM  
DROPS FROM A PUNCTURED GAS TANK.



THE KIDNAP PLANE IS  
FLYING THIS WAY WITH  
HARDLY A MINUTE'S  
HEADSTART. I — THAT  
MUST BE IT DOWN THERE!



A CAMOUFLAGED HANGAR  
— AND A MOTORBOAT TO  
FERRY THE PILOT BACK  
TO THE HIDEOUT!



IT IS THE KIDNAP GANG!  
THEIR HIDEOUT MUST BE  
DEEP IN THE SWAMP—SINCE  
THEY COULDN'T USE THE  
AIRPLANE IN THE ACTUAL  
KIDNAPPING. THEY CHOSE  
A GOOD SPOT—FOR YEARS  
200 SEMINOLE INDIANS  
ELUDED THE WHOLE U.S.  
ARMY IN THAT MORASS!



LOOK—  
POLICE  
AIRPLANE!

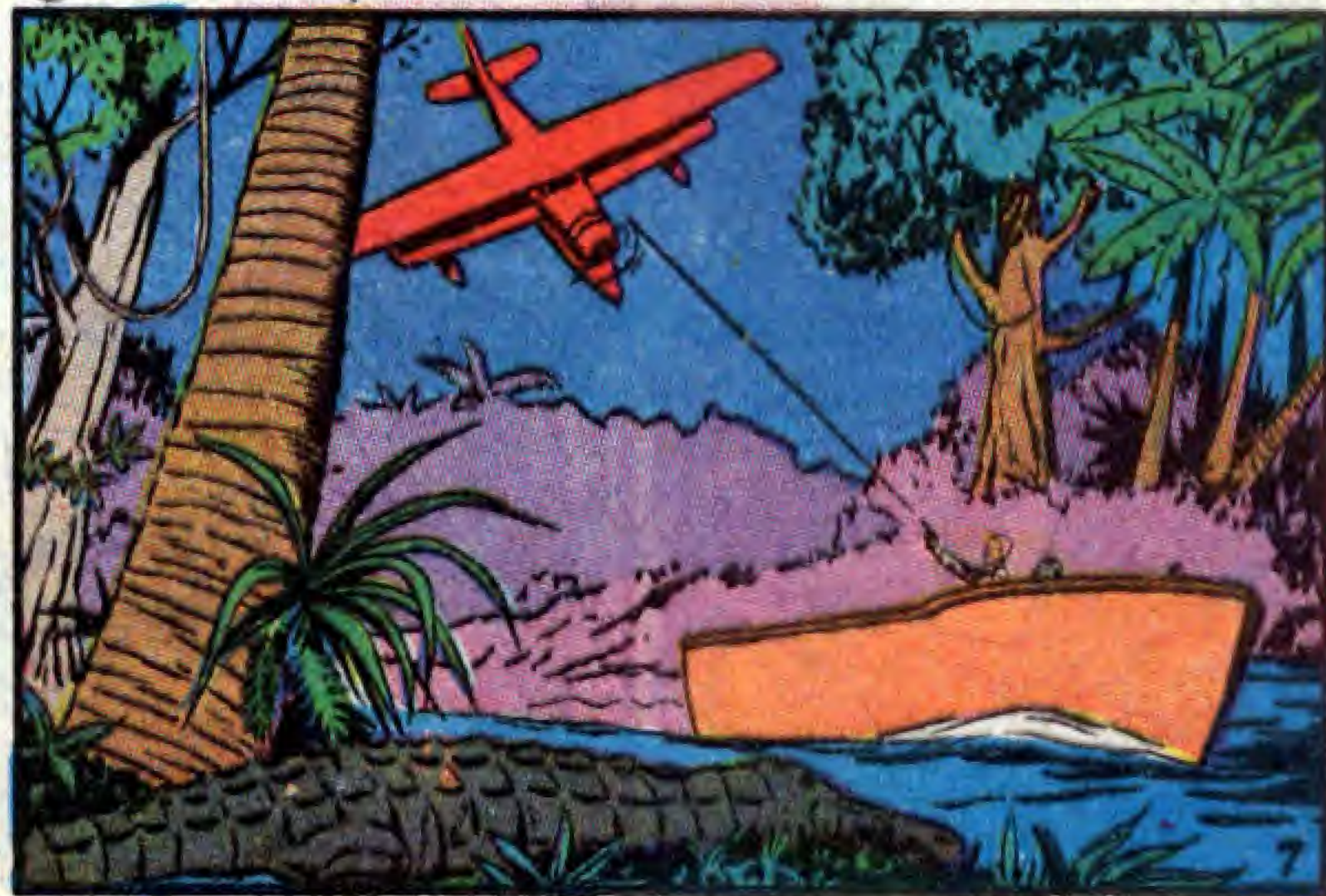
NO—IT'S JUST SOME  
PRIVATE PLANE. BUT  
THE PILOT IS TOO CURIOUS.  
— IF HE COMES ANY  
CLOSER, I'LL RIDDLE  
HIM WITH LEAD!



I CAN TRAIL THEM FROM  
HERE AND — THE MOTOR'S  
SPUTTERING! THE GAS  
TANK IS EMPTY!

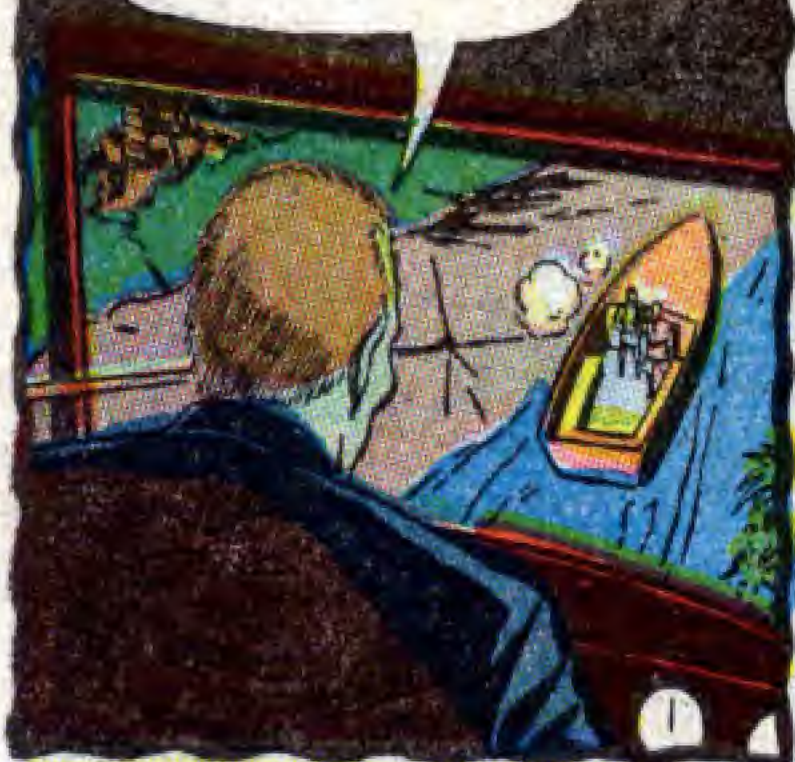


OUT OF CONTROL, THE SEAPLANE DIVES STRAIGHT INTO THE GUN-FIRE!





CAN'T PULL THIS CRATE  
OUT OF ITS DIVE —  
THOSE BOYS WITH THE  
ARTILLERY ARE IN FOR  
A DUCKING.!



THE SEAPLANE RIPS THROUGH THE  
BOW OF THE SPEEDING MOTORBOAT —



— AND CRACKS UP IN THE SWAMP  
AS THE FACE LEAPS CLEAR.!

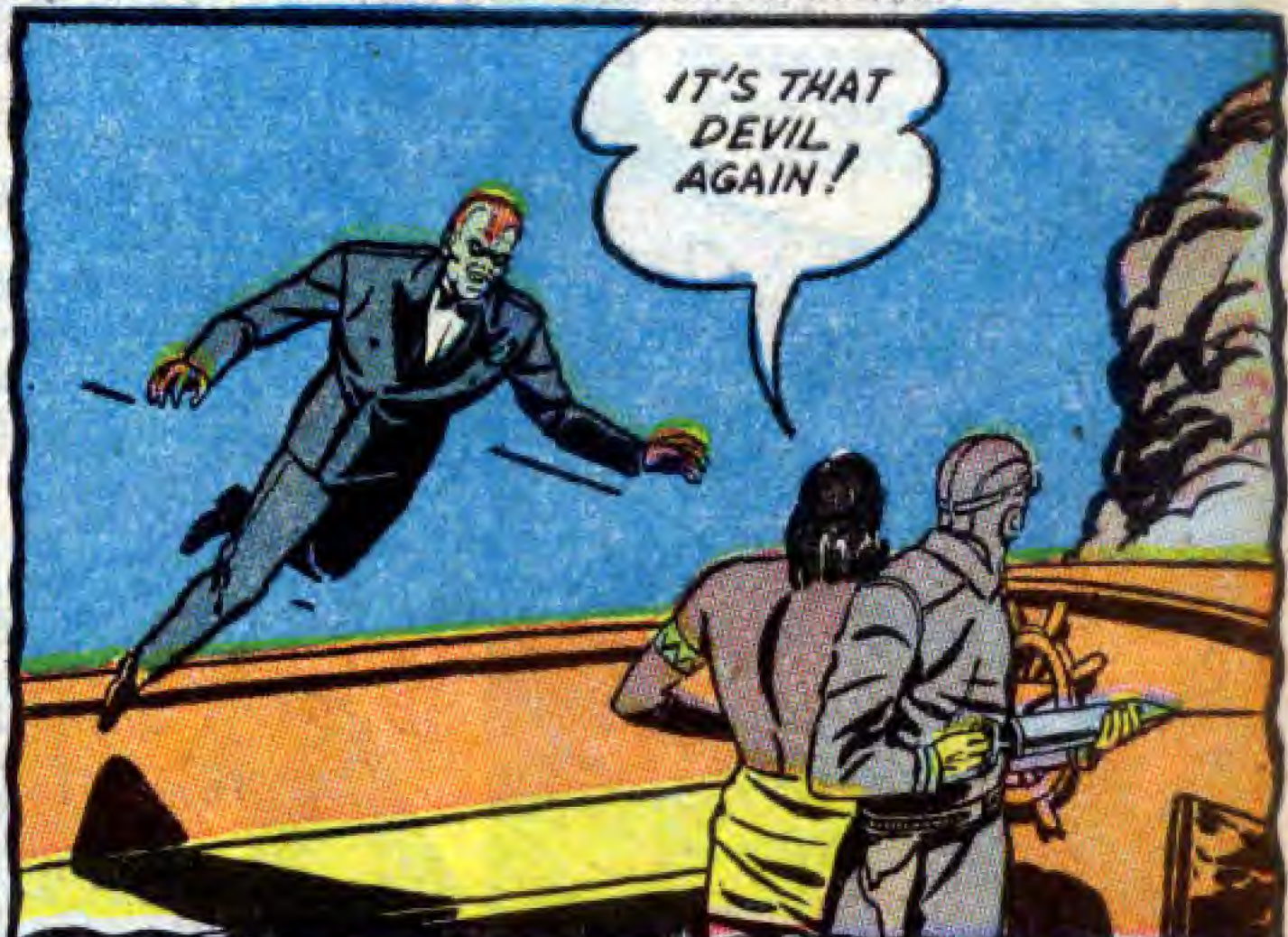


UNHURT, THE FACE BOBS UP THROUGH THE FETID  
WATERS TO SEE THE MOTORBOAT AFIRE ...



EVEN IF THEY ARE  
MURDERERS, I CAN'T  
LET THEM ROAST.!

BUT, FINDING THE KILLERS SAFE AND EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES,  
HE WHIRLS INTO THEM LIKE A FLORIDA HURRICANE.!



IT'S THAT  
DEVIL  
AGAIN.!

BEFORE IT WAS  
AN IRON FACE  
— NOW IT'S A  
GLASS CHIN.!



THE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER CATCHES  
THE FACE OFF BALANCE AND  
TOPPLES HIM OVERBOARD —



MINUTES LATER ... A GIANT ALLIGA-  
TOR PADDLES HUNGRILY THROUGH  
THE SLIMY WATERS TOWARDS THE  
SLOWLY REVIVING FACE ...





INSTANTLY, MUSCLES QUICK AS A STEELSPRING HURL THE FACE OUT OF DANGER —

THANKS, PAL! IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG, I'D HAVE STAYED IN BED ALL DAY!



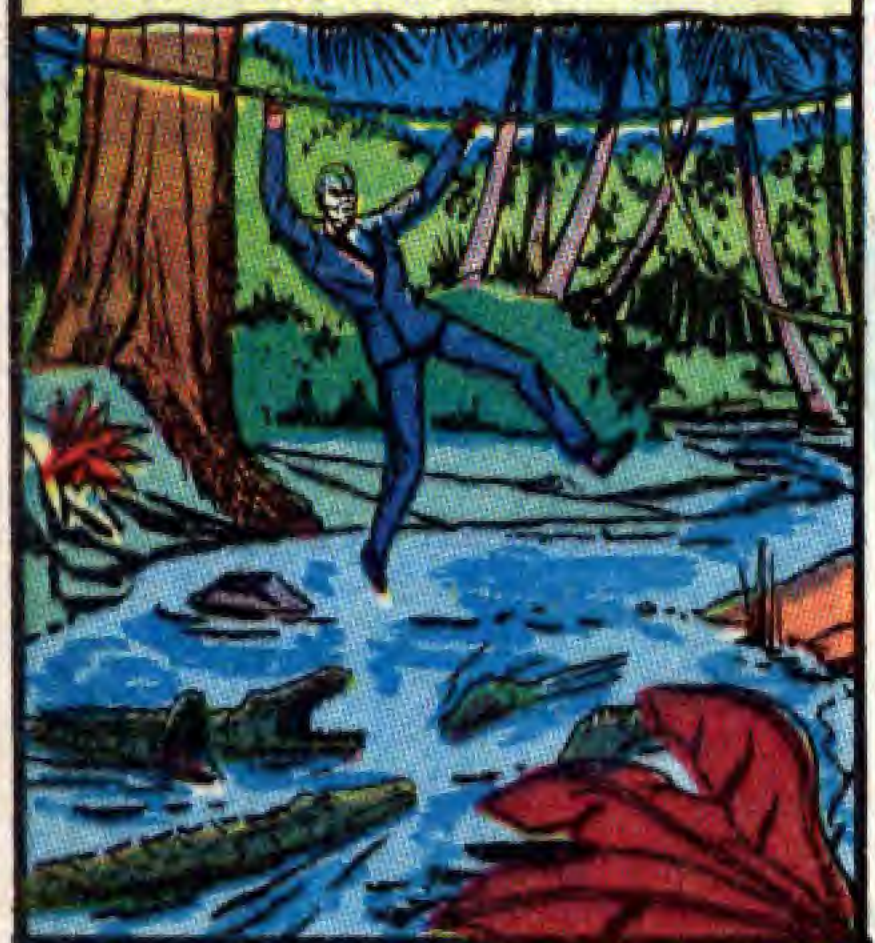
LUCKILY, THE RUBBEROID MASK ABSORBED MOST OF THAT BLOW. ... WONDER HOW LONG I WAS "OUT"? NOT LONG, I GUESS — THERE'S THE BOAT RIGHT AHEAD!



THEY'RE USING POLES TO PUSH THEIR BOAT THROUGH THE SWAMP. THAT FIRE MUST HAVE RUINED THE ENGINE. WHAT A BREAK! NOW I CAN FOLLOW EASILY ON FOOT!



UNSEEN, THE FACE TRAILS THE DISABLED CRAFT AS IT IS SLOWLY PUNTED THROUGH THE STEAMING SWAMPLAND. THEN —



AT LAST — THE HIDEOUT!



I'VE BEEN BATTED AROUND ENOUGH FOR TO-NIGHT — NOW SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO GET HURT!



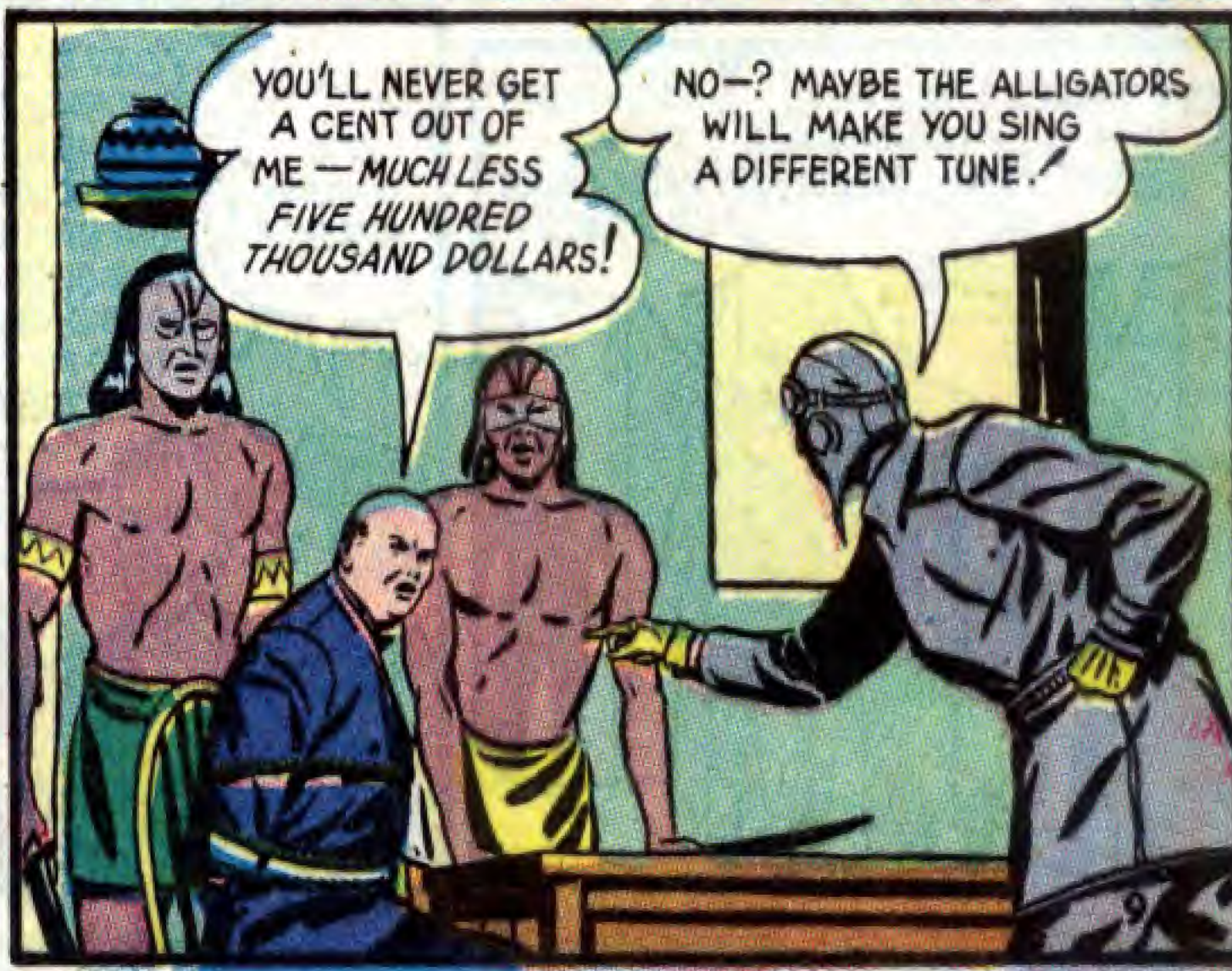
WHY PUT ON WITCH DOCTOR MASKS SO RICH MAN WON'T KNOW US? WE KILL HIM ANYWAY.

YEAH — BUT HE'LL DO WHAT WE WANT QUICKER, IF HE THINKS HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO LIVE!



YOU'LL NEVER GET A CENT OUT OF ME — MUCH LESS FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

NO —? MAYBE THE ALLIGATORS WILL MAKE YOU SING A DIFFERENT TUNE!







YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME!

WE'RE NOT BLUFFIN' TANNERY!... THINK FAST—THOSE ALLIGATORS ARE HUNGRY!

LOOK, CHIEF—*THE* DEVIL!



I'M NOT THE DEVIL—BUT THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY NOW!



SO IT'S SLICK ORONA—THE EX-KING OF HI-JACKERS!



I'M NOT CRACKING MY KNUCKLES ON AN IRON FACE AGAIN!



THE FACE QUICKLY FREES JIM TANNERY...

THOSE FIENDS WILL ANSWER FOR THE MURDER OF MY SECRETARY! POOR FELLOW! THEY CUT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD WHEN HE TRIED TO PROTECT ME.

LET'S GET STARTED. WE'VE A LONG TRIP!

LATER, AT TANNERY TOWERS...



WHY, THERE'S TONY TRENT!

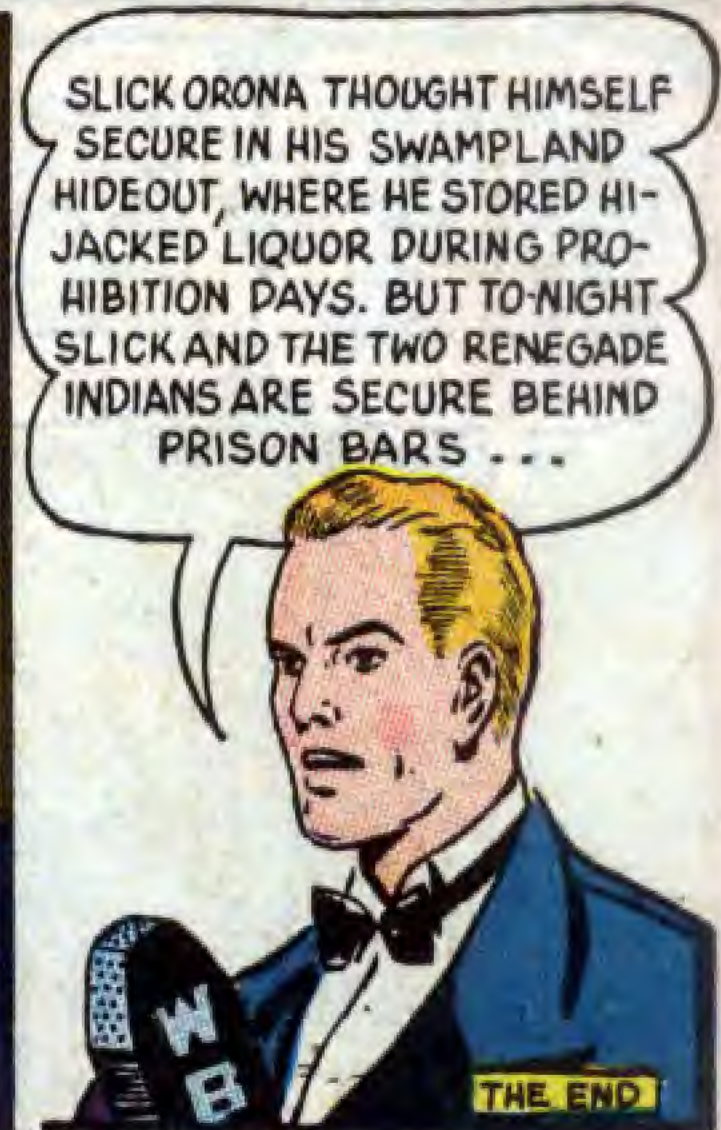
YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME, INSPECTOR?

YES—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FACE?



IT'S TANNERY HIMSELF!

I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE FACE, INSPECTOR!... HE'S THE GOSH-FIGHTINGEST CRITTER I EVER SAW. HE JUST HANDED THE WHOLE GANG OVER TO THE POLICE DOWNSTAIRS!... THE FACE TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU ALL THE DETAILS, TONY.



SLICK ORONA THOUGHT HIMSELF SECURE IN HIS SWAMPLAND HIDEOUT, WHERE HE STORED HI-JACKED LIQUOR DURING PROHIBITION DAYS. BUT TONIGHT SLICK AND THE TWO RENEGADE INDIANS ARE SECURE BEHIND PRISON BARS...

THE END



# SPARKY WATTS

*will tickle you with laughter in each and every issue of*

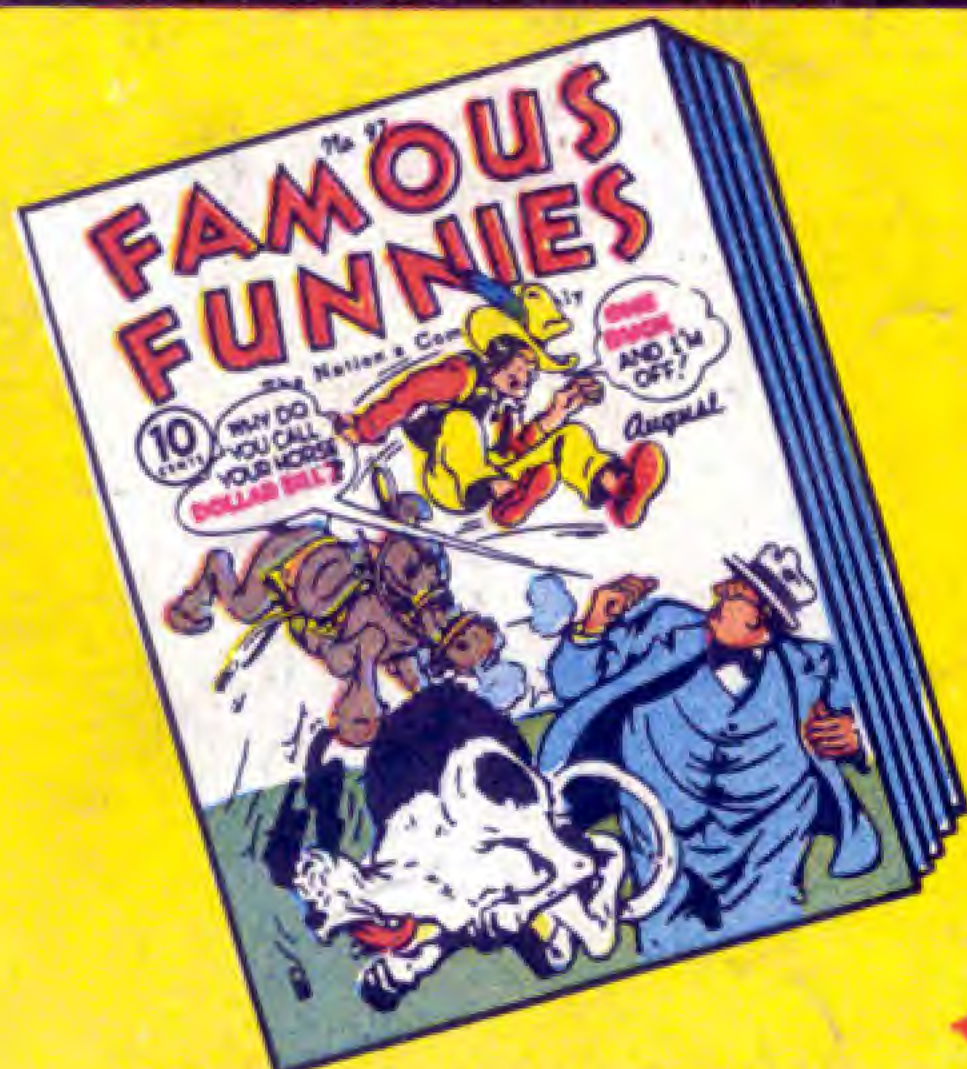


**Don't miss a single issue! Get your copy of  
BIG SHOT COMICS every month!**



# PIONEERS IN COMICS

## OUR 9<sup>TH</sup> BIG YEAR



ON THE NEWSSTANDS THE  
15<sup>th</sup> OF EVERY MONTH.

1934  
1935  
1936  
1937  
1938  
1939  
1940  
1941



1942 STILL THE LEADER

"The Call to Colors  
Calls for Dollars"  
It's "Our America"  
Let's Keep It Free

